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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

April 30, 1921

5c. The Copy
10c. in Canada

Kenneth L. Roberts—Fanny Heaslip Lea—Hugh MacN. Kahler—H. M. Rideout
Albert Payson Terhune—H. G. Wells—Maryse Rutledge—Edward H. Smith

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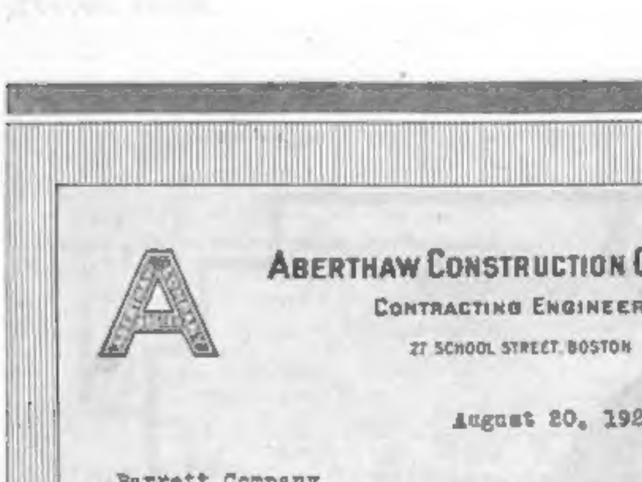

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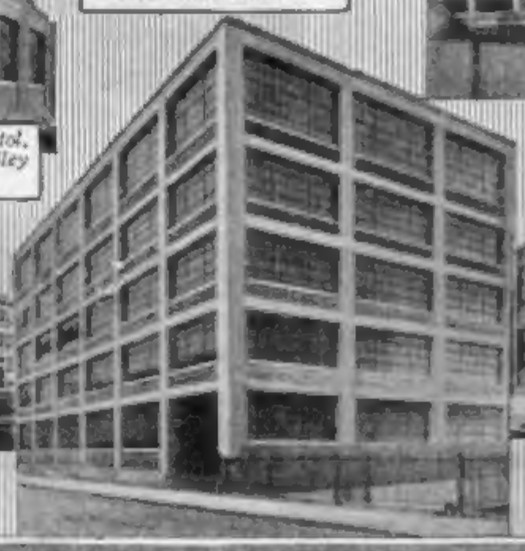

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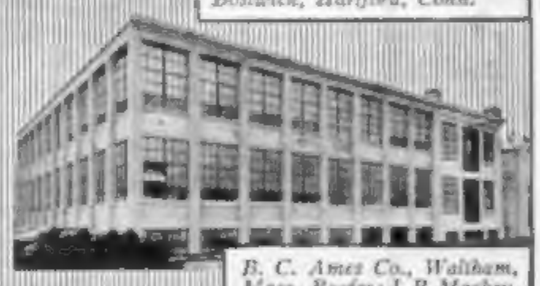

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The Existence of an Emergency

By Kenneth L. Roberts

Testimony taken by the Senate Immigration Committee in hearings on the Johnson Bill prohibiting immigration for one year has failed to prove the existence of an emergency, according to senators who analyzed evidence submitted by more than thirty witnesses. One member said that the bill would be sidetracked until the emergency could be proved.—*Cable dispatch, January 14, 1921.*

EMERGENCIES are frequently determined by the point of view. A small American city which wakes up one morning to find itself with two hundred cases of scarlet fever and fifty cases of diphtheria on its hands is very apt—in view of the emergency—to throw a series of epileptic fits, froth largely at the mouth with fright and disinfect everything from the ornamental weather vane on the church to the pyramidal pile of iron cannon balls on the front lawn of the G. A. R. Hall. By these and other protective measures the epidemic is arrested and the emergency dies a sudden and enthusiastic death.

Around the middle of January, 1921, I had occasion to investigate the state of affairs in a Polish town which had a population of 8000. There were a number of cases of typhus in the town. The residents themselves didn't know how many, but they thought the number would be about three hundred. That number, according to them, wasn't worth considering. Typhus, like the poor, they had always with them. There was a great deal of diphtheria and scarlet fever in the town. The residents couldn't tell me exactly how much; but there were several hundred cases. Nothing serious, they insisted; only a few hundred.

Less than three miles away there was another town, they explained, where things were worse. Practically every family in that town had at least one case of typhus in it. Up to the north and northeast there was cholera; but it hadn't reached town—yet. No emergency existed for the people of that town, in their judgment. For them typhus and scarlet fever and diphtheria were old stories. Each year a certain number of people had to have them and a certain number had to die of them, just as part of the potato crop had to freeze in the ground. Sickness was a part of the scheme of things. The person who suggested to them that they were confronted by an emergency would have been responsible for a number of cracked lips. As a matter of fact, a perpetual emergency existed for them.

In the same way the United States has been confronted by an immigration emergency for years. Starting around 1880 the immigrants who swarmed into the United States were of an entirely different breed from the people who had discovered the country, colonized it, made its laws and developed it. These new and different people came in waves, like the waves of an endlessly rising tide. Occasional waves fell short of preceding waves; but in general they surged to higher and higher levels. In the year 1905 more than a million of them came—more than forty army divisions. It was the same in 1906. In 1907 the wave surged over the million-and-a-quarter mark. In the ten years which ended June 30, 1914, more than ten millions of these people had entered the United States. They sank naturally into the slums and the foreign settlements; for the great percentage of them had always lived in either city or agricultural slums, and practically all of them had come to America to make as much

Look Out for the Undertow!

money as they could in as short a time as possible; so they were willing to sacrifice comfort and cleanliness and everything else to the making of money. American laborers could not compete with them. America was protected from the dumping of cheap foreign goods on her markets, but not from the dumping of cheap foreign labor. America was protected—theoretically—from the physical diseases so prevalent in Europe, but not from the far more prevalent European unrest and class hatred and political ignorance. Instead of being a great melting pot—which it was prior to 1880 because of the similarity of the early Nordic immigrants—America had largely become the dumping ground for the world's human riffraff, who couldn't make a living in their own countries.

These statements have been frequently repeated; but the repetition is necessary because of the peculiar success of unrestricted immigrationists in making America believe that all prewar immigration was the same, and that because it was permitted before the war it should be permitted to the same extent forever. There was not, even during the ten years before the war, a single argument favoring the continuation of immigration which was based on the best interests of America. Every argument in behalf of unrestricted immigration favored special alien interests and special industrial interests.

Emigration since the war from the great European emigration centers presents all the evils of the prewar immigration plus several brand-new evils. Practically every reliable American who has seen European emigration at its principal sources will vouch for the truth of my assertion.

It will be vouched for by newspaper men, by consuls, by military attachés, by representatives of the United States Government sent to Europe for purposes of observation, by the employes of steamship lines, by United States public health officials, by the representatives of purely American relief organizations, by business men who are not racially affiliated with the undesirable emigrants, and by legations and embassies of the United States.

The Inundation From Poland

CERTAIN persons who have seen European emigration at its sources will deny my statements. These persons will be the officials of steamship lines, a few large employers of labor, and the representatives of organizations which have special racial connections in Europe.

All these persons will deny them for the same reasons that a whisky manufacturer fights any legislation which tends to cut down the consumption of whisky. The whisky manufacturer may be sincere in his attitude on the drink question; he may actually believe that whisky is a food, an elevator of ideals, a benefit to the human race. The advocates of unrestricted immigration may also be sincere; but the fact remains that they get the money while America suffers.

When any American who has not seen European emigration at its source is engaged in the weighty occupation of analyzing the testimony of witnesses in respect of immigration he might do worse than feed into his analyzer the affiliations and the qualifications of those who bear witness. American consuls, American diplomatic officers, government observers and American newspaper men are in Europe for the purpose of obtaining accurate and unbiased information for the guidance of the American Government and the American people. They are trained to gather facts and to draw deductions, and they are selected for their ability to do so. These people are universally and whole-heartedly agreed that immigration as it exists to-day is a menace to the well-being of America, that an emergency of a most serious nature confronts and will continue to confront the nation until immigration is intelligently and energetically restricted and selected, and that the persons in America who wish and permit it to continue are, to put it crudely and bluntly, either pitifully uninformed as to conditions or are suffering from warped judgment and severely twisted Americanism or are just plain crazy. If in their agreement they are wrong they are the largest body of trained observers which was ever mistaken on any subject whatever.

If they who have watched emigration from Europe at its sources are wrong, then those testimony analyzers in America are correct who declare that no immigration emergency exists. Otherwise the testimony analyzers are so far wrong that their cylinders obviously need to be rebored and new floats should be placed in their carburetors, while a careful examination should be made for the short circuit which certainly exists in their starting and lighting systems.

The largest emigration center in Northern Europe since the war has been Warsaw, the capital of Poland, where 50,000 visas were granted by the American consulate to bearers of Polish passports during the year ended December 30, 1920. Later the consulate improved its facilities for handling emigrants, and during 1921 it will grant at least one hundred thousand American visas to the holders of Polish passports. These numbers of course do not include the large number of people who have traveled from Poland to America on false passports, forged American visas, and counterfeit American ten-dollar consular-fee stamps.

The visas granted by the American consulate are only a small percentage of the number that it would have to grant if all those who wanted to go to America were given visas.

The Warsaw consulate works on visas from nine o'clock in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon. The Polish emigration authorities would like to have it work twenty-four hours a day instead of six hours, so that Poland can get rid of her surplus population, which is in the neighborhood of one million. This is not my estimate nor the estimate of the Polish Government, but the estimate of Dr. Dana Durand, a distinguished economist, a former director of the United States Census, and technical food adviser to the Polish Government for the Hoover Mission to Poland.

The Beginning of the Daily Line of Emigrants Seeking American Visas at the Visa Office of the American Consulate in Warsaw. About 1000 Apply Every Day. Above—Passport Applicants in Warsaw

I had a long talk in January, 1921, with the Polish Commissioner of Emigration and his assistant. They declared firmly and uncompromisingly that America, for humanitarian reasons, was morally obligated to admit every person who has a relative in America. This is pure flapdoodle. From 1905 to 1914, inclusive, more than ten million aliens, mostly from Central and Southeastern Europe, emigrated to America. They came largely from the lowest layers of society; and in these lowest layers one invariably finds the largest families. Each one of those ten million aliens who emigrated to America had, at an absurdly low estimate, ten relatives left in Europe. If for humanitarian reasons we must take in a million or two millions for Poland, we must also take in a large slice of the population of Serbia; three quarters of a million Greeks; a million and a half Italians; a couple of millions from Rumania, Hungary and the Ukraine; and enormous numbers of other physically and financially wrecked people of Central Europe.

Poor in All But Relatives

WE ARE not obligated to take in these people any more than we are obligated to dig half of the unexploded shell out of the battlefields of Europe and bury them in our own farmlands for our own plowshares and harrows to explode. It would, of course, be a nice thing to do; but only a madman would suggest it. Yet the continuance of the present immigration is a far more evil thing for America than the planting of a few million unexploded shell would ever be. That is why our consuls and diplomats and observers in Europe keep moaning that the people who are allowing immigration to continue must be crazy.

Advocates of unrestricted immigration frequently state flatly, and always imply, that present-day emigration from Europe is entirely wives to husbands or vice versa, and children to parents or vice versa. This is erroneous and misleading. Our immigration for the past thirty years has always been an immigration of relatives, because of the inexhaustible European relative crop. The beet crop may fall down with a thud, the potato crop may freeze, the whisker crop may be weak and backward; but the relative crop has always flourished and will always continue to flourish in Europe with a luxuriance that will make the green bay tree, long noted for its flourishing powers, look like a wilted lettuce leaf. This fact was determined years ago by the United States Immigration Commission. The relatives in America advertised in their letters the soft jobs that were to be had; and the relatives promptly came across, as one might say. There is nothing about the present-day immigration which demands any excess of sympathy or any rush of sentimentality to the head.

The figures of the Warsaw consulate for late 1920 and early 1921 show that of all the visas granted, 12.7 per cent were granted to persons going to husbands or wives; 16.2 per cent were going to parents—and of these very few were minors; 9.3 per cent were parents going to children; 43.3 per cent were going to brothers and sisters; 16.7 per cent were going to cousins, uncles and aunts; and 1.8 per cent were going to such distant relatives that one needed a telescope to discover the relationship. In most cases the persons to whom they are going are not citizens of the United States. A small percentage have their first papers—a step toward citizenship which is only too often not completed. There is no adequate humanitarian, economic or moral reason why the United States should continue to admit the cousins, brothers, sisters, nieces and nephews of noncitizens—or anybody else, either—if, in the opinion of competent authorities, they are undesirable. This is exactly the opinion of competent authorities—except that few of them would phrase it so conservatively.

The type of passport in use in Poland is especially adapted to the unloading of a surplus of undesirable population. It is not a passport at all, as we understand it, but merely an identity card. It asks no courtesies for the bearer; and in a majority of cases it even fails to state his nationality or citizenship. In repeated instances persons have come to the American consulate with Polish passports which gave the nationality of the bearers as Ruthenian or

(Continued on Page 86)

FRIENDSHIP AT LEAST

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

"Sure, I Like It!" Said Virginia Carter Lee, Barely Above a Whisper. "But I Like It Better Tonight Than I Have Some Other Nights, if Anyone Should Ask You"

THE Personal column of the Pacific Daily Advertiser isn't, as a rule, expansive. Not that Honolulu is of necessity a place where every prospect pleases and man has nothing to be personal about; rather, it just isn't done, somehow. The town isn't large enough.

One couldn't beg M. or N. to meet one at the corner of Fort and Beretania, Thursday at five P.M., all is forgiven—because an amused and interested reading public would probably be there to assist at the reconciliation; and Fort and Beretania—engine house on one corner, hats and gowns on another, Japanese flower shop on the third and electrical appliances on the fourth—would likely not stand the strain.

Personals, therefore, confines itself usually to some such glittering generality as:

If you are in search of a job, place a Situation Wanted ad on this page at a cent and a half a word and assure yourself employment.

Or:

ASTRA—Fifty years' occult experience—consult her about the thing that's worrying you.

Interesting, no doubt, but nothing to write home about, as the saying goes.

Which is why, on a morning in April, Daniel Culpepper Chase, lingering over the later fragments of his toast, draining his coffee cup and savoring the last agreeable crumbs of his bacon, with the paper propped between him and the sugar bowl, read, screwed up his fine brown eyes, and read again.

Upon the second reading he observed to himself "By gad!" and stroked his just-shaven chin with a reflective forefinger. He looked out of the window—he breakfasted in a cottage which he shared with two other young men just across the road from the Seaside Hotel—and received a pleasant composite impression of blue sky, feathery-topped palm trees and flaunting hibiscus hedges. He looked back at Personals, and there it was, like a despairing shriek in the midst of a book agent's monologue.

"It's real—fast enough!" muttered Chase.

The paragraph which had startled him out of his accustomed calm lay directly under the Personals heading. It read—even upon the third reading:

A YOUNG lady far from home and somewhat lonesome for a "regular fellow" will be pleased to receive an invitation to dine with some lonesome man. Object, friendship at least. Address Miss V. C. L., care Advertiser.

"Now what ——" said Chase to himself very softly; broke off and finished as before: "By gad!"

He clipped the thing from the paper and put it in his pocketbook. Then he rang for a boy and had his breakfast tray removed. After which, hands sunk deep in his trousers pockets, Chase roamed restively about his bedroom and whistled delicately to himself. Once he stopped before his typewriter, which, veiled and hooded like some dark goddess, squatted silent upon a table of ancient pine, awaiting its hour.

"H'm!" said Chase. "Let me see!" Then he took up his prowl again.

The personal had aroused that sweetly ravening force in him which he called his imagination and by which—for he was a determined quill driver—he made his living. One means to say he had published a few stories—and meant to publish others. Romance was his strong suit, and the young lover his best medium of expression. He could see an aching heart in a laundry bill, and a love scene in any landscape set with one male and one female. What made this faculty of his extraordinary was that personally Daniel Culpepper Chase was a fastidious idealist, and had never yet lost his head over any woman younger than Helen of Troy. Give him a lilac-scented handkerchief or a little gray glove and he was off like a hound on a scent—but professionally only.

In the present instance he could see Miss V. C. L. as clearly as if she stood before him. Her pathetic little appeal for friendship at least was music to his ears. He gloated over the charming sadness of her lonely state as if it had been a flower. That the paragraph was none too well phrased made it all the more genuine; helped it cut the deeper. There was the human touch! There, if you please, was the kind of thing art simply couldn't reproduce—except by the hand of a master.

"A young lady far from home"—did it put a lump in your throat or didn't it? "Lonesome for a 'regular fellow'"—the ineffable wistfulness of that cheap little bit of slang! "Will be pleased to receive an invitation to dine"—the significant touch of formality; as if Miss V. C. L. warned all applicants: "I may be lonesome, but I'm a lady—and I like to be treated like one—remember!"

"While I'm milling around with this some other chap's probably writing her a letter," said Chase suddenly, half aloud.

He sat down to his table and bent a serious brow above the task. His first effort he tore up and threw away.

"Too nicely put by half. It wants to be the same sort of thing that hers is. She'll shy off if she thinks I'm not her own kind."

The second, with an amendment or so, survived. In it he wrote briefly, yet convincingly, upon plain paper in a slightly commercial-appearing envelope:

My dear Miss V. C. L.: I read your personal in this morning's paper, and if being a lonesome man will get me in, I'm it. As for the "regular fellow"—if you don't think I'm that you can always turn down my second invitation.

I hereby submit the first: Will you eat dinner with me, to-morrow—that's Wednesday night—at any place you want—any time you say? Object, friendship at least. I feel as if I'd gotten money from home. I've felt that way ever since I found you in the morning paper. This sure is a lonesome town for a stray man. I won't be able to settle to anything till I hear from you. Address me Chase, care Advertiser. I am yours very truly.

"Rather good, I'd say!" said Chase cheerfully upon rereading it.

He took it down to the post office and mailed it in person in order to be sure that Miss V. C. L.'s reply would be forthcoming in time for Wednesday night.

After which he settled with no trouble at all to a hard day's work, with a swim and a new book at the end of it.

Next morning on his way to the daily grind he collected from the Advertiser office a small square envelope of significant mauve, addressed in a small and careful backhand: "Chase—care Advertiser."

It would be too much to say that the heart of the recipient turned over—even that it fluttered—but he did rake open the flap with a compelling forefinger, after an instinctive glance at the four points of the compass to see that his little flyer in romance was unobserved. Reassured, he read, sniffing sharply meanwhile to be aware if the mauve paper carried any hint of scent, which it discreetly didn't:

Dear Mr. Chase: I will be in the Young Hotel lobby at half past six Wednesday evening. I liked your letter. You sound worthwhile and interesting. It isn't everybody that's both. I will wear a white skirt and waist and a dark-blue sweater, also a dark-blue sailor hat. I will wear a little bunch of pansies on my sweater so you can know me. Not many people wear pansies out here.

We can settle where to eat after I meet you. I will admit I feel a little excited myself. It gets so tiresome eating with only other women. And the Y. W., while safe, is not like your own parlor with a fire in the grate and corn popping or something.

I was afraid after I put that personal in the paper that maybe I was taking an awful chance. But I believe now it's going to turn out all right. I wanted a friend, that's all; and it looks like I might have found him. Please come up and speak to me as soon as you're sure it's me. I will be waiting.

Then the amazing part of it; she was very truly his, Virginia Carter Lee!

Daniel Culpepper Chase turned the letter about and about and read it over twice.

He came, you see, from that part of the country where a name like Virginia Carter Lee was as good as a jeweled order on the breast; where it raised up glamorous visions of high-headed ladies in hoop skirts and flounces, with soft curls shadowing softer necks, of family portraits and family silver and lofty-branched family trees; a part of the country where lonesome young ladies did not put personals in the paper asking lonesome men to invite them to dine, but sat about and waited the glance of fate as a lady should, and if fate never glanced their way just slid into a sere and yellow spinsterhood, unfortunately perhaps, but nevertheless in complete accord with all the *bienséances*.

That was what Virginia Carter Lee, as a name, suggested to Daniel Culpepper Chase.

That she should be asking him to come up and speak to her without an introduction; that she should be asking him to know her by a dark-blue sweater and hat, with a white skirt and waist—by the way, Virginia Carter Lee, it seemed vaguely to Mr. Chase, would have called the thing a blouse, wouldn't she?—that she was going to wear pansies to show him who she was ——

If it had been Mamie Delaney or Maisie Smith or even Gladys Delorme—all well and good! But Virginia Carter Lee! Daniel Culpepper had an odd shamed feeling that he was assisting at the betrayal of his great-grandaunt, or something of the sort. One didn't make clandestine, unintroduced appointments with ladies of either the Carter or the Lee family. Generations rose up within him and snobbishly flouted the thought.

In answer to which generations Daniel Culpepper, who was, after all, of the present day and age, had his gray suit pressed, selected a new black tie, congratulated himself that his panama was just back from the cleaner's—and advanced upon the Young Hotel at half after six to the moment.

A true lover is early at a rendezvous, a philanderer is late—cleverly so—Daniel Culpepper was neither. In search of data rather; an artist with an eye to material.

The lobby was reasonably crowded. Here an officer in flawless white with an eye divided between the evening paper and the elevator; there a little group of business men, parting with uninteresting briskness; a woman meeting her husband for dinner; a tourist or so; a tidy little Japanese nurse with a pair of unruly children in tow; over in the far corner, at the writing table next the window, a slim girl in a white skirt and blouse, a dark-blue sweater, a dark-blue sailor hat, a knot of purple and yellow flowers—pansies, of course. Virginia Carter Lee; that saw itself, at once.

She was writing something when Chase first saw her. She finished it while he looked, read through the sheet, folded it, put it in an envelope, addressed, sealed and stamped it with businesslike directness.

"Stenographer, most likely," said the watcher to himself. He saw that she licked envelope instead of stamp, and added amusedly, "Dainty, too."

After which he walked over to the table by the window, removed his hat from his uncommonly well-shaped head and ——

He didn't speak first, although the words were on his lips, very nearly. She looked at him, stood up and held out her hand—slender, white and cool-fingered, nicely manicured, no rings.

"Hello," said she. "Haven't been waiting long, have you?"

He realized instantly that this especial handful of dust was intended for the eyes of a portly female in green and brown, occupying a chair which like herself was buxomly upholstered, just behind them.

"Ah, no," said Daniel Culpepper Chase politely.

An interesting gleam came into his clear brown eyes. He thought to himself that the thing promised well. Virginia Carter Lee knew her way about; would not make him conspicuous, so to speak, in any company.

Her hair was burnt yellow and her eyes were gray—rubbed in with a smutty finger—not a Virginian combination, that!

He added at once, "Don't hurry. Weren't you finishing a letter or something?"

She held it up, blank side next him.

"Done. I'll mail it before we go."

There was a mail box next the elevator. They crossed to it. Virginia Carter Lee dropped in her letter. It rattled and slid to the bottom.

"That's that!" said she, turning away with a sigh of relief. "I'm resigning my job. Horrid feeling—in case you don't know it. Well—where do we go from here?"

"Why go—from here?" asked Chase.

He indicated the dining room with a look. His forbears had worn ruffles and carried rapiers. There was still something of that about him in his relations with all women—a kind of caressing courtesy, uneasential but charming.

"Eat here? Not much!" said the girl with the ghost of a chuckle. "Something not so swanky, if you please. No cover charge, if you know what I mean. What's the matter with the Seaside?"

They were crossing the lobby once more on their way to the door.

Chase reflected fleetly that bringing romance back to one's own domicile and dining on one's personal doorstep, as it were, might have its drawbacks; nevertheless there didn't seem anything to offer against it.

He said vaguely, "You like the Seaside?"

"I like being next the ocean," she told him. "I like to see the stars reflected in my soup—and all that."

"What!" said Daniel Culpepper amazedly.

She shied off at once from his open surprise at her nonsensical phrase.

"I mean I'm sort of tired and there'll be a breeze out there."

"Shall I get a car?" he inquired.

"Absolutely!" rejoined Virginia Carter Lee. "Honolulu Rapid Transit." She steered him past a taxi stand with a firm finger on his coat sleeve.

"What do you think this is, anyway?" she demanded of him humorously. "Christmas or birthday?"

When they had come by means of a leisurely street-car ride to the Seaside and settled themselves at a small intimate table near the edge of the open-air dining room, with the Pacific breathing hoarsely not a hundred yards away and all the stars of heaven glinting drowsily through the upper dark, she put her elbows on the coarse white cloth, dropped her chin in her cupped hands and looked at him long and earnestly.

"Do you know," she said in the cool soft voice that appeared to be not her least characteristic, "I've been wondering all day just what sort of man would answer a thing like that."

"Like what?"

"Don't stall! You know perfectly well what I mean. Like that ad I put in the paper." She added, level-eyed and meditative, "You've prob'ly been just as busy wondering what poor little nut of a girl put it there in the first place."

That came so near the outline of Daniel Culpepper's wonderings that he only smiled disarmingly.

"Won't you have bread?" he murmured warily.

She was prettier than he had thought at first glance. Irreproachably clean and self-respecting. Too self-reliant, if anything. He liked 'em with a suggestion of helplessness, which she certainly hadn't. No accent—beyond a clipped and incongruously feminine *brusquerie*. Virginia—she didn't look it! Nor talk it!

"Taking stock?" she inquired at this point amiably.

He had the grace to flush.

The soup arriving at that moment, Virginia Carter Lee dipped a prompt spoon, impeccably handled.

"Tell me about yourself," she suggested. "That's the easiest way. Tell me why you came out here; you never in this world were born here. I'll tell you that before you begin. What you're doing, where you're going, how you like it, and why you jumped at my S O S like that, eh?"

When he hesitated, looking down at his plate with eyes in which the spark of creation began to flicker, she added, "First—what do I call you? Mr. Chase? Funny name, isn't it?"

It had not in the family of the young man across the table been considered a funny name. He offered a bit stiffly, "My name is Daniel Culpepper Chase."

"I'll call you D. C.," she decided instantly. "That all right?"

Now most of the men in Daniel Culpepper's class at Charlottesville, Virginia, had called him D. C.—a thousand endearing memories wreathed the letters. By reason of which, perhaps, he told her gently with a long glance from his sherry-brown eyes, "No one has ever called me that before. I'd like it very much—Virginia."

"Oh, you would!" said she. She glanced at him keenly and decided against rebuff.

"No—you're not fresh; just snappy. Only remember, we're still in the first chapter."

"Don't Do That!" Groaned Daniel Culpepper

It was again so near Chase's own characterization of the moment that he very nearly jumped.

"First reel, if you like that better," explained the girl calmly. "I'm crazy about movies, aren't you? I nearly went into 'em, once. You begin, though."

Chase looked thoughtful, as well he might. Then he looked *simpático*, as well he knew how, no one better.

"Why, you see," he said slowly, "I was in France when the armistice was signed."

"What branch?"

"What—oh, tank corps. I'd left a job in Philadelphia—and a girl. When I got back another man had the job and still another man the girl. She'd been married six months. It was rather—kind of—a jolt to me. I wanted to get away from—things—so I came out here."

She murmured something about "the thoughts that burn like irons if you think," then cried in answer to his quick stare, "I read that in a book once. I've got an awful good memory for things that don't make any difference."

Chase went on, warming to his narrative, employing a deeper look, a more repressed brevity. "I wanted to get away from all the old lot. I saw the girl once. Told her good-by."

"Forever?" supplied Virginia Carter Lee with respectful interest.

He looked across at her sharply. She was not laughing.

"Then," he continued, "I came out here—to—to ride ranch, over on Hawaii—but I couldn't stand the loneliness of it." He added with a master stroke of grim felicity, "Honolulu's bad enough."

"So you came to Honolulu. Go on!"

"Man that owned the ranch gave me a letter to—to a wholesale house here ——"

"What kind of a house?" asked Virginia breathlessly.

Daniel Culpepper repeated firmly with an air of withholding details only because of the total irrelevance of them, "Wholesale house. That's where I work now. Lord, you don't know, nobody knows ——"

"Is it hard—D. C.?"

Shaken by her sympathy he tore at his rare roast beef with a savage knife and fork.

"Dry as dust—dull as ditch water—same thing day after day, day after day! Nobody to speak to ——"

He broke off to bow to an old lady across the room who was bestowing a series of motherly smiles and approving nods upon him. "You seem to have spoken to almost everybody in the room since we came in here to-night," observed his guest.

"I live here," said Chase, unguarded for the moment, then bit his lip.

"Live here! You're out of my class if you can afford to live in a place like this," she assured him wistfully.

He hastened to whitewash his sinful luxury: "I keep the hotel books, you see—in my off time—and they give me my room and board for it."

"That's pretty nice," said Virginia Carter Lee. "Some people have all the luck, don't they?"

"I want to know about you," said Chase suddenly. He pushed aside his plate and looked at her in the tenderest way imaginable. "I've told you my hard-luck story now. Nobody in this whole dashed town cares if I live or die. Until I ran across that blessed little ad of yours in the paper I hadn't a look-in at even an ordinary friendship. I was just hanging on, cursing my luck, lonesome as a kid that's just been sent off to school."

"Oh, you were sent off to school? Class to that, D. C.!"

He fancied she stood aloof a bit—which would never do. They must meet upon an absolute economic level if she were going to be frank with him.

He said remorsefully: "I was a rotten youngster, Virginia—not bad, though—just wild. I was sent off to—a reform school—if you want to know."

"Oh, you poor boy!" she cried softly. She laid her hand on his for a delightful moment.

"Lord," said Daniel Culpepper, with just a touch of huskiness in his in any case sufficiently nice tones, "I'd forgotten what it felt like to have anyone care!"

They finished their dinner soon after that and strolled off into the dark, along the edge of the dimly gleaming sand.

Next door to the Seaside is the wide green pavilion of the Outrigger Club, housing beneath its floor, which stands the height of a tall man's head, a whole black-and-yellow fleet of slender outrigger canoes. Daniel Culpepper selected a bench which stood with its back against a wide green post, and Virginia Carter Lee, obedient to his gesture of invitation, sat down upon it with a little laugh.

"'And while the moon rose over the sea,'" she quoted dramatically.

"What d'ye mean?"

She sighed and shook her head, took off her sailor hat and dropped it on the sand beside her, revealing a shadowy outline of rippled fairness and a big knot on the back of her neck.

"Don't you ever go to the movies?" she inquired patiently. "If not, you should. Anyone with your eye for appropriate scenery ——"

"Don't you like this?" asked Daniel Culpepper, a trifle resentfully.

He indicated with a possessive sweep the silken darkness of the sea, stretching away into the somehow softer darkness of the sky. There were lights in the Moana dining room, a bit away, but the darkness of sea and sky was full of a mysterious magic no lights lit of man could shatter or dispel. A faint wind came out of it and lay upon one's eyelids like beloved fingers.

"Sure, I like it!" said Virginia Carter Lee, barely above a whisper. "But I like it better to-night than I have some other nights, if anyone should ask you."

"When you've been lonely," he prompted gently.

"When haven't I been lonely!" she corrected with something between a chuckle and a sigh.

Did her voice break ever so little? It drew Daniel Culpepper strangely, that voice of hers. It said things which very nearly jarred upon his exacting sensibilities, with an occasional inflection which was not of the world he had been born to. He did not like slang on soft lips; he wanted beauty of a woman, and charm, and highly impractical delicacy. Yet, and still and all, when she laughed you saw her mouth tip up at the corners, even in the dark; when she spoke, something stirred in sleepy blood. There was whimsy about her, that was it, and the faint far bugle call of daring. Feeling—emotion—passion, perhaps? A man could but find out—with a chance of burnt fingers, very likely—but chance was half of life!

"Tell me about you now," he said, and took her hand and held it with a masterful closeness.

"I ought to call you down for that," said Virginia Carter Lee simply, "but, you know, I like it. I'm like a stray kitten that's been running around on its own so much. I don't know whether to scratch or purr when I'm petted."

"Begin at the beginning," said Daniel Culpepper. He knew that the less you speak of a lady's hand while you hold it the more it is apt to linger.

"*Auwe!*" she told him—which is Hawaiian for alas! "There's nothing to tell about me. I was never in Paris. I never had a job—before I came out here. I was nobody's girl."

"Until to-night," said Daniel Culpepper swiftly and softly. To himself he added, although perhaps one shouldn't speak of it, "Go slow, you ass!"

"Now remember," objected Virginia Carter Lee at once, "friendship, merely."

"Friendship at least, it was!"

"And that's the end of it."

He Walked Over to the Table by the Window, Removed His Hat From His Uncommonly Well-Shaped Head and ——

"Perhaps," he assured her pleasantly, "it's only the beginning."

"Well, anyhow," she continued, with a flattering touch of nervousness, "as I was saying before the party degenerated, there isn't a single dramatic moment in the story of my life. I came out here a year and a half ago to teach school ——"

"In Honolulu?"

"No—not even in Honolulu; over on one of the other islands. In a place so far off the beaten track that there wasn't a single white child in my school. In a place where I had nothing but scenery to look at and nobody but totally disinterested strangers to talk to. Darn few of 'em, at that! Not a girl nor a man of anywhere near my own age for miles and miles and miles."

"And you went out to that—from some warm-hearted town in Virginia."

"California, you mean!" she corrected, stopped abruptly and blushed—he was as sure of it as if the darkness had been sunlight—"that is, you see, I was in California for a year or so, first."

"What part of Virginia ——" began Daniel Culpepper.

"And so," said Virginia Lee firmly, determinedly even, "about a month ago I decided that life wasn't worth living when you didn't have work to do that you liked, and I chucked the school. I was absolutely no good at it anyhow. It really wasn't fair to the kids. And I came to Honolulu to try and make a go of it here, at something more—more congenial—if you see what I mean. In a place where I might occasionally exchange thoughts with a—with a contemporary, as it were."

"Only you didn't find the contemporaries?" He spread out her slim white fingers on the palm of his hand, then crushed them together again.

"You do that as if you had done it before," said Virginia Carter Lee dreamily. "I'd say your technic was good, D. C.—although something tells me that this is the place for me to offer a stinging rebuke and proceed more impersonally—only"—she clenched her fingers suddenly within his grasp; it startled and thrilled him like lightning slashing a quiet sky—"I've been so lonely I'm not responsible! I've ached so for just the human touch. You can laugh if you want to."

"I'm not laughing," said Daniel Culpepper. "Go on—you're telling my story, too, you know. I've walked the streets of this bally town evening after evening, thinking to myself, 'Lord, what a party-colored paradise! If I only had a girl to walk it with me!'"

"The girl that the other man got?"

He answered the teasing softness in her voice with an unexpected stubbornness:

"Any girl that any man can get away from me—he can keep."

"I see," said Virginia Carter Lee.

"You should, with those eyes," said Daniel Culpepper boldly. He added quickly, so as not to linger on thin ice: "Well, then, after you came to Honolulu, where did you find a place to live? You knew nobody?"

"Not a soul. I lived at the Y. W. first, for a bit. Now I've got a place to stay out here at the beach—in a dinky little cottage with some other girls."

"Why, that's what I do—with another man."

"I thought you kept the Seaside books for 'em—and lived there."

"Why—so I do, so I do!" he agreed at once, cursing himself for a clumsy liar. Other discrepancies than his own dawned upon him as he cursed. He demanded abruptly: "Lonely? In a cottage with a lot of other girls! How do you manage it?"

Virginia Carter Lee rose to her feet with delightful dignity, releasing her long-imprisoned hand as she did so.

"We're not as congenial as I thought we were going to be," she explained kindly, "if you have to have it explained to you that loneliness isn't a matter of numbers, but of—of people that belong."

"I do understand!" said Daniel Culpepper hurriedly. She walked back along the beach toward the Seaside, and he had perforce to follow. "Please—Miss Lee ——"

She flung him a mocking look. "I thought it was Virginia."

"I hoped it was," he said humbly.

They stopped at the edge of the lighted lawn.

"If you want to snatch bread from a starving man," he told her, "go on! I've been so darned happy this evening I'd forgotten the last twelve months or so."

"Were you honestly so terribly lonely?" she asked of him wistfully.

She stood close to him in the shadow of a tree and laid her hand upon his arm. To his mingled alarm and delight Daniel Culpepper realized that her touch unnerved him.

He said in a low voice: "You won't believe me—you'll probably laugh at me—but I realize just how lonely I was whenever I hear you speak." She slid her fingers into his,

(Continued on Page 105)

THE SAD ADVENTURERS

By Maryse Rutledge

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THERE was another hole in her last pair of silk stockings, the ones Hal had given her in Paris six months ago, when the Rawston boy paid up. She sat down to her mending. Every day before she could go out it was the same—mean little repairs, mean little tricks with ink and cleaning fluid, mean little juggling with needles and pins. The hem of her skirt was ripped; a rusty cigarette burn showed in the bodice. For to-day she could hide that with a bunch of violets Monte had given her. Her head ached. Hal and Monte had talked late into the night. The room still reeked of their cigars and whisky, and it was really too damp to open the window. Hal was out now with Monte and Crawford. She must look her best when she met them later at Doney's. Poor old Hal! He had his hands full this time. Crawford was no such fool as young Rawston.

The hole was over the heel, the very worst place, where the frayed edge of her slipper would rub and rub. Every step a rub. She was like the stocking—giving from use, deftly patched where the pressures came. What ailed her to-day? She hated everything. She hated the large, stagnant room, from which the grandeur and ghosts of past Florentines had retreated, disdaining to haunt such a cheapened place. *Pension* plush—traps for dust. Dingy ornaments, a shabby red carpet on the tiled floor. The inevitable bottle of whisky and yesterday's Daily Mail on the table beside a grubby ash receiver. Hal's spotted dressing gown trailing over a chair.

The windows stared with tired old eyes at the sluggish Arno, the mud banks, the Ponte alle Grazie. December mist hung between the hills, filling the valley as a bowl with smoke. A few tourists strayed along the livid quays, their noses pecking at guidebooks. If they only knew! She, too, had loved it at first; loved it still, on certain days. If it could all be simple—songs, doves, sunsets and bells, beggars and frescoes.

But just so she had loved at first Paris and Cairo, Monte Carlo, Biarritz, and the strange outskirts of the world through which they had hazardously wandered during the war—always moving on when English consuls grew inquisitive. Hal's papers had been all right, of course; right enough to scramble through. He had explained to her why he wasn't still in the army. Honorably discharged years ago—he was fifty now—and then his game leg. There had been a terrible day shortly after America came in, when she actually tried to drive him out; when she had entered into a blind fury against this great good-natured hulk of a man, this boaster, this coward. How bitterly she had wept when he pretended to take her at her word!

Enlist? That very day. He had only kept out of it for her sake. But what would become of her? She could have gone home to her mother, she supposed, leaving him to die. Sometimes she wished she had done just that.

The hole was stopped up; and a very neat job she had made of it. Now for the poor old black satin, which she had worn and worn—afternoons and evenings, evenings and afternoons. It drooped limp and skimpy over her plump arm. But black was always safe, and the quality of the stuff was good. She had bought it with her mother's last check, a year ago. There would be no check this Christmas. And it was her own stupid fault, for she had boasted once too often in her letters of Hal's prospering affairs. This week's mail had brought her, as a result, an illustrated book on Italian art and a letter from her mother announcing that the money she so desperately needed for a new gown was being sent in her name to starving Armenian children.

Hal had roared with laughter, and she had ended in seeing the joke on herself. Meanwhile she had nothing fit to wear.

Well, if the Crawford deal succeeded Hal would be generous. That he never failed to be when he was in funds. If it succeeded! Hal was always so sure things would come

If It Could All be Simple—Songs, Doves, Sunsets and Bells, Beggars and Frescoes

out as he had planned. She wished he had taken her more into his confidence. But that was like Hal. Monte counted now—Monte, his best friend; Monte, whom he trusted.

Through the dim gray afternoon the bells swung, an unending muffled chain. She must hurry. Dressing was like piecing a picture puzzle together out of odds and ends. Her black suède gloves would have to be inked again, her coat needed a stitch, her black velvet toque brushing.

II

THE Via Tornabuoni. Mrs. Brassington-Welsh on the Tornabuoni, coming and going, going and coming, every afternoon. Each city had for her some such beaten track. In Paris it had been the Rue Daunou—Ciro's. One could lose oneself even on beaten tracks in the larger cities. But the Via Tornabuoni was a short street with a long tongue speaking every language. Sooner or later you ran across there everyone you wished to avoid. The early evening was like damp gray tulle, wilting and clinging.

Doney's white-and-gold front. You could look through the large lace-curtained windows at the little worlds gathered about the bar, the cake counter, the round tables. It was crowded this Saturday afternoon. She hovered a moment, a plump, greenish-blond little woman, peering in. There they were in a corner of the largest room. Not talking! That was a bad sign. Hal loomed heavily behind his watery whisky. The Crawford man's pink, wary face, bending over his tea, wore a dreamy blankness. Monte's back was to her; the curl had gone out of it. Well, she would change all that. She smiled, practicing an entrance, bright and self-assured. Her wide red mouth lifted her face into light when she smiled like this; her thin nostrils widened; the lines around her eyes, like little gold clutches around jewels, loosened.

"Well, I never! Anita—Anita Moffett! To think of running across you here! My dear, you must forgive me, I've forgotten your husband's name."

A small brown eager woman holding to her hand, two tall girls smiling. Why, it was Mrs. Edward Lucas, from Stamford, her mother's old friend; and Edith, grown up; and Katharine.

Have you ever lived on foreign dishes for years and years, pretending you liked them, and then suddenly come upon a home dish that made you see a wooden house with a porch, flower beds, a maple tree, forgotten faces, young fluttering gowns, a plump figure in a rocking-chair? How swiftly the flying words, the questions, the answers knitted the past to this moment on the Via Tornabuoni! Anita Moffett—Mrs. Brassington-Welsh. All that she had been, all that she had hoped to be she became now before this little audience.

"You must have tea with us," Mrs. Lucas urged. "Your mother told us to look you up, but she couldn't give us any permanent address. She said your husband's business kept you traveling all over the world."

Hal's business! She had forgotten it, forgotten Crawford. She remembered now, but it was too late. Hal would have to play up to her friends. He would have to be decent to them.

"I think my husband is in the farther room. He'll be so glad," she murmured.

Edith smiled at her. Edith was a handsome girl—long, clean-limbed, chestnut and pink, like her mother.

"It must be exciting, traveling a lot," she was saying.

Oh, yes, very exciting.

Mrs. Brassington-Welsh at Doney's with three friends of the real sort, people from home. She held her head tilted a little forward, nodding to Cervelli, puny, prying bounder that he was; to old bald Mr. Breitstein with his bulging eyes; to Roddy Maxwell, the painter. Hal's stare questioned from across the room, "What in the name——"

The three men had risen and were waiting. She introduced them in her prettiest manner. "My husband, Major Brassington-Welsh; the Count del Monteficchio; Mr. Crawford."

As they all settled sociably around the table she mutely appealed to Hal, and read his answering look with an odd distaste. She knew him so well! She knew the signs. Yes, he would play up. He seemed to swell, to fill the room with the booming cheer of his voice, the rounding of his chest. His color deepened, brick red against the sweeping dark mustache, the grizzled hair. Well, well, here was luck! Nita's friends he'd heard her talk so much about. Tea? Cakes? Anything else? How did Mrs. Lucas think Nita looked? Best little woman in the world; he didn't half deserve her.

Mrs. Lucas was nodding and smiling in her direction, as if to say, "Fine man, your husband, my dear."

She caught sight of herself in a mirror. She was flushed, excited, bright of eye and lip—too bright. Monte was talking in his caressing Italian manner to Katharine. He had expanded again like a plant under the sun, slender, glossy and ripe. Katharine was thinner than her mother. She looked like a Madonna vaguely missing the child in her arms. She kept glancing at Monte from time to time, half frightened, half fascinated. After all, the Montefichios were a very old family. They had stood, so far, behind Monte. On his mother's account he was still received by a few of the more indulgent Italian hostesses.

"If it were England, now, you'd be staying with us at Brassington Hall. Great old place. The Brassingtons, you know."

Her lips tightened on her smile to hold it gay and unconcerned. She wished Hal wouldn't. Brassington Hall—the Brassingtons! Once, long ago, she had believed in Brassington Hall; had imagined herself the chatelaine of a country estate. There had been such a place in Hal's young days, presided over by a gentle, resigned lady, Hal's mother, and a harsh old father who had disowned his son. She had found that out later, when the parents were dead and the mortgaged estate was sold to strangers.

Crawford's round blue eye was fastened on Hal. She didn't trust Crawford. He was telling Edith now of the villa he hoped to buy at Settignano; of his plans for furnishing it. Hal heard him and further brightened. She met Edith's look, direct, friendly. It was a look of daylight through an open window falling on shabby spots, on mended places. Had her violets shifted? Did the cigarette burn show? She smiled on while her hand crept up to feel, to adjust. She wouldn't smoke after her tea. It was better not to have taken a cocktail.

Monte had excused himself to Katharine and was bowing over the hand of a wicked-looking old woman hung with jewels and attended by two waspish young men. Cervelli had joined her. He whispered in her ear.

"That's the Princess Lubitzki the count is talking to," she volunteered to Katharine, who, shy and eager, responded, "You know lots of interesting people here, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," she answered carelessly.

Why did Crawford lean across the table just then?

"You know the princess?"

His manner implied that he, at least, had heard of the lady's reputation. She tried to signal Hal. Of course they didn't know her. They had met her once at one of Roddy Maxwell's mixed teas.

But Hal had to blunder out, "Well, rather. Don't forget to speak to her, Nita." And to Mrs. Lucas: "She was telling me the other day an amusing little thing the Queen of Rumania said to her when ——"

She tried to kick him under the table, and struck Crawford's foot instead, who murmured calmly, "I beg your pardon."

"How long are you going to be here?" she cut in on Hal's rumbling absurdities.

"A week or ten days. You must let us see something of you, dear child."

"See something of us! We count on showing you around," Hal cried jovially. He knew a bit about art. Ask his friend, Crawford, there. They must let him be their guide. Too bad they couldn't come to the house, but he and his wife were in very temporary lodgings. Birds of passage, you know. However, trust him to make the program. What about to-morrow morning? A visit to the Uffizi, perhaps? Lunch at a little place he knew where the food was ripping. Crawford would come along, of course?

"Oh, yes, do come!" urged Edith. Not a fool, that girl.

It was decent of Hal to want to give her friends a good time. He was paying for the tea and cakes now. Trust Monte not to return to the table until that was done. A fifty-lire bill; five-lire tip.

"I'm going to write your mother to-night," said little Mrs. Lucas, linking arms as they moved out. "I think the major is just splendid. And do tell me about that nice Mr. Crawford. I knew some Crawfords once in West Haven."

It was good to hear that homely chatter, to listen to those voices—Edith's clear and firm, Katharine's shy notes faintly slurred. Hal strolled jauntily on one side of Mrs. Lucas, she on the other. Monte followed with Katharine. Crawford and Edith brought up the rear. Florence did its best for them, presenting through the haze a thousand foreign allurements—romantic silhouettes, hooded and caped, a tenor in a love song, the brooding stones of old *palazzi* huge in the mist, pale drowned lights and bridges. Then the sleek hotel on the Lung' Arno Acciaioli and shaking of hands and promises of meeting the next day. Mrs. Lucas kissed her.

She tucked her hand in Hal's arm, turning to wave good night to Crawford and Monte. She felt gay and proud of her friends, and wanted to talk about them and about Stamford. Little anecdotes came to her mind, links of play and work between the Lucas family and her own. If her father had only taken Mr. Lucas' advice he wouldn't have failed so miserably. Her mother would be rich now, as rich as Mrs. Lucas, whose husband had left her a fortune.

Hal led her on, listening, questioning. But she grew sad thinking of her father and his wasted chances, of her mother back there all alone while Mrs. Lucas could afford to travel, to stay at the best hotels, to bring up her girls in such ease and luxury.

Her hand slipped from Hal's arm. She walked silent and apart, her joy gone. The pleasant picture of the afternoon broke into fretting particles—Cervelli's crooked smile at her entrance, Monte smiling at Katharine, Crawford's round blue eye, Brassington Hall, her flushed face and red lips smiling, that fifty-lire bill Hal had handed over with such a lordly gesture. And behind these jostling fragments she saw the faces of the three men as they had been sitting there at table when she peered through Doney's window.

She glanced toward Hal. He walked heavily among the shadows. He was frowning and tugging at his long mustache.

"What happened to you and Monte this afternoon?" she suddenly demanded.

She knew that lowering look, that sideways movement of his head and twitch of his shoulders. He would have avoided answering her if he could.

"Oh, nothing. We went to Monte's and showed Crawford the stuff."

"You went to Monte's? Where? What d'you mean?"

"His people's house, of course, where he lives. They're not in town, though. It's all right, Nita. Now don't bother me, that's a good girl."

"You went to the Palazzo Monteficchio?" Her voice was sharp, afraid. "Oh, Hal, what are you two doing there?"

He took her arm again, squeezing her elbow. "Don't you worry, old girl," he said in his loud, confident manner. "Monte's got a right under the paternal roof, hasn't he? And if Crawford wants to buy some stuff out of Monte's own apartment there it's his business, isn't it?"

She stopped short, dragging him to a standstill.

"Hal, you're not selling any of the family things while they're away?"

"Good Lord, no, Nita! Come along, come along." He tugged her forward.

"If you want to know," he went on impatiently, "it's stuff Monte has."

"Stuff you got for Monte, you mean," she insisted.

She saw it all now—the *palazzo* being used to bait a fraud. Monte's rooms furnished with clever imitations, emblazoned, perhaps, with the Monteficchio arms. Monte could do that to his father and mother—knowing that if he were caught they would have to save him, have to cover the scandal. But if Hal were caught! She had never before in all their life together felt such prickling fear, such repulsion for the kind of thing Hal forced upon her.

"Don't have anything to do with it. Oh, Hal, I've never interfered before; but this—it's beastly!"

She clung to him, her short legs trying to keep up with his stride. Her knees sagged. She was cold and wet and miserable.

They reached the *pension*, with its smells of frying oil, of damp walls, soggy linen; reached their room, where everything was flung about as she had left it—bits of thread sticking like hairs to the arms of the chair into which she sank, ravelings of stuff, needles, spools, a crusted bottle of ink, the rank ash receivers.

Hal looked sheepish, uneasy. He poured himself a drink. Then clumsily he bent over her, trying to soothe her.

"It's all right, Nita. Leave it to me. I swear to you ——"

"If ever Mrs. Lucas knew!" she wailed.

He brought her a drink. She gulped it down.

"Now listen to me, old girl ——"

She listened. The drink had done her good. He marched from the table to the window and back again, his voice rumbling on. Frankly, the afternoon hadn't gone any too smoothly. Well, Crawford had looked the stuff over and liked several pieces enough to talk prices. No doubt of it, he would come around in time. But the devil of it was that he had asked about some other things he had seen in the hall and the big drawing-room they had to cross to get to Monte's place. Monte was in a funk. Ticklish business. They couldn't explain why only the contents of Monte's apartment were for sale. Point was now not to seem too eager; to hold off for a bit. He'd been thinking that that was where her friends could help.

"You're not going to drag them in?" she fiercely interrupted.

Drag them in? Of course not. They'd simply play around together for a few days, Crawford one of the party. No further mention of buying or selling. See? Nice, cozy atmosphere.

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"Don't Have Anything to Do With It. Oh, Hal, I've Never Interfered Before; But This—It's Beastly!"

GRAND OPERATICS

By EDWARD H. SMITH

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Lucien Muratore Sketching His Wife, Lina Cavalieri. Willard Metcalf, the Artist, Looking On

THERE were ten thousand girls in New York alone last winter studying for opera in more or less advanced schools. Every important city has its colony of young aspirants. Practice arias rise from sanguine throats everywhere. A friend who slays a good deal of precious time with calculations assures me there are two hundred thousand assorted music teachers in the land and five million students of all classes. Half of these latter go in for voice, and vocal study means operatic ambition, hidden or avowed. When all the boys and girls in our schools who go at music in some tentative way are considered, these figures do not seem exaggerated.

Nothing seems more established than the pull opera exerts upon the imagination of our youth, especially our girls; but it is wise to remember that the stimulus comes not from the work of art but from the personality of the singer. No public figure is so caparisoned with glory as the diva. The women of the stage stir the young less deeply if more broadly. Yet surely there is hardly a hamlet or countryside to which the fame of our prima donnas has not been blared by the trumpets of the publicity man. If there are any hidden towns where some girl does not yearn to become a Garden, a Farrar, a Nordica, an Eames, I much overrate the celebrity of these estimable vocalists. And the young men of the country, who used to consider music an effeminate and un-American art, are swinging their thoughts toward the vocal Parnassus.

Writing and music playing are the arts most embraced and most abused among us, and for similar reasons. The young hopeful has been fed on the bitter illusion that a great poem may be dashed off in a moment of inspiration, or an enduring tale scrawled out in some hour of drunken afflatus. Consider the Burns, Keats, Poe legends, the Verlaine fable, to speak of the most patent cases only. Similarly, our young people everywhere hug the belief that all the singer needs is a natural voice; that anyone can become, with a minimum of effort and sacrifice, what Miss Mary Garden has been known to nominate "an empty coloratura." The heaven-given capacities are not accounted rare or phenomenal. The generality of our people believe, for their own comfort, that genius or vocal beauty is a common enough possession and that it is luck or chance recognition or something far worse that distinguishes the famous artist from the ambitious yokel.

The Lure of the Operatic Stage

CURIOUSLY enough, our people nourish no such delusions as to painting, sculpture, or acting even—though the merely instinctive artist has far more chance in any of these branches than in writing or music. Perhaps the most apposite reason for this distinction may be found in the fact that every school child is made to write compositions in which the poses and phrases of genius are painfully imitated, and to pipe songs the foremost vocalists may employ in concert. The sister arts are in far less common employment. They remain remote from the general. Their difficulties are admitted.

Again, music is far more seductive to the uninitiate than writing, because there is more glamour and color about the career of the musician. Thunderous applause is more to the popular taste than the quiet fame that envelops the poet or novelist. Yet again, the rewards of the musician have been advertised and exaggerated. The fabulous prices paid Signor Caruso and all the others are like beads upon the rosary of the ambitious imagination. Finally, singing is the darling of all the arts with most of us, for man, like his jungle relatives, exults in his own voice.

All this is prefatory to a collection of notes on opera as it is and opera people as they are. There will be nothing complete or profound about all this, and the only valid excuse for it is that it may prove entertaining and enlightening. The thousands of girls and boys who hunger for the kudos of the singer have no conception of the study, effort, denial and suffering that go into the career of the lyric leader. They are aware of the glittering stars, glowing in luminous clouds of success, and cannot see the pitiful dark constellations, dotted with a myriad burned-out failures. They see the rewards and acclaim; they are blind to the disillusion and defeat of even the resplendent ones. Hence this collection of incidents and reflections—a kind of behind-the-scenes survey of operatic life.

I expect to give a good deal of attention in this article and others to the problem of the aspiring singer. No effort will be made to tell the country girl how to become a prima donna. In spite of all honest and dishonest attempts at this sort of thing, it is patent that no one knows the miraculous prescription, the royal road. Heredity, environment and character enter into the problem, and no man, however informed, can control these factors. It is much easier to tell boys and girls how not to succeed at song, and there will be frequent references to this important matter.

The difficulties which hedge the successful conduct of opera in this country, and so play fast and loose with the hopes and chances of the singer, may nearly all be traced to the common enough statement that opera is an exotic among us. There is no American opera, strictly speaking. There have been numerous imitations of Italian and German opera written and composed by Americans, most of them beatific failures. There is also no authentic English opera, save for the old ballad opera and light opera, which do not figure extensively in the problem. The music dramas of the grand circuit do not sing well in our language for reasons about which there is no agreement and which need not be discussed here. But opera in English doesn't please. The recent attempts to render Wagner into our tongue are only another proof. They served only to reconcile the cognoscenti to German.

We have thus a presentation of our highest form of singing done altogether in strange tongues. Those who know opera do not mind. Opera is a bit like the Greek tragedies in that the simple story is supposed to be familiar to the auditor, requiring no oral clarification of the action. But it is difficult to reconcile the broad public to this view. The man in the street wants to know what it's all about, step by step. It is true he catches only a stray phrase or word when opera is sung in English. Nevertheless, the prejudice persists. On the other hand, only the few are educated to the point of appreciating what is termed classical music. The last few years have seen a great change in this matter. Today the moving-picture theaters which support symphonic orchestras and give their patrons a perforce acquaintance with better music are educating a great new public. But still, opera is not a remunerative theatrical enterprise among us.

No Survivals

FROM the beginnings of Italian opera in this country in 1825, and down to the present, the attempts to make the lyric drama support itself have all resulted in failure—with one happy and perhaps promising exception. Even in New York, opera has never been able to survive without endowment by the rich. The Metropolitan Opera Company under Signor Gatti-Casazza is understood to have made expenses on several occasions, and to have cleared a small profit last year. All the older impresarios needed their subscriptions—Mapleson, Abbey, Grau, Conried and the rest. I doubt if the Chicago company has ever made expenses. The Philadelphia and Boston organizations came to grief after brief careers. Much the same epitaph may be written on all of the minor companies excepting only that of Mr. Fortune Gallo, whose San Carlo troupe, touring the principal cities, has earned sizable profits for several years and apparently grows in prosperity. Mr. Gallo himself believes that this exception is due to enlarging operatic audiences and sees bright musical vistas unfolding. Personally, I think this result due as much to astute management. The next few seasons will decide.

The baneful effect of the popular failure of opera in this country strikes every aspirant the moment he or she sets foot in the singing way. There are no small companies where the singer can gather experience and pave the way to great successes with minor achievements. There are no minor opera houses where our singers can try their voices and abilities at various rôles and thus build their repertoires. And it is manifestly impossible for the great companies to cast untried or unreputed artists for presentation before their cynical and highly exacting audiences. So our singers must go to Europe for finish, no matter how competent the vocal instructors may be on this side of the pond. In Germany and Italy there are the numerous second and third and fifth rate houses and troupes. There our young people find the chance to demonstrate at actual performances. There they get to show their paces and learn the lessons that are taught only in the presence of a paying audience.

Another result of the limited popularity of opera with us is that there is a minimum of opportunity at home as against a maximum of vocal ambition. Where are the thousands of girls and boys to be accommodated, heard, applauded? Of permanent organizations there are only the endowed houses in New York and Chicago and Mr. Gallo's venture. Every year sees a number of other attempts and no survivals. Companies go forth and hold the road a few weeks. Then they are forced to close by adversity, or their managers close them voluntarily before the blight may descend upon them. Excluding the choruses, a hundred singers are more than enough to equip all our organizations. So the prospect before the novice is not bright with probabilities of success.

The star system, which has always been accounted the bane of operatic and theatrical organization in this country, is another and terrible obstacle in the path of the new artist. It is not cynical to say that the majority of our opera patrons are attracted by names and reputations.

They have no way of discriminating for themselves. They know nothing of voice or of music. An unholy number go merely to be able to say, "I have heard Caruso."

There was an amusing demonstration of this fact at the Metropolitan in New York a few seasons ago when Caruso had been billed to appear in Aïda at a Monday night performance. The tenor was taken ill a few hours before the curtain rise and Riccardo Martin substituted. The American singer's lieutenancy was announced on large placards in the lobbies and on slips inserted into the programs. As is customary, refund of money paid in advance for seats was made to all who desired it, or tickets were issued to those who preferred them, admitting to future Caruso performances.

Despite these precautions a mature woman in elegant dress came charging down from the grand tier in the middle of the second act and captured John Brown, the veteran business controller of the Metropolitan.

"I want my money back! It isn't right!" she panted.

"It's a little late for that, isn't it, madam?" the manager objected.

"I don't care!" she said angrily. "I paid to hear Caruso, and I just heard someone say he wasn't singing."

That was all this sumptuous patroness knew of either opera or singers. She got her money and went her way in blissful content.

Opera managers come into constant conflict with more representative expressions of American provincialism. They suffer frequently from some of the moral or æsthetic conceptions peculiar to our hinterland.

Fortune Gallo and his singers experienced one of the classic adventures in this field.

Death Abolished

SEVERAL years ago this manager decided that opera education might be extended by giving acts or scenes from the standard dramas at summer Chautauqua gatherings and similar places. At one prominent camp in the Middle West the management insisted on the presentation of several operas in their completion. Accordingly the mountings of these plays were brought from New York, considerable structural alterations were made in the stage or platform of the auditorium and several additional singers were summoned. On the opening night Gallo presented the usual double bill of Cavalleria and Pagliacci. In the former opera Turridu offers Alfio a drink of wine and the latter throws the drink at his rival's feet as a challenge. There follows the killing, which is done off stage. Again, in Pagliacci, Canio stabs Nedda and Silvio to death.

The audience sat spellbound through the performances, but afterward a leader of the colony, in great perturbation, sought the impresario. His complaint was voluble and bitter.

"We do not believe in either winebibbing or in killing. It is contrary to our teaching, to our morality," shouted the official, who was rendered more irate by the impresario's natural failure to grasp the situation. "We do not recognize death."

"You do not recognize death?" queried the amazed impresario. "What a splendid idea! I suppose you do not die, eh?"

"I'm not here to quibble with you. Something must be done."

"Well, I'm willing to abolish death. Anybody would be. But what has this got to do with the opera? How does your conception affect these dramas, which you and I didn't write?"

"This way," the official announced: "Those drinking and killing scenes have got to be cut out. We can't let our people see such things."

Caruso

Frieda Hempel as Jenny Lind, Tom Wise as P. T. Barnum

Claudia Muzio

"But if you do that you have no opera," pleaded the manager.

"No matter about the opera. We can have no such things."

So Carmen and Rigoletto were both sung with the words and music of the mortal scenes intact, but the acting or pantomime eliminated. Don José sang his wrathful song and Carmen shrieked under the stab, but there was neither knife nor stabbing. Rigoletto mourned and raved over the body of Gilda, but she had never been slain. Opera must be admitted to front some added difficulties in the face of such censorship.

Among those who know the life there is no more shopworn figure than the impresario in the dress of man of sorrows. What he does not suffer at the hands of the public he endures from his artists, whose eccentricities have been celebrated in ten thousand tales, till the public is pretty generally convinced that the opera singer is a temperamental ass. Granted that many of the doings of musicians, viewed in the half light of general information, are absurd enough. But the acts of artists are clearly motivated and purposive, as Doctor Freud has found those of even madmen to be. The caprices, peculiarities and apparent follies of singers take root in perfectly normal self-interest, and if their expression is a little accentuated this is due to the character of operatic existence.

Applause and Salary

TAKING, for instance, the jealousies and rivalries of singers, that most gibed-at phase of their extradecorous conduct, we must discover at once that the same sort of thing exists in exactly the same measure among business men, society women, lawyers, writers, neighbors and church members. It is all a matter of the struggle for power and precedence, and it is no more ludicrous among singers than among lawyers. It is simply better advertised.

A great deal has been said about opera stars' hunger for applause and publicity. These things are not esteemed among singers for the mere personal gratification they bring. Vanity has, I am convinced, little more part here than in human conduct everywhere. But applause and advertising are the breath of life to the vocalist. The impression made at an appearance must be measured by the applause, claque or no claque. Pay and reputation follow, and in measure according to the enthusiasm—the applause. Seven-tenths of the quarrels among singers grow out of applause taking or getting. The other three-tenths come up directly or indirectly through rivalries over publicity.

Among those who do not understand, this straining after mention in the newspapers and the blurbs of the press agent seems childish. But no one considers it absurd for the packer to spout about his codfish cakes or baked beans. He blares his publicity from a thousand pages and billboards. It is part of his business.

Publicity is even more vital to the operatic artist. It is his *sine qua non* indeed. For the business man may send out drummers and salesmen if his advertising fails to get a response. The singer is utterly dependent upon the effect of his notices in the papers and journals. No wonder then if he devotes much energy and thought and some absurd capers to this high and practical side of his life.

Here we take care of a great portion of what has become notorious as the artistic temperament. The residuum is largely explicable under the head of strain. The tension

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SKIN-DEEP

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STICK

Thus Roy Came Upon the Senseless Clappy Lying in the Middle of an Excitedly Babbling Clump of People

HIS parents had gone to their more or less honored graves in the calm belief that their only son's name was John Peter Robbins and that he was the handsomest lad alive. While they were still strong in these articles of faith the two old people died within a month of each other. That was in 1906, while their beautiful son was in his last year at high school. If they could have wandered back to earth ten years later the fond couple would have found that half of their belief was justified by world-wide acclaim, but that the remaining half was a pure fallacy. Several million motion-picture fans stood clamorously ready to indorse the parental claim that he was the handsomest man on or off the screen. But the father and mother would have searched the continent in vain for trace of a John Peter Robbins whose classic face corresponded with their son's.

They would have seen in a hundred places their son's pictured face. But beneath the likeness they would have read the name Barry Clive. If they had sought farther they could have unearthed numberless press-agent blurbs telling of Barry Clive's antecedents and early days, and again the dazed couple would have been blindly perplexed. For it seemed that Barrington Clive's father had been an Irish peer who had become madly enamored of an Italian singer, as good and simple as she was exquisite to look upon. He had married her. His family had raised fierce objection and had made the bride's life a burden. The husband's neck was fractured on the hunting field a month before the birth of his son—a birth which had cost the lovely young singer her life.

Barry had been brought up by his father's people. But at eighteen he had learned of their cruel treatment of his luckless young mother and he had renounced them all. Coming to America by steerage he had drifted at last to Hollywood. There his remarkably good looks and a latent hereditary talent for acting had won him a job as an extra on the Preëminent's lot. And at that hour his eccentrically whizzing rise to millionaire stardom had begun. He had turned contemptuously deaf ears to his titled relatives' plea that he go back to Great Britain and accept the peerage and estates awaiting him.

Yes, the ghostly old folk would have read and reread this romantic story many a time without finding in it a single hint that their son's sire had run the most flourishing hay-and-feed business in Washington, Illinois; or that John Peter had begun his meteor career as a stage-struck utility man in a fly-by-night stock company which fell apart in Los Angeles, leaving him pathetically glad to cadge for a job as extra with the Preëminent outfit.

Even at that early stage of the movie game the day of the merely beautiful he star had waned. But Barry Clive had something more than his looks. He had a dash of magnetism which somehow got across in the pictures, and from some long-forgotten ancestor or blend of ancestors he had inherited more than a smattering of true acting ability.

The combination sufficed. While big-eyed girls, with suspiciously pallid noses and modestly concealed ears, thrilled with rapture as Clive's wondrous profile, on the screen, was turned slowly to right or left to give them a close-up of his magical eyes, the saner portion of the audience was wont to nod or grunt approval at some bit of genuine art in the fellow's acting or at a flare of compelling personality which went straight to the spot.

Barry Clive had arrived, and he seemed due to remain. Said Malachi Ruhl, chief director of the Preëminent:

"If someone would kindly amputate his face or divide it up into small independent republics he'd make the best of them crawl into the pretty bunch of pasteboards that are left on the center of the table after the draw. He can act.

He sure can act! He could do all sorts of things to a man's-size part if he wanted to. But he don't want to. And why should he? So long as he carries that face in front of him he's content to play Face to win and Personality for place and Acting for show. He'll stop in the middle of his biggest scene to give the flappers a treat by showing them his side view and then his smokeless lamps. Instead of acting up to the leading woman he looks lovely at her. In the beginning, when he was drawing down sixty a week and weeping glad to get it, I could do something with him. But now it's too late. He don't need a director any more. All he wants now is a looking-glass and a million feet of close-ups. And we've got to stand for it."

As a matter of record Barry Clive was not in the remotest degree vain of his looks. He regarded his beauty as he might have regarded a billion dollars in gold. It was his chief asset; the thing for which he was famous wherever films are shown; the drawing card which had made him rich. Wherefore he cherished and guarded his face with all the care of a professional beauty—but for revenue only. His face was his fortune, and he was a supercautious financier.

Mash notes, fervid blurbs, the knots of awed girls at the front entrance to the lot—these interested Clive not at all. But when, at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, he outpointed Dewey Groce, the handiest amateur middleweight on the coast, his heart was abrim with tumultuous pride. When the Preëminent press agent was instructed to add to his usual routine story the sentence, "Mr. Clive is unquestionably the fastest and gamest boxer of his weight outside the professional ring," Barry's throat contracted as he bade his secretary send out two hundred marked copies of the paper which printed the boast.

One of the two hundred recipients of these marked copies was Roy McNair, who six months earlier had won, in a ferocious eighteen-round battle, the middleweight championship of the world. Clive did not know Roy McNair. Indeed he had never set eyes on the champion. But he was an ardent follower of ring annals, and with quickened breath he had read the account of McNair's championship battle. Thus by a queer twist of vanity he elected to notify his fellow celebrity that a picture king could also be a brilliant middleweight boxer.

Roy McNair read the tidings with no faintest atom of interest. Belonging to the ultramodern school of pugilists, he could not only read and write but could actually read to himself without making his lips move. Several fighters during the past decade have mastered this crowning triumph of higher education, though not enough of them to rob the exploit of distinction.

There were two ample reasons for McNair's dearth of interest in the fact that one Barry Clive was unquestionably the fastest and gamest boxer of his weight outside the professional ring. First, he was not interested in Clive. Second, he was not interested at the moment in anything. Life had all at once turned sour and miserable for the young middleweight champion.

McNair had followed his accession to the title by the usual ten weeks of cheap vaudeville. In the second week a drafty dressing room at Pittsburgh had given him a nasty cold. The cold had hung on, for Roy was not geared to his new life of late hours and long train jumps and heterogeneous food and reversed sleep time and lack of rigid daily exercise. Not only had the cold hung on, but it had centered at length into a nasty little tickling cough.

After the end of the vaudeville tour McNair had settled down to train for a new bout. But the cough had refused to depart. Also in the late afternoons there was a dryly hot sensation all over his lean body, and at night he would awake in a dripping sweat. During his training bouts he found increasing trouble in getting started and he had to supply will power for his old-time spontaneous steam.

Shamefacedly, at his manager's worried command, he went to a doctor. The doctor sent him to another doctor—a pot-bellied old cuss with double-thick spectacles—and this doctor had tapped all the northern half of him and had done silly things with a kind of telephone receiver mounted on a pair of rubber tubes. Then had come the verdict. It had been couched in long foreign words, but at the goggling manager's request the doctor had translated it.

"Your man is in the first stages of tuberculosis," he explained. "That means consumption. He ——"

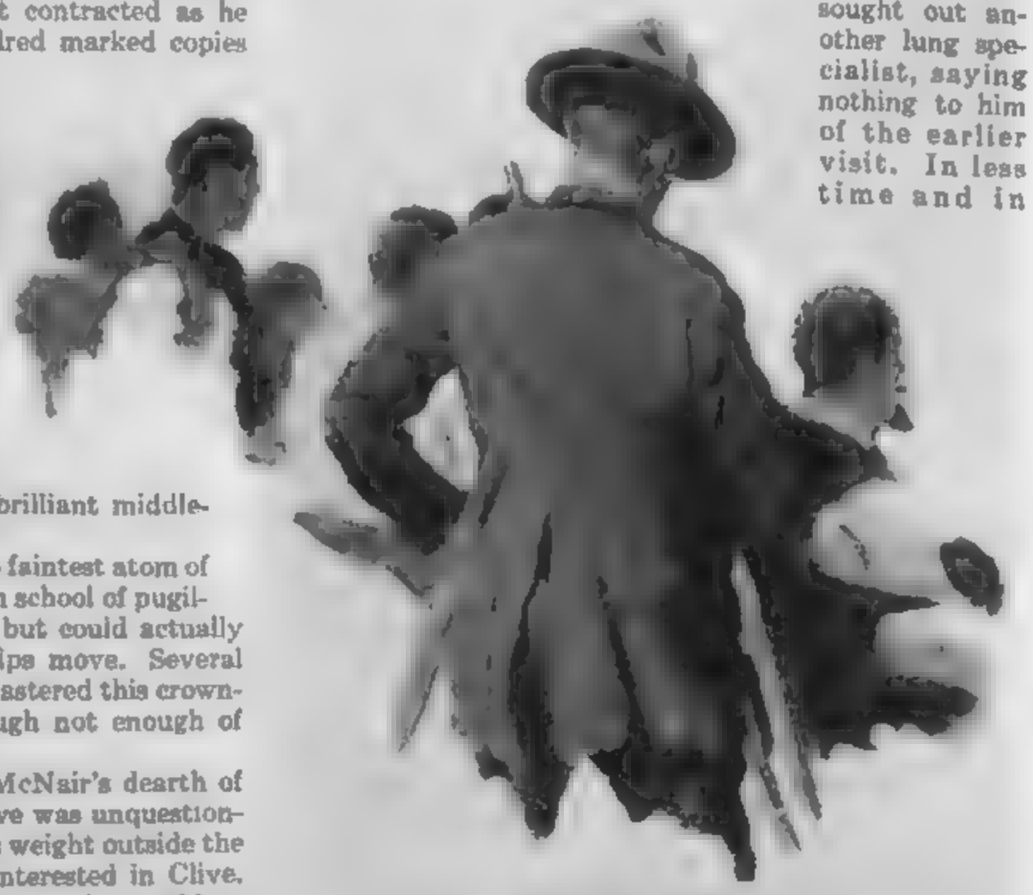
"The blue hell he is!" snorted the manager. "Where d'ye get that patter, doc? This lad is as tough as a nut. He's the ruggedest ——"

"There are two halves to every man," interrupted the doctor, still talking down to his hearers. "The outside half, made up of bone and flesh and muscle, and the inside half, that's made up of the organs. The nerves are a flying squadron, operating with both parts, and pleasingly ready to join in the sickness of either. A man may be tough as a nut—for a while—in his flesh and muscles, and at the same time be all gone inside. In fact, many an athlete who works too hard in making himself tough as a nut pays for it by a collapse of the inner man. McNair, here, was overtrained. He had been spending months in preparing his system for just such a breakdown as this. It might have hit the nerves or the heart or the liver. It happened to decide on the lungs."

"Fix him up quick as you can, doc," pleaded the manager. "We're dated to meet ——"

"He's dated to make record time for Arizona or Southern California or Colorado," contradicted the doctor. "He's young, and he seems to have lived clean. He has a chance—a first-rate chance—but only if he gets away from the Atlantic Seaboard at once and lives outdoors for the most part till he is in shape again. It may be only a year; it may be two or three years. But if he is to get well he'll have to go and go quickly."

Naturally the scared visitors decided on the doorstep that the doctor was an old flapdoodle, and with infinite cunning they sought out another lung specialist, saying nothing to him of the earlier visit. In less time and in



In a White Fury McNair Flew at His Beautiful Opponent. He Tore Into Him With Unspectacular But Hideously Effective Smashes

fewer words this second specialist confirmed the first. Two weeks later a mammoth benefit was held for Roy McNair at the Pastime Boxing Club, and a week thereafter the heartsore and lung-sick champion took possession of a Santa Fe upper berth on his way to the coast.

To Roy his own infirm condition seemed a matter for absolute shame. That he, a seasoned pugilist, should have come down with this wretched and unmanly disease was a disgrace. He had induced the sporting papers to say he was forced to retire for a time from the ring because of inflammatory rheumatism which called for long and expert treatment at Mt. Clemens, and in starting for California he shed his name along with his highest hopes.

It was as Harvey Matthews that he set his face westward. He was not going to have the California newspapers blazoning the dirty news that Roy McNair was out there wasting with consumption. Things were bad enough without that.

He had chosen Southern California as his habitat instead of any of the other places the doctors had suggested because in his black hour a queer loneliness had possessed him. He dreaded the thought of being hopelessly ill—perhaps dying—among total strangers, a million miles from home. He knew not a soul in Colorado or New Mexico or Arizona or in any of those other places which till now had been merely colored blobs on a seldom-studied map. But he did know someone in Los Angeles.

In fact he had a perfectly good relative living there, a fellow he had always liked in boyhood days and who had looked up to the hard-hitting Roy as a hero. And this relative was his own first cousin, Grover Cleveland—briefly, Cleppy—Worden, who had gone West three years earlier to work in the Los Angeles branch of the Spirito Motor Company. Cleppy had written to him twice or three times a year. He boarded out on a street with a funny name. Figueroa Street—that was it. Funny name for a street. Digging up Cleppy's last letter, McNair had verified the address and had written him under secrecy the whole measly story, winding up by saying he was coming out to Los Angeles to live for a while—or maybe to die; he didn't much care which.

It was a beamingly gladsome Cleppy Worden who met his glum and journey-tired cousin at the terminal of the Santa Fe and all but embraced him. Through his fatigue and his unhappiness the lonely McNair warmed to the greeting. Cleppy was fine. He didn't bother the invalid with questions. He was as wildly happy to see him as if he were a fleasome yellow pup and Roy his long-absent master.

Moreover, he had engaged a room for McNair at his own boarding house, a room that was all outdoors and had a sleeping porch besides. And he had made arrangements, as soon as Roy should be rested, to go with him on a health-making month's trip down into Imperial Valley, where, he assured his cousin, those rotten germs of his would sure run screeching up a tree the minute the dry air hit them.

This led to a bit of information. When Roy protested against Cleppy's absence from his job at the Spirito Motor Company's branch office he learned that the branch had shut down two years earlier and that Cleppy ever since had been earning a fairly adequate living as an extra and bit man in the movies; also that Cleppy had kept this to himself, not knowing how his respectable relatives back East might look upon such a trade.

For a year he had been promising himself a good long vacation, and he had been saving up for it. Now he was going to take it. Roy stared at him in unfeigned astonishment.

"This climate must have done a lot of things to your pocket nerve!" he exclaimed. "Back home it was all you could ever do to save up long enough to buy a new hat."

Poor little Cleppy wiggled his plump body in dire embarrassment. Then catching his breath he explained.

"I—I wasn't—wasn't exactly saving it up for a vacation," he blurted. "Fact is, I was saving it up to—well, to get married on. It's easier saving up for that than ——"

"And now you're aiming to take your honeymoon-housekeeping cash and blow it on a jaunt with me!" cried McNair. "You miserable little shrimp, if I wasn't all in I'd beat you up for that! I'd ——"

"Hold on!" protested Cleppy. "Go easy! There isn't going to be any honeymoon housekeeping business to this party. It's—it's all off."

He made shift to smile very gallantly. Then under the sympathetic inquiry in his hero's eyes the barriers went to flinders.

"I was engaged to her," he said, looking anywhere rather than at Roy. "I met her at a party out in Fifty-second Street. She lived there. Name was—name is Potter, Jean Potter. She used to work in a department store over on Broadway, near Seventh. She's a winner. That's her picture on the chif'nier. The one with the daisy-enamel frame—that one. We got engaged. They laid off a swad of salesgirls at the store. She was one of 'em. Slack season. I got her a job out on the lot."

"The lot? What's that?"

"'S'name the picture people give their plants. This was the Preeminent plant, where I been working. I got her a job as an extra in the Opal Woman feature. She's a type. Films well. They gave her a bit in it. She did fine. We was both in it. Maybe you've seen it. It was released on the sixteenth. I was the little scrapper in the barroom scene—the one that bunts the society souse with my head when he comes slumming, and then does a comic bout with him. They've had me do that sort of stuff a coupla times because I know how to use my hands and do footwork like you taught me back home. Comes in handy once in a while in a picture. Most of these slobs don't know which foot goes forward in a bout. Gets me a few dollars extra sometimes."

He and Roy Rolled Out of Their Blankets and Attacked Fire and Frying Pan

"But ——"

"Then they gave her a bit in the new Tainted Souls picture—the one Barry Clive had Meyer write around his collar-model face. That was the wind-up. Clive don't bother to look cross-eyed at most of the girls on the lot—up-stage stuff. But he kind of took a shine to Jean right off the bat. She was in one scene with him—just a bit—when he comes back to the old farm; neighbor's blond daughter who tells him the house is sold. Clive got to talking with her every day. Once he took her out to her flat in his big pink car. Said she had poss'bilities and he was going to have her coached for real parts and all that. She was all buzzed up by such a mighty man's consenting to look at her, and ——"

"You got jealous?"

"Why wouldn't I? Wasn't we engaged? Well, maybe I c'd 'a' handled it tactfuller, as you might say. But you know how it is when a chap's nutty over a girl like Jean. Here was I, a poor dub who was lucky if he could yank thirty-five a week out of the Preëminent's safe. And there was he, getting a sal'ry he had to cart home in a tractor. Him with his hydroplane and his five cars and his sec't'ry and his Jap and his house in the park and his shooting box up in the Sierras and his yacht and—and everything. Here was he, likewise, with a rep and with a face that women holler to see. And here was me, looking like—like—like you see me right now. So what chance ——"

"If she was a girl worth your tying up to," declaimed Roy out of the depths of a plumbless ignorance, "she'd have worn blinders for every man but the one she was keeping comp'ny with, and ——"

"Don't get her wrong!" pleaded Cleppy. "She's all to the good. She's one of the women God made. Honest, she is, Roy. But—well, maybe I acted up too rough. Anyhow, we had a mean scrap, her and me. By and by, while we was jawing, I told her if she ever talked to Clive again it'd be all off with us two. She fluffed up at that and she said she wouldn't take that line of talk from any man, and she walks off and goes straight over to where Clive was sitting and begins to palaver with him. That settled it. There wasn't anything for me to do, was there, but to make good on what I'd just said to her? Likewise I done it. That was—that was just a coupla days before you got here. I told the director I'd have to go away a while on business. And I did. I haven't set eyes on Jean since. Nor yet I won't ever, unless it's just by chance, out on the lot or somewheres. She showed mighty plain which way she voted when she left me cold and stalked over to Clive when I'd told her not to. I had to let it drop then. What else was there to do? Hey? What else was ——"

"What else?" echoed the indignant McNair. "What else? Why, man, haven't you the soul of a mouse? Why didn't you sleep in the hoosgow that night for busting him in two? Why didn't you sail into him and ——"

"And go to the hosp'tal?" queried Cleppy. "It's there I'd 'a' spent the night—not in the hoosgow. Ever see Barry Clive off the screen? He's something like six feet tall, pretty near; and he'll weigh close to a hundred and seventy. That's only six inches taller and thirty pounds heavier'n me, of course. But those things count up. Besides, he's a corking boxer. He's going to have a hell-roaring fist fight wrote into the script for his next picture, Bemis told me. He's a crackajack with the gloves—a bear-cat. One of the papers out here said he's the fastest

(Continued on Page 54)

The Salvaging of Civilization

The Bible of Civilization: II

By H. G. WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

IN THE preceding sections we have discussed Genesis and the historical books generally as they would appear in a modernized Bible, and we have dealt with the law. But these are only the foundations and openings of the Bible as we know it. We come now to the Psalms and Proverbs, the Song of Songs, the Book of Job—and the Prophets. What are the modern equivalents of these books?

Well, what were they?

They were the entire Hebrew literature down to about the time of Ezra; they include sacred songs, love songs, a dramatic dialogue, a sort of novel in the books of Ruth and Esther, and so forth. What would be our equivalent of this part of the Bible to-day? What would be the equivalent for the Bible of a world civilization?

I suppose that it would be the whole world literature.

That, I admit, is a rather tremendous proposition. Are we to contemplate the prospect of a modern Bible in twenty or thirty thousand volumes? Such a vast Bible would defeat its own end.

We want a Bible that everyone will know; which will be grasped by the mind of everyone. That is essential to our idea of a Bible as a social cement.

Fortunately, our model Bible, as we have it to-day, gives us a lead in this matter. Its contents are classified. We have first of all the canonical books, which are treated as the vitally important books; they are the books, to quote the phrase used in the English Prayer Book, which are "necessary to salvation." And then we have a collection of other books, the Apocrypha, the books set aside, books often admirable and beautiful, but not essential, good to be read for "example of life and instruction of manners," yet books that everyone need not read and know. Let us take this lead, and let us ask whether we can—with the whole accumulated literature of the world as our material—select a bookful or so of matter, of such exceptional value that it would be well for all mankind to read it and know it. This will be our equivalent for the canonical books. I will return to that in a moment.

And outside this canonical book or books, shall we leave all the rest of literature in a limitless Apocrypha? I am doubtful about that. I would suggest that we make a second intermediate class between the canonical books, that everyone in our civilization ought to read, and the outer Apocrypha, that you may read or not, as you choose. This intermediate class I would call the great books of the world. It would not be a part of our Bible, but it would come next to our Bible. It would not be what one must read, but only what it is desirable the people should read.

Making Up the Canonical Books

NOW this canonical literature we are discussing is to be the third vital part of our modern Bible. I conceive of it as something that would go into the hands of every man and woman in that coming great civilization which is the dream of our race. Together with the book of world history and the book of law and righteousness and wisdom that I have sketched out to you, and another book of which I shall have something to say later, this canonical literature will constitute the intellectual and moral cement of the world society, that intellectual and moral cement for the want of which our world falls into political and social confusion and disaster to-day. Upon such a basis, upon a common body of ideas, a common moral teaching and the world-wide assimilation of the same emotional and æsthetic material, it may still be possible to build up humanity into one cooperative, various and understanding community.

Now if we bear this idea of a cementing function firmly in mind we shall have a criterion by which to judge what shall be omitted from and what shall be included in the books of literature in this modern Bible of ours. We shall begin, of course, by levying toll upon the Old and New Testaments. I do not think I need justify that step. I suppose that there will be no doubt of the inclusion of many of the Psalms—but I question if we should include them all—and of a number of splendid passages from the Prophets. Should we include the Song of Songs? I am inclined to think that the compilers of a new Bible would hesitate at that. Should we include the Book of Job? That, I think, would be a very difficult question indeed for our compilers. The Book of Job is a very wonderful and beautiful discussion of the profound problem of evil in the world. It is a tremendous exercise to read and understand, but is it universally necessary? I am disposed to think that the Book of Job, possibly with the wonderful illustrations of Blake, would not make a part of our canon, but would rank among our great books. It is a part of a very large literature of discussion, of which I shall have more to say in a moment. So, too, I question if we should make the story of Ruth or the story of Esther fundamental teaching for our world civilization. Daniel, again, I imagine relegated to the Apocrypha. But this I will return to later.

The Place of Shakspere

THE story of the Gospels would, of course, be incorporated in our historical book, but in addition, as part of our first canon, each of the four Gospels—with the possible omission of the genealogies—would have a place for the sake of their matchless directness, simplicity and beauty. They give a picture, they convey an atmosphere of supreme value to us all, incommunicable in any other form or language. Again, there is a great wealth of material in the Epistles. It is, for example, inconceivable that such a passage as that of Saint Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians—"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal," the whole of that wonderful chapter—should ever pass out of the common heritage of mankind.

So much from the ancient Bible for our modern Bible, all its inspiration and beauty and fire. And now what else?

Speaking in English to an English-speaking audience one name comes close upon the Bible—Shakspere. What are we going to do about Shakspere? If you were to waylay almost any Englishman or American and put this project of a modern Bible before him, and then begin your list of ingredients with the Bible and the whole of Shakspere, he would almost certainly say, "Yes, yes."

But would he be right?

On reflection he might, perhaps, recede and say, "Not the whole of Shakspere, but—well—Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, The Tempest, Midsummer Night's Dream." But even these, are they "generally necessary to salvation"? We run our minds through the treasures of Shakspere as we might run our fingers through the contents of a box of very precious and beautiful jewels before equipping a youth for battle.

No; these things are for ornament and joy. I doubt if we could have a single play, a single scene of Shakspere's in our canon.

He goes altogether into the great books—all of him; he joins the aristocracy of the Apocrypha. And, I believe, nearly all the great plays of the world would have to join him there—Euripides and Sophocles, Schiller and Ibsen. Perhaps some speeches and such-like passages might be quoted in the canon, but that is all.

Our canon, remember, is to be the essential cementing stuff of our community, and nothing more. If once we admit merely beautiful and delightful things, then I see an overwhelming inrush of jewels and flowers. If we admit Midsummer Night's Dream, then I must insist that we also admit such lovely nonsense as:

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

Our canon, I am afraid, cannot take in such things, and with the plays we must banish also all the novels—the greater books of such writers as Cervantes, Defoe, Dickens, Fielding, Tolstoy, Hardy, Hamsun, that great succession of writers. They are all good for "example of life and instruction of manners," and to the Apocrypha they must go. And so it is that since I would banish Romeo and Juliet I would also banish the Song of Songs; and, since I must put away Vanity Fair and the Shabby Genteel Story, I would also put away Esther and Ruth. And I find myself most reluctant to exclude not only novels written in English but one or two great sweeping books by non-English writers. It seems to me that Tolstoy's War and Peace and Hamsun's Growth of the Soil are books on an almost Biblical scale; that they deal with life so greatly as to come nearest to the idea of a universally inspiring and illuminating literature, which underlies the idea of our canon. If we put any whole novels into the canon I would plead for these. But I will not plead now even for these. I do not think any novels at all can go into our modern Bible as whole works. The possibility of long passages going in is, of course, quite a different matter.

Selections From the Philosophers

AND passing now from great plays and great novels and romances, we come to the still more difficult problem of great philosophical and critical works. Take Gulliver's Travels, an intense, dark, stirring criticism of life and social order, and the Dialogues of Plato, full of light and inspiration. In these latter we might quarry for beautiful passages for our canon, but I do not think we could take them in as wholes, and if we do not take them in as complete books, then I think that great Semitic parallel to these

Is It Too Much to Suggest That We Should Make Some Organized Attempt to Gather Up

Greek dialogues, the Book of Job, must stand not in our canon but in the great book section of our Apocrypha.

And next we have to consider all the great epics in the world. There, again, I am for exclusion. This Bible we are considering must be universally available. If it is too bulky for universal use it loses its primary function of a moral cement. We cannot include Iliad, Norse saga, Æneid or Paradise Lost in our canon. Let them swell the great sack of our Apocrypha, and let the children read them if they will.

When one glances in this fashion over the accumulated literary resources of mankind it becomes plain that our canonical books of literature in this modern Bible of ours can be little more than an anthology or a group of anthologies. Perhaps they might be gathered under separate heads, as the Book of Freedom, the Book of Justice, the Book of Charity. And now, having done nothing as yet but reject, let me begin to accept. Let me quote a few samples of the kind of thing that would best serve the purpose of our Bible and that should certainly be included.

Place for Lincoln, Henley and Milton

HERE are words that every American knows by heart already—I would like every man in the world to know them by heart and to repeat them. It is Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, and I will not spare you a word of it:

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion. That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

And here is something that might perhaps make another short chapter in the same Book of Freedom, but it deals with freedom of a different sort:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

That, as you know, was Henley's, and as I turned up his volume of poems to copy out that poem I came again on these familiar lines:

The ways of Death are soothing and serene,
And all the words of Death are grave and sweet,
From camp and church, the fireside and the street,
She beckons forth—and strife and song have been.

A summer's night descending cool and green
And dark on daytime's dust and stress and heat,
The ways of Death are soothing and serene,
And all the words of Death are grave and sweet.

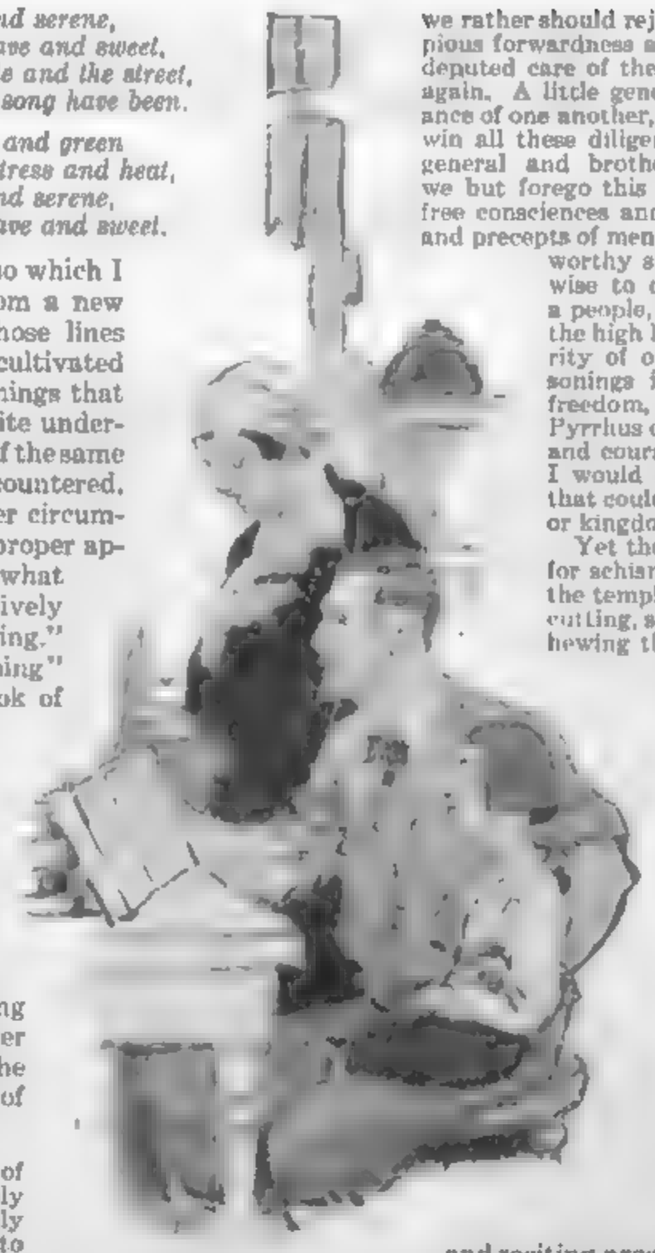
There seems something in that also which I could spare only very reluctantly from a new Bible in the world. Yet I tender those lines very doubtfully. For I am not a very cultivated and well-read person, and note the things that have struck upon my mind, but I quite understand that there must be many things of the same sort, but better, that I have never encountered, or that I have not heard or read under circumstances that were favorable to their proper appreciation. I would rather say about what I am quoting in this section, not positively "this thing," but merely "this sort of thing."

And in the vein of "this sort of thing" let me quote you—again for the Book of Freedom—a passage from Milton, defending the ancient English tradition of free speech and free decision, and praising London and England. This London and England of which he boasts have broadened out, as the idea of Jerusalem has broadened out, to world-wide comprehensions. Let no false modesty blind us to our great tradition; you and I are still thinking in Milton's city; we continue, however unworthily, the great inheritance of the world-wide responsibility and service of his Englishmen. Here is my passage:

Now once again by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period In His Church, even to the reforming of reformation itself; what does He then but reveal Himself to His Servants, and, as His manner is, first to His Englishmen? I say, as His manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of His counsels, and are unworthy. Behold now this vast city, a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with His protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers working, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement.

What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful laborers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies? We reckon more than five months yet to harvest; there need not be five weeks, had we but eyes to lift up—the fields are white already. Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding, which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of, we rather should rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among men, to reassume the ill-deputed care of their religion into their own hands again. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grain of charity might win all these diligencies to join and unite into one general and brotherly search after truth; could we but forego this prelatical tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties into canons and precepts of men. I doubt not, if some great and worthy stranger should come among us, wise to discern the mold and temper of a people, and how to govern it, observing the high hopes and aims, the diligent alacrity of our extended thoughts and reasonings in the pursuance of truth and freedom, but that he would cry out as Pyrrhus did, admiring the Roman docility and courage: "If such were my Epirots, I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted to make a church or kingdom happy."

Yet these are the men cried out against for schismatics and sectaries, as if, while the temple of the Lord was building, some cutting, some squaring the marble, others hewing the cedars, there should be a sort of irrational men, who could not consider there must be many schisms and many dissections made in the quarry and in the timber ere the house of God can be built. And when every stone is laid artfully together, it cannot be united into a continuity, it can but be contiguous in this world; neither can every piece of the building be of one form; nay, rather the perfection consists in this, that out of many moderate varieties and brotherly dissimilitudes that are not vastly disproportional arises the goodly and the graceful symmetry that commends the whole pile and structure.



Books Often Good to be Read for "Example of Life and Instruction of Manners"

But I will not go on turning over the pages of books and reciting prose and poetry to you. I cannot even begin to remind you of the immense treasure of noble and ennobling prose and verse that this world has accumulated in the past three thousand years. Not one soul in ten thousand that is born into this world even tastes from that store. For most of mankind now that treasure is as if it had never been. Is it too much to suggest that we should make some organized attempt to gather up the quintessence of literature now and make it accessible to the masses of our race? Why should we not with a certain breadth and dignity set about compiling the Poetic Books, the Books of Inspiration for a renewed Bible, for a Bible of Civilization? It seems to me that such a book made universally accessible, made a basis of teaching everywhere, could set the key of the whole world's thought.

Why Not a Book of Forecasts?

THERE remains one other element if we are to complete that parallelism of the old Bible and the new. The Christian Bible ends with a forecast, the book of Revelation; the Hebrew Bible ended also with forecasts, the Prophets. To that the old Bible owed much of its magic power over men's imaginations and the inspiration it gave them. It was not a dead record, not an accumulation of things finished and of songs sung. It pointed steadily and plainly to the days to come as the end and explanation of all that went before. So, too, our modern Bible, if it is to hold and rule the imaginations of men, must close, I think, with a Book of Forecasts.

(*Continued on Page 65*)

the Quintessence of Literature Now and Make It Accessible to the Masses of Our Race?

THE COMMUNE, LIMITED

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MR. FLACK'S main body halted discreetly under cover of the portières, while his head and some two-thirds of his neck advanced to survey the terrain. The report of this scouting patrol encouraged him The parlor was practically empty—Miss Busby had it to herself.. She occupied the choice corner, where the gaslight was most illuminating and the hot-air register emitted an agreeable warmth. She met Mr. Flack's reconnoitering eye with a temperate friendliness and deposited her sewing in her black-silk lap long enough to hitch the walnut rocker a foot or two aside—a gesture of welcome which Mr. Flack was able to evaluate accurately. He had observed Miss Busby's immobility on many occasions when the newcomer had belonged to Miss Busby's own gender. Encouraged by this proffer of half the light and heat, he emerged from cover and consolidated his gains.

As he settled his lean legs over the register and adjusted his steel-rimmed glasses he noticed Miss Busby's hands resuming their customary activity. The contrast between their swift dexterity and the placid repose of the face above them arrested his attention for a moment. It occurred to him that this contrast admirably illustrated that graver difference between men which was uppermost in his thought. Miss Busby's fingers stood for the toilers of the world at their endless labors—efficient, tireless, unthinking. Her face typified the leisured classes, the sly, lazing capitalists who fed on the efforts of others. He scowled faintly as he unfolded a pamphlet and cleared his throat.

"We stopped last night at Chapter Four," he announced—"The Next Revolution. Shall we go on?"

Miss Busby's face seemed to wake. He felt that she was genuinely interested, that his previous endeavors had been fruitful. If he could convince her, he told himself, he would have struck a shrewd blow for the cause. Miss Busby's contact with the next generation placed her in an ideal position to further the revolution which that generation was to effect. It had been that idea which had first attracted him to Miss Busby, toward whom, till he conceived the plan, he had been tolerantly indifferent. Viewing her suddenly as a weak point in the armor of capitalism, Mr. Flack had planned and begun a campaign which from the very first had shown high promise.

Miss Busby was willing to listen, he discovered. She was more than that, in fact. He detected clear evidence of her interest during the first cautious conversation, in which he planted the seeds of the new faith very delicately. She had agreed almost warmly with his statement that the world's work was done by people who were absurdly underpaid. He learned that public-school teachers considered themselves quite as inequitably recompensed as, say, shipyard employees. To this condition Mr. Flack had been reconciled. School-teachers perpetuating the curses of capitalism deserved no wage at all, although it was comforting to find in the circumstance a new proof of capitalism's greed. Its whole structure rested on these educators who corrupted the sons of laborers to its outworn fictions, and yet it lacked the elementary decency to pay them a living wage.

"I—I'd Just as Soon They Hadn't Printed My Name," Said Miss Busby. "You Didn't Tell Me it Would Get in the Papers"

He played skillfully on the theme, pointing out the fact that under the commune the service of the teacher would be adequately rewarded; that there would be neither economic nor social distinctions between the schoolmistress and the chief commissary himself. He saw at once that the doctrine appealed to Miss Busby, and elaborated upon it with some ingenuity. He offered to lend her some of the literature of the subject.

"I'm not much of a reader," Miss Busby objected. "And I have so much sewing to do in my evenings. Wouldn't it be better if you were to read aloud? Then you could explain as you went along, and I'd understand so much better."

Mr. Flack was pleased. He liked the sound of his voice, and expounding his beliefs had a favorable influence on the tenacity with which he clung to them. It was much more cheerful, too, to share the warm corner of the parlor with an attentive disciple than to read alone in his small bedroom on the third floor. He came to harbor a proprietary attitude toward the parlor, so that if any other boarder chose to intrude on the premises he glowered and sulked and made cryptic speeches to Miss Busby which sometimes persuaded the interloper to depart. He was no communist at all, so far as the parlor was concerned. Under the commune, indeed, there would be suitable arrangements for privacy, he informed his pupil. You wouldn't have to share your evenings with flippant young people unless you wanted to.

"Won't that be nice!" Miss Busby's face lighted suddenly. "I'm so sick of boarding houses!"

"The time's coming!" he declared positively. "It's almost here! Everyone will have his home to himself—every worker, of course." And he plunged eagerly into the newest circular from headquarters, while Miss Busby's fingers flickered and her face settled into that placid quietude which he construed as indicating an absorbed interest in what he read. He plodded happily into Chapter Four, rehearsing a welter of flaming words, while Miss Busby nodded over her sewing in time to the rhythm of the sentences. He could remember that his own school-teachers, forty years ago, had nodded very much like that as they listened to his reading exercises

"You read beautifully, Mr. Flack," she sighed as he paused to drink from the tumbler of water she had provided. "So few people do. It's the hardest thing I have to teach."

"I was always good at it," he admitted modestly. "I got some prizes for it when I went to school. Used to speak pieces too. I always liked that kind of thing. If I'd gone into something where I could have used it——" He shook his head. "I suppose it's better as it is. If I'd made a big success at law or politics I'd probably be like the rest. I'd never have got hold of the truth the way I have."

"We succeed best by failing sometimes," said Miss Busby.

"That's right. I was just going to say those very words myself." Mr. Flack nodded solemnly. "Looking at it that way, I'm a success."

"Yes, indeed!" She was emphatic. He realized that she was an intelligent woman.

"You ought to join the party," he declared. "You're as good a communist as I am right now."

"I—I've never felt as if I'd care for voting," she said, flushing a very little. "Somehow that kind of thing always seemed—unladylike. I was brought up ——"

"Oh, that's all past and done with! You've got the right to vote now, and you ought to use it. And you ought to enroll with the party too. Every name on our list helps to convince people who are wavering. I'll give you a card." He fumbled in his pocket and produced one. "Just fill this out and I'll mail it to the committee. You really ought to."

She seemed to hesitate.

"I don't know ——"

"Oh, of course if I haven't convinced you ——"

He spoke offendedly. She made an appeasing gesture with her sewing.

"You have—absolutely! I suppose I'm just silly about breaking the rules I was taught when I was a girl. I'll sign it, of course, if you put it that way."

He handed her his fountain pen, and she wrote her name neatly on the dotted line. He waved it a moment till the ink dried, and glanced at it. Millie Busby. He lifted his glance to her face. Somehow the discovery of her first name made a difference. It hadn't occurred to him that Miss Busby had any other name. If she had written Mathilda or Mehitabel he would have observed nothing out of the way, but Millie—it made him wonder whether anybody ever called her that; made him see her for an

instant as a grown-up little girl instead of a chronically mature schoolma'am.

"Short for Mildred, I suppose?"

He felt the need of speech to fill a silence suddenly awkward. Miss Busby's cheeks had become faintly pink and her eyes avoided his. She shook her head.

The gesture had a queer effect on Mr. Flack. He half expected to see short braids twitch back and forth. A dim memory reminded him of a girl whose braids had flicked like that years ago.

"No, I was christened M-Millie," she told him. "My mother's name was Mildred, but she liked Millie better."

He cleared his throat

"It's a pretty name," he conceded.

She met his glance for an instant.

"I always liked it," she said faintly. "I miss it—not being called Millie, I mean."

It came to Mr. Flack that it was a long time since anyone had spoken his own given name. He wished that somebody would. A lonesome business, getting old. Being fifty-six hadn't quite reconciled him to the disappearance of the boy who had taken prizes for reading and speaking pieces.

"It's a pretty name," he said again, pocketing the card.

"I'm glad you like it," said Miss Busby, and he saw that her fingers were once more furiously at work.

His eyes rested briefly on the bit of cloth. It was coarse stuff—he could see the mesh of the threads—brownish gray material with a feebly pink border. Somehow it impressed him as odd that Miss Busby should be sewing on it. Women generally fussed with flimsy, sheer cloth.

"What's that you're making?"

He asked the question without considering it. She glanced up, a queer look of panic in her mild eyes, a deeper pink in the soft, smooth cheeks.

"It's—it's—just a dish towel," she said. "I—I like to make them. I never was very good at fancy sewing, you see."

"It's sensible," said Mr. Flack. "A dish towel's some use. Fancywork's just a waste of time and material."

His creed came uppermost in his thought as he spoke.

"That's another thing we'll abolish when we take control. All that nonsense'll go the first thing. Useful work for everybody. No time-killing for the drones."

"Won't that be nice!" said Miss Busby. He cleared his throat.

"Chapter Five is entitled The Need of Force. Shall we go on?"

"Yes," said Miss Busby, "let's." And she said again: "You read so beautifully—it's a great pleasure after listening to the children. They stumble so—and the clever ones always read in a singsong."

"I was always good at it," said Mr. Flack. "Chapter Five—The Need of Force: 'The revolution will not come until we bring it, not by words, but by blows. We must destroy before we can rebuild. Our present institutions, conceived in greed and born in injustice, must be wiped out, eradicated utterly, till only their memory remains, and till that memory is recognized universally as an accursed thing. This will not be done by weakness, but by strength; not by pleadings, but by sword and fire and blood. Society suffers from a malignant growth, a cancer which must be cut away before the body can be healthy.'"

He paused.

"That's sense, isn't it?"

"Yes" –Miss Busby threaded her needle 'and you read it beautifully."

"H'm," said Mr. Flack. "Shall we go on'"

"Yes," said Miss Busby, "let's."

■

MR. FLACK paused at the mail box on the corner long enough to insert Miss Busby's confession of faith. He quickened his pace a little as he moved on, admonished by the clock in the jeweler's window. He was already a minute or more behind time, and young Curlow made an absurd fuss if the store wasn't open and in order by eight sharp. Mr. Flack's lips tightened at the thought. Young Curlow, with his pretensions! Just because his father had left him a going business he imagined that he knew it all! Mr. Flack could have told him a thing or two about hardware!

He unlocked the doors and opened the drafts in the big stove and turned off the night light, relieved that young Curlow hadn't managed to be on time for once. It was hard when you had been selling hardware before the other fellow was born to accept rebuke respectfully, to hold your tongue while he made a fool of himself. Mr. Flack shook his head over it as he changed his coat and drew black-muslin cuff guards over his thin wrists. The commune would change all this. There wouldn't be any easy inheritances for the young Curlows of the next generation. They'd earn what they got like other men.

He settled to his work at the books during the early interval of quiet. He liked to get the ledger posted before customers began intruding and before young Curlow was on hand to interrupt and meddle. He grinned sourly over some of the entries. A vacuum cleaner sold outright to those Dunsons! Young Curlow hadn't learned that just because a woman wore fancy clothes her credit didn't have to be fancy too. To Mr. Flack's more penetrant eye Mrs. Dunson had all the symptoms of the stylish dead beat. She'd be insulted almost to death when she got her second month's statement with the red-ink "Overdue—please remit" stamped on it, and she'd move about the time young Curlow got around to suing her. Mr. Flack knew the breed intimately.

He knew that the people who paid their bills often looked remarkably unprosperous, and that a fine front was an excellent reason for extra caution in the matter of credit. People who spent a lot on milliners and tailors had less to spare for the hardware dealer's monthly bills. Mr. Flack would have sold that vacuum cleaner to some woman in a year-before-last hat, whose hands looked as if they were acquainted with a broom, and he'd have sold on the regular lease terms—monthly installments. Young Curlow stuck up his nose at the cheap trade, as he called it.

Well, when he'd had a couple of failures he'd know better. Mr. Flack remembered that he had paid something for his own tuition. It wasn't pleasant to recall what the jobber's credit man had said about that first store back in 1896. He returned to the bill file, his lips tighter than ever over the items. Curlow hadn't any more idea of buying —— That slick youngster had loaded him with more of those wind-shield rubbers than the store could handle in five years. Mr. Curlow, Senior, would have taken a dozen—on consignment. His son had bought a gross in order to get the extra discount, and boasted about it afterward to Mr. Flack! Well, he'd learn! Mr. Flack had learned—expensively. He remembered the episode of the bicycle bells which had precipitated that assignment

(Continued on Page 40)

"They Gave Him His Choice of Assigning or Taking Me in With Him"

MICHING MALLECHO

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XIII

WHEN Judd told Margaret Dale that Bert Saladine had been arrested it was not yet one o'clock in the afternoon, so swiftly were events on this day moving toward their culmination. And Margaret's reaction to his news was the first jarring note in Judd's triumph. Till that moment he had been all exultation. Thereafter, although matters seemed for a space to go as he wished them, he had an unacknowledged feeling that disaster was imminent, that disappointment hid just around the corner, that the world was going all awry.

The lame man tried to shake off this feeling; he tried to deny to himself that this premonition had laid itself upon him. He turned away from the kitchen door and went round to the front of the house, planning to drive Sue up to the Saladine farm, where Jim would be alone. But at the road he encountered a man from Freedom who had come up to see and to hear what might be seen and heard about the Castle; and Judd stopped to answer this man's questions, to relate all that had taken place. He derived a certain pleasure from this narration, and when he said Bert Saladine had been arrested the words were sweet in his mouth.

The Freedom man nodded, said wisely: "Yeah, it sure looks like he done it, I guess. A man 't gits mad as easy as Bert is bound to fetch up in trouble soon or late."

"He's fetched up in trouble all right," Judd agreed.

Then Gorfinkle came out of the house, and Margaret Dale was beside him. Her eyes, Judd saw, were steady and eager, and her cheeks were flushed. She and Gorfinkle entered his automobile and drove hurriedly away in the direction of Fraternity. Judd guessed she had set out to go to Bert and comfort him. That shadow passed again across the little man's horizon. In spite of himself, he was faintly alarmed, faintly disconcerted at this miscarriage of his calculations.

He said under his breath, and scornfully, "But sho, she's a woman! Anything ——"

Nevertheless, his confidence needed bolstering. He wanted a new taste of his triumph in order to forget this disappointment, and to that end he loosed Sue and climbed into his buggy and drove along in the wake of the undertaker's automobile till he came to the Saladine farm. He turned Sue into the dooryard there.

Jim Saladine was in the shed splitting wood. His figure was visible through the open door. At the sound of Judd's horse he looked up and saw the little man; and he stopped work, his ax set in a chunk of birch, and stood awaiting the other's approach. The lame man alighted and tied Sue to the end of the hay wagon which stood in the yard; then he walked across to the shed door. When the two thus faced each other there was a moment in which neither spoke. Instinctive distrust on the one hand met a covert hatred on the other; Saladine's eyes sounded Judd's shifty ones.

Then Judd said casually, "H'lo, Jim."

Saladine nodded a reply to this greeting. He waited a moment longer, and when Judd said nothing more he resumed work, swung his ax into the air and brought it down, blade upward, birch chunk fast on the blade. The wood was split in two by its own momentum. He picked up one of the halves to split it again. Judd watched him for a space, then stepped inside the shed and selected a block of wood and tipped it on end, perching precariously there, his thin knees crossed. After a moment he picked up a sliver of cedar from the litter about his feet and began to draw thin shavings from it with his knife. Saladine glanced at him, but went on with his work, his apparently leisurely movements accomplishing a surprising total. He never hurried, but he never slowed down. As the wood was split he stacked it on his right-hand side against the wall of the shed.

Both men were conscious of the tension in the air between them. Judd found a keen pleasure in the situation. He studied the other's countenance with sidelong glances, marked the sternness and the gravity which sat there. Jim, having finished alone the dinner he had expected to share with his brother, had made his plans to go to the city that afternoon and see what might be done in Bert's behalf. Andy Wattles, Will's clerk, would be driving in to fetch out a load of feed, and Jim expected to go down to the village in his own buggy and ride to town with Andy. But there was half an hour before he needed to start; the dinner dishes were done. He had turned to this wood splitting because he could not bear to be idle, with only his thoughts for company.

Judd's coming was unwelcome. He disliked the little lame man, as most people did; and more than ever he disliked him now, because some instinct which he could not define blamed Judd for Bert's arrest. He could not hang this belief on anything tangible; nevertheless, it persisted. He wished Judd had not come—wished the man would go away.

"Bert, Bert, I came as soon as I could!"

But Judd had no notion of going. He was enjoying himself, and this enjoyment was mirrored in his eyes. The little man kept his head bent so that Saladine might not see, and he waited for the other to speak; waited stubbornly, content to say nothing, sure Jim must be driven to questions in the end.

His calculations were proved correct. After a matter of five minutes in which no word had been spoken beyond that first greeting, Saladine stopped for a moment in his task and asked in what he tried to make a casual tone, "Anything special, Judd?"

Judd shook his head, elaborately unconcerned.

"Oh, no! Just dropped in. Nobody much down at the Castle. But I sort of wanted to hang around."

Jim watched him uncertainly.

"I saw Margaret Dale go by with Gorfinkle," he said.

The lame man nodded.

"Yeah. I tell't her the sheriff had took Bert. She couldn't hardly believe it."

Saladine, without comment, struck his ax into another stick, and again a silence held them. This time it was broken by Judd.

He said as though to himself, "No wonder, either. Don't see what Bert was a-thinking of anyhow."

Jim looked down at him, his eyes stern.

"You think he did it?" he asked slowly.

Judd moved his shoulders noncommittally.

"That's what everybody seems to think," he replied. "Ain't it natural?"

"Not to them that know Bert."

"We-ell, the sheriff knows him."

"They're crazy!" Jim cried, a sudden agony in his tone. "They're crazy! Bert couldn't have done it. There ain't a thing that ——" He stopped abruptly, looked at Judd with eyes that were almost pleading. Judd said nothing, and after a moment Jim asked point-blank, "Is there now?"

"Is there what?" Judd asked, probing the wound.

"Why—anything." Saladine could not bring himself at first to shape the word. "Any—evidence or anything."

"Well, everybody knows he'd cussed at that woman right along. More'n one has heard him say he'd like to choke her."

Saladine flung out one hand appealingly.

"Why, you know Bert!" In his distress he was almost fraternizing with so poor a creature as Judd. "You know Bert—the way he talks. But he don't mean anything."

"Mebbe not," Judd agreed. "I'm not saying he done it."

"Bert gets mad easy, and when he's mad he's likely to say pretty near anything. But he would never go and do a thing like that, Judd. Not a woman, and all."

Judd peeled off a long shaving from his splinter. He tilted his head sidewise, looking up at the other.

"Who you thinking did do it?" he asked.

Saladine shook his head helplessly.

"Lord, I don't know!"

"Who'd want to?" the lame man insisted. "I don't know anyone but Bert that ever had two words with her; do you?"

"Somebody might have come along."

"Might have, sure!" He moved one hand in a generous gesture. "Mind, I'm not saying Bert did it. I got nothing against Bert. Maybe he did and maybe he didn't. But whoever it was had a knife just like that knife of his, you know."

"There might be a lot of knives," Saladine argued.

"Sure there might! But I never see any."

"You can't tell anyhow," Jim insisted, "just from the hole in her neck—just guessing."

"Mebbe not," the lame man said amiably. "I sh'd think Doc Crapo would know his business, though. He'd ought to know the kind of hole a knife will make. He's made enough in folks." He added argumentatively: "There's another thing too. Whoever it was, it was somebody the woman knew. Else she'd have had time to yell after they got into the room. And Bert's the only man around here she did know."

"Maybe she did yell," Jim argued.

"Or maybe it was someone we don't know about."

"Sure—mebbe," Judd agreed. "You know, though, I was thinking about another thing. If you was going to stick somebody, where'd you aim—heart or the neck?"

Saladine was uncertain.

"I don't know," he said.

"Seemed to me," the lame man suggested, "that whoever done this was used to slitting necks, like a butcher with pigs, or maybe like Bert, used to killing deer and such. It just looked that way to me; that whoever this here was, he knowed how."

Jim laid aside his ax with an air of ending the discussion. It was almost time for him to start for the village, and he came to the shed door.

"Guess I'll hook up the horse," he said. "I'm going in to the city."

Judd asked, "Driving in?"

"Going to drive down t' the village," Saladine explained. "Go in with Andy from there."

"Why, no need of hooking up," the little man said cheerfully. "I'm heading down that way. I'll carry you down."

Saladine, reluctant to accept a favor from Judd, nevertheless, after a moment's hesitation, agreed to this arrangement.

"All right," he said. "Guess I'll change my clothes. Mind waiting?"

Judd shook his head.

"I don't mind. But there ain't a lot of time. Andy leaves about two most generally."

The other looked at his watch.

"That's right," he agreed. "I didn't notice it was getting along so. Wait just a minute then."

He was ready in less than that time. He had put on a felt hat, the coat that belonged with his best suit of clothes, and a necktie. These constituted his preparations for the trip. He climbed in beside Judd, and Sue took her way along the Ridge toward the village. The little mare was a traveler—she made good time. And neither Judd nor Saladine was inclined to further speech.

It was a chance, and nothing more, that brought about their final word.

Saladine, who had been busy with miserable reflections, suddenly exclaimed as though to himself, "He didn't, though! Bert never did that thing!"

Judd, reining Sue for the abrupt descent at the end of the Ridge, chuckled.

"Mebbe not. You can't expect me to think like you do, though."

Something in his tone made Saladine ask, "Why not?"

And some impulse, uncontrollable, prompted perhaps by that power which was beginning to take a hand in the drama, made Judd say curtly, "Because I see him over there."

Jim snapped at that, his naturally alert mind seizing on it instantly.

"Over where?"

"Over t' the Castle."

"You saw Bert there?"

"Didn't he tell you he was there?" Judd asked, all the malice that was in him shining now in his gray old face.

"He wasn't there!" Jim cried. "He would have told me!"

"He sneaked in through the barn," the lame man implacably insisted—"in through the barn, right after sundown. His wife didn't see him, she said. So he hid from her. But he come out the front door close to half an hour later. I see him go in, and I see him come out, and I see him climb the wall across the road. He ducked into them woods there."

"I don't believe it!" Saladine exclaimed; and Judd grinned, sure of himself, and said, "Sheriff believed it. Oh, it's so, all right!"

He looked sidewise at the other man, expecting to see Jim broken by this final proof of his brother's guilt; and for the second time the lame man's confidence in his luck was shaken, for Saladine was not broken. His countenance had cleared, his eyes were keen with the swift rush of thought, and there was a confidence in his expression which had not been there before. When Judd had expected to rouse Margaret Dale to hatred, he had succeeded only in wakening her love; when he expected to crush Jim under the certainty of his brother's guilt, he had kindled instead an intelligent and fighting hope. He could not understand this reaction; and because he could not understand it, he was disquieted and alarmed thereby.

They reached the store, and Jim in some haste urged Andy to make the start for the city. Judd sat on the high steps and watched them go, and when they were gone he sought to flog his shaken confidence to its old assured and certain pitch. But that sense of an intangible and invincible opponent still oppressed him.

XIV

IT IS a ten-mile drive from Fraternity to the city on the bay; a pleasant drive along a straight and undeviating road which takes hills and valleys as they come, without compromise and without avoidance. From Fraternity you drop down a little knoll to the bridge and cross that stream which forms the outlet of Sebacook Pond, and then climb to the uplands again, while a panorama which includes as its loveliest feature the village nestling among its trees is outspread behind you. The old glaciers that shaped this countryside moved almost directly from north to south; and where the soil was soft and workable they gouged deep valleys, leaving high and rocky ridges between. These ridges, unbroken for miles, are a characteristic feature of the land; there are three of them between Fraternity and the bay. From the crest of each you may look far and wide, may catch glimpses of Levenseller Mountain to the south and Frye Mountain to the northwest; and you may feast your eyes on the wide, sweet valleys that lie between. Who traverses these ten miles and feels the wakening of no sense of beauty in his heart has no sense of beauty there. A land beautiful beyond describing.

Jim Saladine loved this road, and when he was in no haste he was accustomed to stop here and there and look backward or about at the familiar loveliness of the countryside. There was no stopping for him this day. Nevertheless, as he and Andy approached the village that lies halfway from Fraternity to the bay he swung to look back. An even, wooded slope descended from the roadside to the pond a mile or so below them; and beyond the pond the hills rose again higher and higher toward the high horizon. The sun was already westering. The surface of the pond, a blue mirror for the sky, was touched besides with hints of gold. The hills themselves, dark with spruce and cedar and hemlock and with pine, were marked with purple shadows; and they were cloaked in a faint haze that would be intensified as the sun drew nearer the horizon until it became a blaze of living color, of a blue unbelievable.

That promise of rain which had been in the air the night before was vanishing. It had turned colder, and the sky was touched but scantily with clouds. Saladine found a strange and profound comfort in all this beauty. His courage strengthened and his hope matured.

He found solace, too, in talk with Andy Wattles. Andy, though a man in stature, had a boy's lankiness, and he was a boy in years. Nevertheless there was already a sound maturity in him. His honest confidence that Bert was innocent, his certainty that the sheriff had made a mistake heartened Saladine tremendously. When they had topped the last ascent and dropped down into the city Jim's own last traitorous doubt of his brother was utterly gone.

He alighted from the truck in the square in front of the post office and headed toward the courthouse, where the sheriff's office was. His original plan had been to seek out an attorney, to begin the formalities of Bert's defense; but that which Judd had told him had changed this. He wanted, first of all, to see Bert—to get at the truth; to find whether Judd's habitual malice had distorted facts or perhaps had given birth to an actual lie. Some powerful instinct told him that in this tale of Judd's and in Bert's reply to it lay the key to his brother's salvation. So when in the sheriff's office he found Bert himself his eyes lighted with satisfaction. He nodded to Bert, spoke to Sohier.

"Sheriff," he said, "I'd like mighty well to have some talk with Bert. You mind?"

Sohier shook his head. He was busy at his desk.

"Go ahead," he said. "You can talk right here."

Jim nodded, "Much obliged. I've got an idea I can straighten this thing out." He hesitated, half inclined to take the sheriff into his confidence; then decided it were best to wait, and crossed and sat down with Bert beside a window at the opposite side of the room. They spoke in low voices—voices scarce more than a whisper. And Bert, seeing the new light in his brother's eyes, was heartened in his turn. Jim came to the point directly.

"I've found out," he said, "why the sheriff arrested you, Bert."

Bert laughed mirthlessly.

"Because he's a fool," he suggested angrily.

Jim shook his head.

"No, you can't rightly blame him. You know Judd was the first one to get there when Margaret cried out. I told you that this morning. Well, Judd tells the sheriff he saw you go into the Castle and saw you come out a little after sundown last night."

Bert's cheeks had crimsoned. There was confusion in his eyes, and there was something like bravado in his manner, so that Jim's heart sank, appalled at the possibility that Judd had spoken true.

"How'd you know he did?" Bert asked.

"Judd told me," Jim said softly. "I was saying you didn't do it; and he said maybe you didn't, but he believed you did. I asked him why he thought so, and he said he saw you sneak in through the barn and sneak out about half an hour afterwards through the front door."

Bert's eyes lifted in quick surprise. He stared at his brother.

"The front door?" he asked sharply.

"Judd says the front door."

He Reached the Border of the Marsh and Began to Wallow Through It Blindly

(Continued on Page 65)

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The Burbanks of a People

THESE United States have been the nursery of some of the most remarkable triumphs of scientific breeding that the world has ever seen. During a single human generation nearly every familiar form of useful or ornamental life has been notably improved, many of them to such an extent that when compared with their originals they seem like exotics or even new creations.

Tireless specialists in the science of breeding have taken up scores of diverse fields. Growers of wheat and corn have so improved seed grains as to increase aggregate yields by millions upon millions of bushels. Well-nigh perfect types of swine, cattle, sheep and fowl have been evolved. Unconsidered plants that lately ranked only a little above weeds have been bred to bear the loveliest of flowers, varied in type and of countless pleasing hues. Despised fruits have been transmogrified as if by magic, and new hybrids that no parent stock would recognize have been wrought out. This era of improvement has conferred its benefits upon every species except the human species.

Striking as some of these accomplishments are, there is nothing of the supernatural about them. Not even Mr. Burbank is endowed with miraculous powers. His equipment is a profound understanding of the laws of heredity and the infinite patience of every really great scientist. If his achievements have been beneficent it is because he has always worked with Nature and never against her; because his goals have always been uphill objectives. At root the greatest source of his power is his ability to choose the parents of every series of offspring that is the subject of his fostering, to employ only selected strains, ruthlessly suppressing recessive or degenerate types.

Fortunately for our progress Mr. Burbank is an absolute autocrat in his own nurseries. His decisions are based upon scientific considerations unswerved by sentiment, fear, threats or any outside influence. From his decree there is no appeal. But suppose Mr. Burbank's continuance of his work depended upon his receiving a majority of the votes of his fellow citizens; and suppose, further, that these amiable voters conditioned their support upon Mr. Burbank's willingness to employ only such seeds, plants and other propagating material as they might dictate. Such a state of affairs might for a time prove very profitable to the scientist's constituents, but it would presently render the Burbank products rather worse than useless.

In Washington we have several hundred unschooled Burbanks—Burbanks in power if not in knowledge or singleness of purpose—who hold in their hands, to a disquieting degree, the potential ability to select or exclude or foster those racial strains that will be the future parenthood of many millions of unborn Americans.

It is to be doubted if many of these potential Burbanks realize the stupendous responsibilities that devolve upon them when they undertake to frame immigration laws. The economic, the industrial and the political aspects of the subject are dinned into them every day; but the racial phase of the problem, though by all odds the most important, is the least studied, debated and considered. And yet it is not too much to declare that, for good or for evil, our senators and representatives are the propagators, almost the vicarious ancestors, of whole populations of future Americans, for theirs is the say as to their racial parenthood.

Dr. Lothrop Stoddard puts the case clearly and strikingly: "The admission of aliens should, indeed, be regarded just as solemnly as the begetting of children, for the racial effect is essentially the same. There is no more damning indictment of our lopsided, materialistic civilization than the way in which, throughout the nineteenth century, immigration was almost universally regarded, not from the racial but from the material point of view, the immigrant being viewed not as the creator of race values but as a mere vocal tool for the production of material wealth. . . . Migration, like other natural movements, is of itself a blind force. It is man's divine privilege as well as duty, having been vouchsafed knowledge of the laws of life, to direct these blind forces, rejecting the bad and selecting the good for the evolution of higher and nobler destinies."

Congress has it easily within its power to use the wise restriction of immigration as an effective and beneficent method of world eugenics.

Competition in Security Selling

BROADLY speaking, the investment brokers of the country are a disappointed and disillusioned race. During the war these bankers put aside all private concerns and worked night and day straining every nerve to push over successive issues of Liberty Bonds. Their wholehearted coöperation, gratuitously given, was one of the mightiest factors in the successful flotation of our huge war loans.

Many of the shrewdest men in the business predicted that even from a selfish standpoint their labors would not prove wholly unprofitable. They reasoned that any movement that would swell the national list of habitual bond buyers from three or four hundred thousand to proportions ten or twenty times as great would so implant the habit of sound investment in the great mass of our people that the serener times of peace would find the investment banking business on a new basis, with millions of war-taught investors ready and able to absorb every meritorious bond offering brought to their attention.

This reasoning appears to be entirely logical, but the outcome has been quite different from what was anticipated. Millions of persons who never saw a bond before the spring of 1917 are now buying real or so-called securities, stocks and bonds that are good, bad or frankly fraudulent; but an alarmingly large proportion of this outpouring of funds is flowing into the bottomless pockets of get-rich-quick operators. By an unhappy irony of fate the reputable and patriotic bankers, who really deserve well of the country, are not getting their share of the new business. The real gainers from our national war course in finance are the rapacious swindlers whose only transactions in Liberty Bonds consisted in taking them in exchange for valueless oil and mining stocks.

The reason for the existence of this state of affairs lies in the simple fact that when an honest man and a crook engage in the same business, side by side, there can be no such thing as fair competition. A typical illustration of this law of business lately occurred in a large textile center. A local manufacturer told his investment banker how agents for a promotion had stationed themselves outside the gates of his plant and had sold thousands of dollars' worth of wildcat stock to the workmen as they came out, the sales being made in blocks of one share of preferred and one share of common at one hundred and fifty dollars a block. The manufacturer intimated with just a trace of malice that if the bond man had been equally energetic he might have sold a considerable number of really sound bonds to the same workmen.

The banker was sufficiently nettled by his customer's manner of telling the story to send out some of his bright young men with instructions to get the full history of the promotion. Among the data they unearthed was the fact that every hundred-and-fifty-dollar block of stock sold netted the wildcat company seventy-two dollars. Seventy-eight dollars represented the seller's commission.

Thousands of similar flotations in the aggregate make the competition that reputable security dealers have to face. Five-point profits; out of which overhead charges must come, will not support the intensive selling campaigns that may be freely pressed when fifty or sixty point commissions are the incentive.

Security buying on street corners rarely pays. It is well worth the investor's trouble to go where sound securities are sold rather than buy the worthless ones that are thrust into his face by smooth strangers in street or factory.

Fiction and Fact

TWO structural-iron workers in stained overalls sit on a beam to devour their lunch. Their nails are broken and their palms hard as sole leather. Their eyes are bold and look straight and hard from under heavy brows. They talk.

In fiction the first speaker says: "Our little brothers in Russia are fighting the great fight."

"God fend them," the other replies. "The first rays of freedom's sun are breaking through the clouds of capitalism that have cast a gloom upon the earth."

These fine phrases are wished upon them without their consent. They don't talk that way.

Says one: "I gave the committee a five spot this morning to help feed the kids in Vienna. Do you suppose Austria will depend on charity until the end of time?"

"It looks that way," the other replies—"if you call that charity. But it's a queer kind of charity that holds a man down with one hand and feeds him with the other. They know Austria can't live the way she is now, any more than a man can get fat chewin' his thumb. Why don't they give her a chance to help herself instead of locking her in the alley and feeding her as a matter of Christian duty?"

Among those to whom interest in public affairs is a trade there grows up the belief that the solution of great problems requires intricate and tortuous processes, known only to the professionals, just as those who are a sort of cult by reason of their birth assume that the nice standards that hedge the conduct of a proper gentleman are secret, like the floor work of a fraternal organization. But the standards of decency are bred in the bone of the race, so that though one is a knight and another a gentleman and another a regular guy, all three do by nature the things one may be permitted to do without loss of his self-respect and avoid as unclean the treacheries and meannesses and cowardices that are unbecoming to a proper man. So common sense is bred in the bone of the race, and the man who stands behind a counter and the man who works at a machine, being unhampered by the responsibility that dismays and frequently intimidates those who feel its weight, find a reasonable and just solution for the problems that vex the world. There is a right way and a wrong way to settle all problems.

When the problem is settled the wrong way it is not settled at all. It is but laid on a shelf to harass and burden a later generation. Settling a problem the wrong way for the sake of a present profit establishes one's reputation as a diplomat, but invites retaliation by other diplomats and encourages the levying of taxes for the making of wars.

The men who sit on the steel beam are not ignorant of great events; and if they appear to dismiss great problems with a wave of the hand, it is only because they are mere private citizens, and therefore free to think straight.

American Relief—And After

An Interview With Herbert Hoover

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

SINCE the outbreak of the great war the United States has expended more than two and a half billion dollars in actual European relief. This stupendous sum, which does not include loans and credits, represents the measure of our mercy abroad, from the invasion of Belgium, when the horrors of war first loosened our purse strings, to the salvage of the children of Eastern and Central Europe, which was the result of the terrors of peace. It has been a process of continuous giving, nation wide in scope and princely in volume.

Naturally there is wide speculation as to what effect—if any—this American generosity will have on our future economic relations with the various countries benefited. Will the bread that we have so unstintedly cast upon the waters return to us buttered with good will, or shall we share the customary fate of philanthropists and draw the proverbial stone?

The mere bestowal of alms has not been the chief function of American philanthropy overseas. It has reached the roots of international economic life and affected the destinies of republics and empires. The social stability and physical well-being, and therefore the moral attitude of coming generations, are bound up in the consequences of our beneficence. Thus it is interwoven with the statesmanship of these troubled times. Never before has helpfulness been so fraught with significance.

Moreover, the relief machine is still working. To-day, at the end of the third winter following the armistice, the questions naturally arise: How much longer shall we be called upon to continue this service? What have we accomplished? What further demands will be made upon us?

To get the answers I went to the man best qualified to speak. This means that I sought out Herbert Hoover, whose name has become synonymous with relief. He has been general manager of what might be called the American Philanthropic Trust, Unlimited. A master organizer himself, he developed the business of benevolence in terms of big industry and projected practical uplift on an unprecedented scale. He has made charity a universal leveler of all ranks, he has reconciled conflicting racial interests and political prejudices with an understanding matched only by the extent of his operations, and as a superalmoner of a distressed universe he has literally kept nations alive. He personifies construction in an age of destruction.

A Man of Widening Vision

I TALKED with him in New York at the headquarters of the American Relief Administration, which was originally established under his direction by the United States Government as an armistice measure to fight hunger and to rehabilitate economic life on the Continent, pending the consummation of the peace treaty. This organization averted the greatest famine that has threatened the world since the period immediately following the Thirty Years' War. At the peak of its effort in 1919, with its collateral organizations, which included the Food Administration, the Commission for Relief in Belgium and the Supreme Economic Council, it furnished through sheer economic measures the margin of imports that prevented disaster among three hundred million people and fed more than six million orphans, waifs and destitute children. The facts that it continues as a voluntary organization and was the corner stone of the European Children's Fund, which saved three million three hundred thousand little lives—those now well-known invisible guests—are merely evidence of the constant demand upon our world charity and the necessity for a definite agency to administer it. The interventions of the American Relief Administration in Europe and its no less worthy predecessors, the Commission for Relief in Belgium and the United States Food Administration, which furnished the food for our Allies, have contributed a chapter to the annals of our national service no less glorious than the record of that American invasion of armed force which helped to retrieve civilization.

The Hoover with whom I talked on the day following his acceptance of a seat in President Harding's cabinet incarnated the bulldog determination that was so strongly impressed on me when I first saw him in the early days of his European ministrations. With each succeeding contact I have found a widening of his vision, the inevitable result of his unique experience. Now I beheld him a trifle thinner perhaps, but there was a deepening maturity in his smooth face and an increasing authority in what he said. To a degree unequaled by any of his contemporaries he has kept his finger on the pulse of human suffering. It would have warped a less robust and aggressive nature.

Hoover's environment, whatever his labors, has invariably expressed an almost Spartan simplicity. It is on a par with the plain speaking of the man himself. He sat at a plain, flat-topped desk in a small office on the seventeenth floor of a skyscraper on lower Broadway. The walls of the room were bare of adornment

"Gosh! And I Almost Married Her!"

save for one picture. It showed a farmer at the plow with a sower following in his wake. Nothing could more graphically symbolize the Hoover achievement in a stricken universe than this visualization of new seed and freshly turned soil.

No man whom I have interviewed talks with a more satisfying lucidity than Herbert Hoover. Perhaps his training as an engineer has taught him to think clearly and act openly. He is more fluent in private than in public speech, but there is always breadth and sanity in his utterance.

As I sat with him that February day of this year I could not help recalling our last sustained conversation. It was in August, 1919. Hoover was on his way from London to Paris and was soon to return to America to render an accounting of his stewardship of that post-armistice economic administration which redeemed a considerable part of Europe from stagnation. We met by chance at Folkestone and journeyed to the French capital together.

Europe still swayed between chaos and reconstruction. Figuratively, the ink was scarcely dry on the peace treaty, but already had fallen the first sinister shadow of that winter of discontent. A few farseeing thinkers like General Smuts had forecast the tragic aftermath of the Versailles deliberations. The new Central Europe, reconstructed on racial instead of economic lines, seethed with discontent and verged on disintegration. Only the stabilizing influence of American economic control and relief—the one commanding American activity abroad at the moment—held some of those war-ravaged and discouraged peoples together. America had concluded her part in the making of peace and with Mr. Wilson had departed, bag and baggage, from Europe so far as practical affairs were concerned.

Self-Help the Basis of Relief

I WARNED Hoover that among the welcomes awaiting at home was an incipient presidential boom for him. He scouted the idea and declared that he was absorbed in his work and that his task must continue in the form of charitable relief for children. What he had so aptly called the demoralized productivity of Europe at the time of the armistice was far from being abated. He spoke of the continuance of this economic hiatus, and maintained that in the absence of any sort of new American financial and political leadership abroad our relief measures must provide the physical succor, and with it the political preservation, of the mid-European and Baltic countries that still lay prostrate.

The point of this reminiscence is that throughout Central Europe to-day the most conspicuous improvement in social and economic conditions is almost entirely due to the great work that Hoover has directed. Behind and beyond this regeneration is the larger fact that American relief organization has not only impressed the gospel of self-help and self-sufficiency among nations that might now be world charges, or worse, but has also reared a bulwark against Bolshevism on the very soil in which this pernicious poison takes easiest and quickest root.

Before we go into Hoover's analysis of what America has done in economic relief, what it must continue to do, and its effect upon European reconstruction, it may be well to grasp first of all the fundamental principles underlying this memorable activity. They have a peculiar value now that the vast institution of mercy which, to use the happy Hoover phrase, "planted the American flag in the hearts of millions of children," is passing into history. Let me give them in Hoover's own words. He said:

"In the popular mind there is an idea that relief and economic measures for stabilizing order consist in handing out something, and letting it go at that. The aims and purposes of this American action in Europe have been projected on far different lines. Broadly, the charitable part of these measures must fall into three phases—emergency relief, constructive remedy, and prevention. There is all that host of cases resulting from disaster, from sickness, from unemployment, from loss of breadwinners, which must be met instantly. With this relief must march those constructive remedies which carry the unfortunates on to the road of self-support. Beyond these are the vital measures of prevention by the upbuilding of the physical and moral well-being of the children, the minimizing of unemployment, the encouragement of thrift and the improvement of conditions of living and labor.

"All these elements have entered into the shaping of our action in Europe. One dominating idea from the start has been to stimulate self-help. Whenever we have entered a country the first task has been to call the people together and create organizations among them for carrying out the work of succor. Our preliminary instruction has invariably been: 'Help yourselves.' We have made them pay the local cost of operation. Local money passes current for local expenses. We have simply supplied the skill and experience in the development of administration. Nothing so inspires hope amidst suffering as the realization that self-help is not impossible.

"The result of impressing this gospel of self-help is that in Central Europe alone there are to-day more than twenty-five thousand highly organized local institutions recruited solely from among the people themselves and capable of coping with any emergency. They provide a central point around which civic, social, political and philanthropic interests can rally. They represent one permanent aftermath of the American relief work because they were primarily formed to conduct relief under our auspices.

"Our relief work in Eastern and Central Europe was founded on our Belgian experience and has been a continuation of the methods employed there. When the Commission for Relief in Belgium was launched almost immediately after the outbreak of the great war the first step was to organize the country into ten working provinces. Each province was subdivided into regions. To facilitate relief further each region was in turn devolved into the communes. When the work was at its high tide there were forty-five hundred of these communes. Over all these groups was the authority of the National Committee, composed entirely of Belgians, which acted as the distributing agency for the American organization.

"The whole relief institution in Belgium literally worked for itself. Out of one hundred thousand active workers only forty were Americans. This program did more than impress the value of self-help. In Belgium the population has always been split in sharp cleavages growing out of differences of language, religion and customs. All these elements, so to speak, became reconciled under the banner of the relief organization. The nation became a melting pot under the stress of acute necessity. It not only pulled the population through those terrible years but sustained the public morale, the public health and the strength of the children.

"The moment the armistice was signed the Belgian machine turned from relief to reconstruction. The point I want to emphasize—and it is one of the large results of the American relief system abroad—is that having built themselves a machine for self-help during its period of travail, there was an immediate association of self-help with recuperation the moment peace dawned.

"Why was Belgium the first European country to get back to anything like normal conditions? Simply because her people had learned to help themselves under their great relief service during the war. On the day the armistice was signed three million five hundred thousand Belgians, or nearly one-half the population, went to the free soup kitchens every day. Within ninety days the various branches of the National Committee had put the greater part of the people to work and less than two hundred fifty thousand were living on charity. In four months from the armistice the business of charity in Belgium had ceased and the business of life was normal again.

"To-day every Belgian who worked in relief is a better-organized citizen than he was before the war. In every commune there is cohesion of effort and a self-sufficient center that is helping the country forward in a work of rehabilitation that stands out in sharp contrast to the rest of Europe."

Other Peaceful Interventions

HAVING set forth what might be called the principles behind American relief I now asked Hoover to make some concrete measure of the second stage of his work abroad and how it was done. He replied:

"Our second great intervention to prevent starvation was among our own Allies when we came into the war. Their governments were self-sufficient. Our duty was to find supplies. This we were able to accomplish with the patriotic coöperation of the American farmer, the American woman and the American business man, who effected the combination that prevented hardship and profiteering at home. This phase ended with the armistice.

"When we made our third peaceful intervention in Europe, after the signing of the armistice, we were, as I have already intimated, guided by the Belgian experience. But it was a more difficult and complicated job. Instead of dealing with one country we had to deal with many.

"This third intervention was not a relief problem in the ordinary acceptance of the term. It was not alone a problem of finding foodstuffs for starving populations of the ravaged regions. It was the problem of finding a large margin of foodstuffs and other supplies for the whole of Europe—Allies, liberated peoples, neutrals and enemies. In a mass of at least two hundred million persons formerly under enemy domination it was a problem of finding absolute economic rehabilitation. Further than this, it was also a problem of warding off Bolshevism on one side and reaction on the other, in order that the newborn democracies could have an opportunity to grow. In the race toward economic chaos the European Allies were not far behind the enemy. Central Europe had broken down on the home front rather than on the fighting front. Germany could have halted a year on the Rhine but for the economic collapse within her borders.

"With the break-up of the old order came the dissolution of the organization of the old channels of communication. A system of transportation closely knit by economic relation and mutual necessity was suddenly broken up. River craft and railway rolling stock were hoarded by each state; telegraph and postal intercourse were wrecked; every frontier was the scene of more or less military friction until at one moment twenty-five little wars were in progress. The map was literally torn to pieces. Many of the new governments were without experience or even the existence of departments for the conduct of transportation or the distribution of supplies. Thus we faced an utter economic demoralization, made more acute by petty jealousies and innumerable barriers of race, caste and creed. Through this exhaustion the whole of Europe faced a famine the like of which has not been seen since the Thirty Years' War, when a third of the population died of starvation.

"It was necessary for us to provision the people, to erect actual departments within the various governments, to furnish them advisers, to take over the operation of thousands of miles of disintegrated railway systems, to open rivers and canals for traffic, to stimulate the production of coal and other primary commodities, to control their distribution through large areas, to find a basis for exchange of surplus commodities from one state to the other, to obtain the disgorgement of surpluses into famine areas, to resort to border barter on a national scale where currencies had broken down, and finally, that most important of all labors, to save the children and to stamp out contagious diseases.

"We made a survey of the situation. One of our first tasks was to knit the transport together. We put Americans in to organize the railway administration and we took over the telegraph lines."

Europe Not Pauperized

"WE HAD to combat the bitter hate and jealousy that existed between the new democracies. The Serbians, for example, would not let their cars go into Austria, for once the Austrians got Serbian cars within their borders they refused to send them back. Translating this situation into American terms, it is just as if each one of the United States had suddenly become a new state, jealous of its rights and prerogatives and each seizing its rolling stock and hoarding its surplus commodities. Now picture the plight of the Pennsylvania railway system trying to operate an interstate service under these conditions. The cars of New York State would not be allowed to go outside its confines. If they got into New Jersey the officials there would seize them and not let them return. So it went, until Central Europe seethed with disorganization.

"We had to coördinate and bind up all these tangled and troubled transportation threads and keep the flame of life going at the same time.

"With currency and intercredit demoralized we had to establish exchange in commodities. Life was one picturesque trade after another. One of the most joyful deals that we made was to exchange two Austrian locomotives for two million eggs from Galicia. One state had a fair amount of railway equipment and it was one of our best bargaining assets. We dickered with these freight cars for Southern corn, and on more than one occasion exchanged Central European oil for Southeastern salt. Among the spoils of war were German locomotives and cars, and we were able to divide some of these among the new Eastern states.

"All these labors formed only part of the American-relief responsibility. There was the immense problem of child conservation to consider. This leads me to what may be regarded as a timely observation, growing, in fact, out of our latest European relief, which is the feeding of the three million five hundred thousand children of Eastern and Central Europe. During these past few months many American citizens have permitted themselves to labor under the impression that in undertaking this and the kindred work immediately following the armistice we were embarking upon a course that would pauperize Europe. This description of an impossibility has become so frequent that it sometimes sounds as though it might really mean something. But it does not, and I wish to emphasize that no misgiving was ever founded on a less accurate conception of facts. America's work in Europe has been done to a great extent by the people themselves. If this were not so it could not have been done at all.

"If we had had to send to Europe and to maintain there the number of men and women necessary for carrying out the details of our operations, if we had had to cover all local expenditures and to establish all the institutions that were needed, no sum of money within our power to imagine as being devoted to relief would have been sufficient.

"The first step of organization for children was for American representatives in the capital city of each of the afflicted countries to assemble the leading business men and prominent women for the purpose of directing them in the formation of their own committees to work out the details of operations in their territories. The intention was to make each nation feel a full responsibility for the welfare

(Continued on Page 34)

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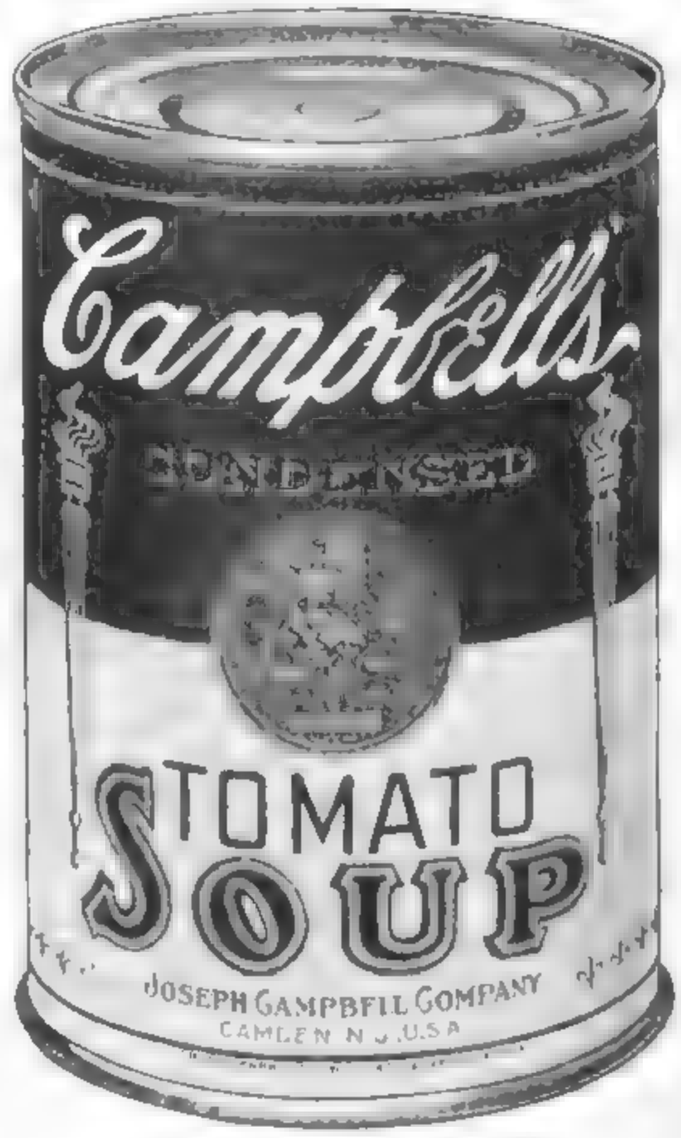

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"Here We are!" Thought Leonard "Trouble Ahead!"

XII

THIS uneasy quiet endured for some time. A sudden click of metal, breaking it, made Leonard start, but also relieved him. He turned to welcome something definite. A key turned in a lock. The front door opened quickly, just wide enough to let a man slip through. The man who did so, and who closed it in the same movement, was George. He had come without a sound of footsteps.

"No news?"

He spoke hardly above a whisper and stood there dripping but cheerful.

"None," said Leonard.

"Will you draw those curtains, please?" Grayland pointed with his thumb toward the garden windows. "Like the blockhead which I ought not to be at my time o' life I forgot 'em."

When his friend had pulled the curtains across and overlapped them carefully he advanced, peeled off his wet clothes, hung them up, and in his underwear squatted like a tailor, back to the blaze.

"Rotten bit of work, that," he growled, scolding himself. "They could have looked right in on you. I did. Enough like Mr. Laurence you were, sitting here, to fool me for a moment. So nothing's happened?"

Corsant shook his head. The other in sign language begged a cigarette, lighted it from a glowing brand and smoked and steamed with great relish.

"To-night's their weather for it, unless they're fools," he declared. "So wet and black, with plenty of noises to cover your own. If 'twas my job I'd tackle her before midnight. Outside there a man can't even tell what's near him. The old girl going home passed within touch of me; nor you nor she nor the pony-cart boy guessed I was there, right by your elbows." George nodded at the candlestick. "You stood holding that in an open doorway. Better not any more, my son." He gave this advice with a hard look, said no more for a time and fell to brooding. "To-night's their weather. Mind, if they do come, bags I the big man. He's my meat."

Leonard glanced quickly at the speaker.

"You sound bloodthirsty, George."

"I only want to come to my hands with that jockey." Grayland threw his cigarette into the flame behind him and thoughtfully examined his fists. "You leave it to me."

Both men had kept their voices lowered. George spoke in a casual undertone, but the words had a meaning so cold and deadly that his companion watched him closer than before.

"Why now, George, we ——"

"I know the beast better than what you do. Go ask the natives whose women and babies he contrived to have slaughtered." Grayland rose. "Time to make your bed. Whole thing may go smooth anyway. No good beating the air. What I mean to say is, if it did come to a fight, I'd kill him as quick as any other snake, without a smatch of pity. That's all."

He stalked away into the darkness, bare-armed, bare-legged, his flimsy white clothing still wet, like a shipwrecked Robinson Crusoe or a drowned ghost out of place in that quiet old room. Bending his head under the pointed arch he vanished up the stairs, to return soon with an armful of sticks and brown canvas. These he laid on the floor below a tall portrait and rapidly built into a cot, which he shoved against the wall. Once more vanishing upstairs he brought down a second armful—this time of bedding. With a few practiced movements he made all ready, the pillow smooth, sheets folded down, pajamas laid out.

"There you are," said George, and took the burning bush of candles to survey his work by. "Hop in! I'll carry this light upstairs and put Mr. Laurence's astral body to bed there as we agreed."

He was turning away when Leonard called him back.

"Who's this gentleman watching o'er my pillow?"

The candles flooded with streaming brightness the portrait, its tarnished gilt frame and a pair of swords, one naked, one in a chafed brown-leathern scabbard, that hung on either side. From the canvas a black-eyed young man with long black curls under his plumed hat gave them an odd, impatient smile, as though bidding them do their staring and passon. Dark-skinned, high-colored, humorous, restless, the cavalier stood whip in hand beside the head of a bay horse. Leonard could see how instantly he would turn to mount.

"That sportsman? Some namesake of yours," replied Grayland. "Whoever painted him had to slap it in lively, eh? 'Come on,' says he. 'Come on, Old Dabstick, get it over.' He was great with the sword, I've heard tell."

The bit of hearsay made Leonard prick up his ears.

"No! Was he?"

"A famous master of the arm, they do say," replied George. "Killed in an ambush outside Tangier. This naked one here was his pet little pinking iron. I oiled her up last week."

Leonard promptly set one knee on his cot and leaning toward the sword eyed it with care from hilt to point.

"Good plain Toledo," he murmured. "About 1600. Pretty balance, I should think."

"Hobby of yours?" said Grayland.

"Used to be." Leonard drew slowly back from the weapon and stood gazing up once more at its owner. "Why," he exclaimed, "there are the lovelocks! I missed 'em to-day when you were handling your ax by the window. George, this man looks like you—and somebody else!"

His candle bearer grunted and swung away to the stairs.

"Humph! You've got likenesses on the brain. Let's go to bed. Talking a bit too loud, we were."

Alone with the firelight Corsant undressed, groped his way between sheets and lay comfortably watching the shadows jig across the floor. Above him the swords and their master faded into the common darkness of the wall. He woke to see Grayland pass, blanket-wrapped like a tall Indian, and lie down on the hearth.

"Oh, look here!" protested Leonard. "I feel like a pig in this bed, when you ——"

George rolled over, presenting the shadow of a broad back and narrow waist.

"Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber! Tune, Greenville. This is your old man's watch."

They fell into that companionable silence which is the forerunner of sleep, and which a man breaks only to enjoy it longer, because his fellow across the way appears to be sharing his mood if not his thought.

"George, do you ever hear any noises in this room?"

"Plenty of 'em," replied a smothered voice from the blanket. "Any old house."

"Yes, but I mean ——"

"You mean, like somebody waiting to be spoke to," said George, with a yawn. "Or something waiting to be found. I know."

"What do you make of it?"

"Nothing. I'm no great believer in ghosts." The voice burrowed deeper into the blanket. "But, o' course, there are old ancient things that don't die and can't rest."

The friendly silence intervened again. Half awake, Leonard watched the fire and the joggling shadows. It amused him to see what litter they two men had already strewn about, like vagabonds camping in a lady's parlor—their clothes and boots, the loo table still half cleared, George's umbrella against the wall, as fat, shapeless and traditional as any apple woman's in the Chatterbox of childhood.

"George!"

"Oh, what now?"

"Any womenkind in this family?"

"Only one, thank God!" said the smothered voice. "One sister."

"What's she like?"

Grayland's shadow stirred by the fire, rolled and lay on its back. His answer, withheld for a moment, sounded both unwilling and vindictive.

"Old maid, standard type," he grumbled. "Flat front, long neck, coiled round with pearls, like seized riggin'. Smokes and plays cards all night, and snaps your head off." He paused; then as if trying to be just added, "'But though she wears another's hair she is an interestin' person.'"

"Good thing she's not here now," said Leonard.

George chuckled.

"I believe you, my boy. Time we quit talking. Good night."

Rain was the last thing heard. Rain, steady though diminished, woke Leonard next morning at daylight with muffled drums about the house. Having breakfasted and set their room in order the two men parted company—George to bundle the cot upstairs and take his turn of sleep, Leonard to stand watch through the forenoon. A quiet night had left them both disgruntled, cheating their hopes; and now a long dark day persevered in gloom, hour after crawling hour, without incident or change, without a stir but for the hopping of rain in puddles along the driveway and the wriggling of bright drops down window panes. George came from his nap surly, and when twilight drew near at last went outdoors growling.

"'Tis neither fit for man nor beast," he quoted. "What's more, I don't believe they're coming—either kind."

He left behind the contagion of his doubt. Alone once more, Corsant paced the room up and down a mile or two, wished the time away, ruined his taste for tobacco, fidgeted, poked the fire and grew convinced that he and George were a couple of idiots.

Long before dinnertime he lighted the candles in their silver bush. After sitting with them disconsolate he walked the floor again, stared portraits out of countenance, hauled books down and put them up unread. Caleb Trenchfield's Christian Chymestree, Hooker's Sermons, Calamy's, Frewen's, Bishop Bull's and Stillingfleet's, Burnet's History, Clarendon's, The Saint's Rest, The Anatomy of Melancholy, Lockyear's England Watched, Johnson's Dictionary, all these he thumbed and frowned into, till for the sake of gambling he shut his eyes and drew a volume. The lot fell on worthy Bishop Bull.

"Almost a modern—1827. Gorry! Some rocks for the mind to break on."

Sinking defeated in his armchair Leonard began The State of Man Before the Fall. It promised, to his ignorance, a few gleams of bliss from the earthly paradise. But no sunshine leaked out here. Lost in a black sand storm where Pelagians and Socinians whirled round the protoplast like dead leaves, he plodded on, sometimes buffeted by *quatenus* or *quomodo*, sometimes cheered by sight of Crellius or Smalcius nibbling at an argument among other doleful night creatures of the desert. His courage drooped.

(Continued on Page 26)

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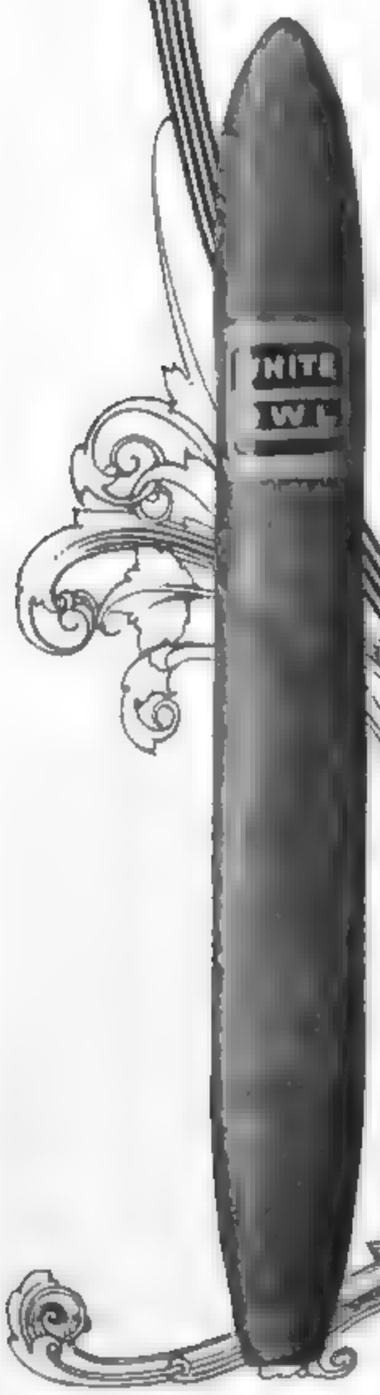

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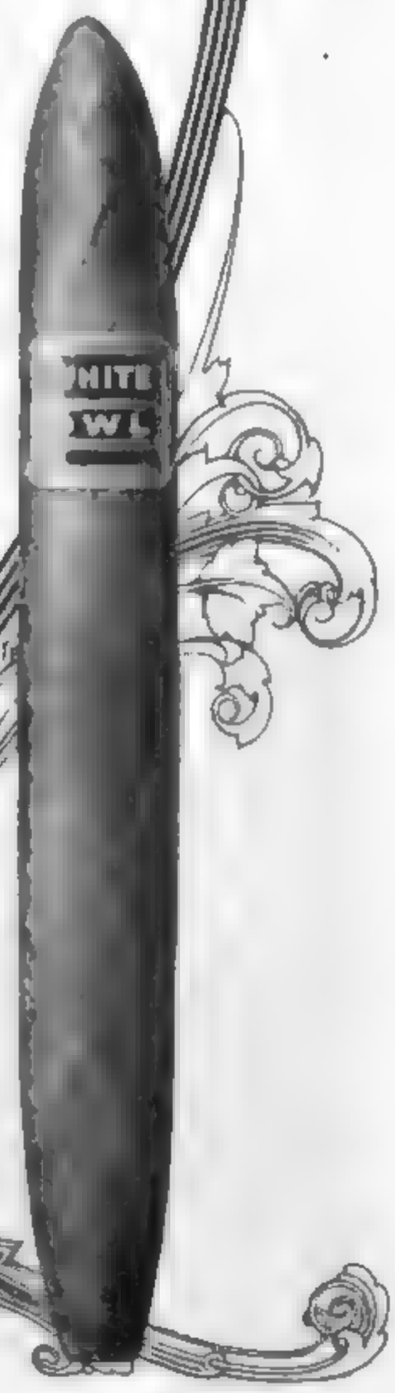


(Continued from Page 24)

" . . . how absurd soever that interpretation may at first appearance seem to be." Thus Bishop Bull strode manfully ahead. "For upon a diligent search you will find that *aliquid latet, quod non patet*—'there is a mystery in the bottom.'"

Here the reader stopped. Indeed, he was never to finish the book, for behind him, as it had come last night, there came that vague unrest, a flutter and a sigh. It was nothing. Yet from the corner at his back empty air called to him without words and a motion ceased. That which was not alive, but which as Grayland had said could neither die nor rest, was waiting. The expectancy made no appeal to his five senses, evaded them, glided through or under and touched at their root the same forgotten impulses he had known yesterday.

Leonard stood up, and turned. There was nobody, of course; nothing but candle shine on dark-brown oak, and shadows, and in the little pointed carving two holes like a pair of blind sockets. It waited, viewless, before his face. He heard again the flutter and the passing breath. For a minute afterward he remained there, intent, alone with what he did not understand. He was quite cool. The thing had in it no quality of alarm, only a baffling insistence that, if comparable at all, was like the demand and refusal of a known face to appear before the mind's eye.

Leonard gave up the riddle, crossed to the shelves again and slid the good bishop home for perhaps another century of calm, where the Pelagians cease from troubling. As he did so the handle of the front door turned.

"Hallo, George," he said quietly over his shoulder. "Glad to see you. Been entertaining more spooks."

The door closed, the bolt was shot.

"Home early, aren't you?"

George did not answer. There was a flapping sound of wet raincoats.

Leonard turned from the books. Two men stood near the door watching him.

XIII

AT FIRST glance he took them for strangers. The candlelight, falling short of where they stood, left their features in doubt. Their quiet appearance had surprised him, while his thoughts ran elsewhere; and as for a time they neither spoke nor moved, nothing told him who they were. Then by the difference in height and bearing he knew. This was the pair who had talked bad French in the Bottle of Hay.

"Here we are!" thought Leonard. "Trouble ahead!"

If they meant danger, he welcomed it after so much idleness. The two seemed to be waiting keenly for his next movement. He therefore remained still, outwardly at ease. Their silence and wooden immobility conveyed a threat, but also tickled his sense of melodrama. The taller man, cloaked in dark waterproof, had struck a bit of attitude which recalled the fatal warbler Edgardo at Lucia di Lammermoor's wedding. Next moment, acting together with military precision, they peeled off their raincoats, dropped them clashing on the floor and flung down their hats. It was done quickly, in perfect time, and showed rehearsal if not drill. They had stripped at once for business. Leonard perceived that much, and held himself ready; but meanwhile he could think only of a pair of comedians opening some trick on the stage. He smiled and, when the taller man came abruptly forward, received him smiling.

"I didn't hear you knock, gentlemen," said he. "There is a very fine old knocker on my door."

From the corner of his eye Leonard took note that his other enemy, the swart little man, stood by the door as if posted there on guard. He liked this arrangement. It was a mistake.

"Bar shooting," he thought, "I can handle 'em one after one."

The fellow near by, George's professional traitor and Amalekite, confronted him with a smirk of triumph. He was neatly but stiffly dressed, as when they had met in Gino's café.

"Pardon me, Mr. Corsant," he replied in his throaty bass, and bowed with mock politeness. "On soch a dark night we could not find your knocker. You must excus-se. Yes, soch a dark, lonesome night!"

Meeting the look in his pale eyes, Leonard understood. Here was a bad egg, a dirty fighter, cold-blooded, yet pompous as a Prussian, touchy in the headpiece, swollen and quick to explode; moreover, a chap who smirked because two to one against a sick man would be easy. This last consideration hardened our friend's heart. He retreated a few steps, limping badly.

"Now you are here," said he, "won't you sit down?"

"Thank you, no." The pale-eyed fellow overdid his irony. "Our business is quite short; it can be done standing."

Leonard sighed, and leaned against the wall as though faint. He had hoped to draw these two yet farther apart; but though one remained still on guard by his door, the other, instead of following, began to pace up and down across the room near the portrait of the swordsman.

"It is a very dark night," he repeated with relish.

"So dark as all that?" drawled his victim. "Please don't say it again. Really, you freeze the marrow in me bones."

Any kind of talk would serve to waste time; the more time wasted, the better chance of George's return. But whether George came or not, somebody about this room was to have a surprise, whenever poor Mr. Laurence Corsant, leaning here so feeble and nursing his bad leg so plaintively, should get his health back all of a sudden and jump in.

"Don't you try laughing at me, Corsant. I advise you not." The walker by the portrait halted. His face grew red. All the bully in him blustered. "Your ape's pranks at the inn, they were very fonny, hey?—but they did not buy you anything."

Leonard made round eyes of alarm.

"Oh, no, of course, not a red!" he answered meekly. "Pure amateur sport."

"Ah, sport, sport! That kind of stoff makes me sick!" The other glared at him. "I advise you not to be fonny. Now come, we have talked enough nonzense! You are trying to waste our time, but it's no use, for that man of yours, the gypsy, is down in the village some miles away. There is only one deaf old woman here. You had better give us quick what we are after."

Leonard feigned surprise and ignorance. He was in fact beating his brains. How could he entice this chap to draw nearer, to come across the room within fair striking distance? By showing him any old bit of paper ——

"Yes? You want something?" he asked. "What can it be?"

His adversary blustered again.

"Oh, come! You know well enough, Corsant. Two little sheets of writing. We have called them Gamma and Delta in our game. One you stole from me in that pigsty place day before yesterday. The other you stole from old Jacob the Beardless at the Wolf's Well out there." He swept his arm angrily toward some unknown region of the East. "We want them both. You can keep all the others."

Leonard began groping lazily in his pockets.

"May I? Thank you."

Both men watched him more sharply than ever. He could read in their eyes the certainty that if he had a

(Continued on Page 26)

He Was With Her Constantly Under One Roof or Outdoors

PACKARD

THEIR MISSION IS THE SAVING OF MEN'S TIME

EVERY MORNING a great army of Packard Cars moves smoothly forward into the routine of another business day. Whether these cars be Single-Six or Twin-Six Packards, their mission is the same—the conservation of men's energy and the saving of men's time. For more than twenty years, now, Packard Cars have been performing this service incomparably well. The Packard you buy will serve as finely.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DETROIT

The Packard Twin-Six Touring
$6000 *at Detroit*

The Packard Single-Six Touring
$2975 *at Detroit*

Ask the man who owns one

(Continued from Page 26)

weapon he would never draw it but halfway. Being unarmed he took his time, enjoyed their suspense, and very languidly searched pocket after pocket. There was nothing to serve his trick, not so much as an old letter, a card, a scrap. Among crumbs of tobacco his fingers encountered a wilted leaf—the fern tip which that girl in the bluebell grove had given him for luck. He brought it out and kept it in his left hand, as though the crumbled fragment had really been a talisman. At the moment he needed all such friendly reminders. George's umbrella, the grandmotherly gamp, stood by him against the wall. He remembered how Gino had leaned in the same dejected fashion. From these thoughts he looked up calmly.

"It's no go," said he. "Sorry, gentlemen, but I've not the faintest idea where your documents are gone to. I haven't them."

The man by the portrait stamped his foot and suddenly raged.

"Come! No more!" he cried, with a stream of foul language. "Where are they?"

Leonard waited until he had done roaring.

"I don't know. Wouldn't tell you if I did, but I don't."

This was perfectly true. He laughed. The words, or the laugh, or both together, had an amazing effect. Truth prevailed. There came a dead lull of astonishment and belief.

"What's this?" The fellow's harsh voice dropped to a whisper. He cleared his throat and stared, crouching forward. "What's this? Watch the door, Kamsa! Look sharp! This man—it's not Corsant at all!"

Silence followed. The pair looked from him to each other and back again quickly, moved, stood fast, then hearkened with sidelong glances. Doubt had them wavering, suspicious of a trap, an ambuscade in some corner of the room. It was Kamsa the underling who first took heart again.

"Oh, he's Corsant all raight," affirmed the swarthy Locust. "No fear! See 'is laig! We had that given 'im at ——"

His master turned on him in fury.

"Shut up, you chee-chee! Keep your ears open! There's something wrong here!"

Leonard agreed with them both.

"Yes, you're seeing things. There are spooks in the room," he said blandly, and went on wasting time. "I can tell you better in Latin. '*Aliquid latet, quod non patet.*' Spooks would naturally prefer a dead language, wouldn't they? It's good bull Latin—'There is a mystery at the bottom.' Or you might say:

"*Things are seldom what they seem,*
Skim milk masquerades as cream.

"In short, I have the receipt of fern seed."

The leader of his enemies remained bending forward, glaring at him with no less perplexity than hatred.

"I believe you are. Same silly way of talking. Brainless puppy. Him or his brother. But the front of your head's different."

Leonard smiled in apology.

"You're right. No brains. 'The shallow part is the forehead, at least in Oxford, sir.'" He suddenly cast off his pretended weakness, drew clear of the wall, stood up and spoke out. These brutes would never come close enough, so let them begin. "Put your mind at rest. I'm Corsant. We've fooled long enough. You, I believe, are a secret agent, and a bad one, who can't pull off the simplest job. What any Chinese Coast comprador would call a Number Nine man on sight. That's you—a professional turncoat, selling out both ends, and even so a failure. You walk in here threatening me about some of your trumpery blackmail papers, not worth the smutty thumb prints on 'em, and then stand round talking phrenology. Pretty feeble! Now get out, the pair of you! I don't know where your Hittite garbage is, and don't care. It's in safe keeping, for good. You have one minute to pick that wet mess off my floor and clear yourself and your chee-chee sweeper out of my house. That's all! You needn't stop to beg my pardon. Start, and start now!"

The man by the picture, who also had drawn himself bolt upright, took this abuse at first like a wooden image. Then his body began to writhe, his features to swell and the breath to sputter and quaver between his teeth.

"Ah! You think we are bloffing!" He raised both fists aloft, brandished them, clapped them to his head like a madman, choked and, suddenly reeling, struck with his elbow the naked sword so that it clattered on the wall. "I show you who is a failure!"

He wrenched the sword down and came leaping across the room. It is probable that even in his frenzy he may have been taken aback when Leonard met him halfway, low-set and springy, on guard with George's bag of an umbrella.

As for Leonard, he saw only the furious pale eyes—that was his affair—but he heard Grayland charging from somewhere with a shout, and returned it.

"No, no! Get that little greaser by the door, George!"

Meanwhile there had been three or four passes of the sword. Leonard laughed. "Crude work, old man! Poor schooling! Stiff! Come again!"

It came again, the good Toledo in bad hands. Next moment it went whirling through the air and fell with a clang. As it did so Corsant dropped his umbrella and struck out right-handed for the jaw.

"There's your Amalekite!" he called.

But the man had hardly come down before George was sitting on him, grinning like a black wildcat.

"Hand me that sword!" said George. He was barefoot.

The front door stood half open. From behind it, among the raincoats, a pair of short legs kicked feebly.

"That's nothing! Only sent the black and tan to by-low."

Leonard could not yet understand the scene.

"The door was bolted," he said. "How'd you get in?"

George, sitting as on a fallen horse, grew impatient.

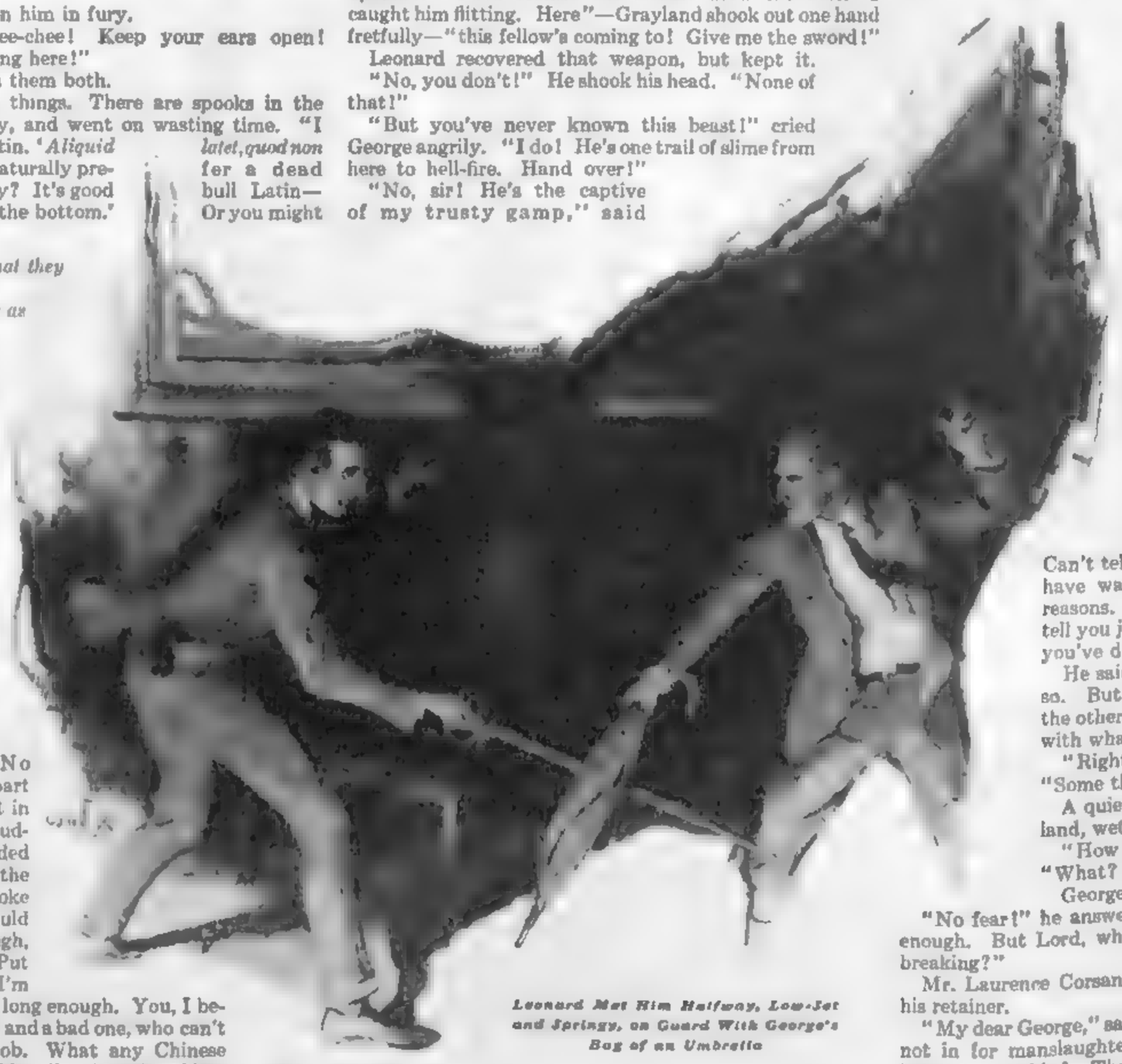
"Crawled underneath their mimosa, o' course, and upstairs. 'Twas Kamsa the Locust drew the bolt. I caught him flitting. Here"—Grayland shook out one hand fretfully—"this fellow's coming to! Give me the sword!"

Leonard recovered that weapon, but kept it.

"No, you don't!" He shook his head. "None of that!"

"But you've never known this beast!" cried George angrily. "I do! He's one trail of slime from here to hell-fire. Hand over!"

"No, sir! He's the captive of my trusty gamp," said Leonard. "I don't want any of his low gore in my nice clean house."



Leonard Met Him Halfway, Low-Set and Springy, on Guard With George's Bag of an Umbrella

Another voice behind them joined the argument.

"My own feelings to a *T*," it said, crisp and cheerful. "You're outvoted, George."

They turned. On the threshold, removing a jaunty brown oilskin, stood young Mr. Laurence.

"Come right in with your men, sergeant, will you?" He looked back toward the rain. "Housebreaking, I take it, and assault with a deadly weapon. Good evening, namesake. How are you?"

XIV

"YOU were like the last scene in Hamlet," said Mr. Laurence Corsant, when he and Leonard were dining an hour afterward. "Prostrate forms all over the stage. Rather extraordinary to walk in upon, by one's own hearthstone, wasn't it?" He laughed. "Yet in a way I expected something uncommon. Whenever George grows mysterious you may be sure he's cooking a little surprise for you."

They sat at a corner of the great table, where two silver trees filled with candles now burned brightly and made the surroundings less forlorn; but even so their excess of elbow room, the board reaching empty away to its foot, gave them a deserted air, as if they remained lingering after company had gone. While his kinsman spoke, this fancy ran strong in Leonard's mind. It was more than fancy, it was truth; for at this lighted table many had sat who were now vanished, and they two alone survived.

"I knew George would be stirring up some *jagra*," continued Laurence. "His devilish wiles for getting me out of this house were rather lame. So I didn't go far or stay long. This afternoon from Mrs. Merle's window—by the way, you've quite cut me out with her—I saw those two rascals go by. Hence all the constabulary with me this evening. I must admit you and George don't require much help."

He smiled and turned their conversation to the East, both near and far. Had a stranger been at table, seeing them together, he would have found more traits of difference than of likeness in the two men. Both were fair-haired, rather hook-nosed, and in frame slender, though well knit; but there resemblance ended between Leonard the sunburned, hearty eater, quick of tongue, and Laurence, with his pale thin face, his leisurely dry speech, his resignation to a narrow diet, and about his eyes the look of one who had lately come through suffering unbeaten.

"Yes. That girl in Alexandria," declared the ascetic. "No wonder she thought she knew you. I often chucked her under the chin—metaphorically, of course. Pert little baggage, half Greek, half French—from one of the islands."

"But she was mighty pretty anyhow," urged Leonard. "Wasn't she?"

His host could not remember that part.

"I dare say. Her father worked for us a long while out there. Useful man, most useful, after you learned to know him and could sift the lies out. A chin-chucking policy helped one learn, you know." Laurence's eyes twinkled at some memory. "But to come back. Our friend whom the sergeant led babbling away just now—he gave you a friendly warning in Gino's café, did he? That's interesting. Can't tell you how interesting. He would have wanted me to clear out then—for reasons. The dickens of it is I never can tell you just what or how very, very much you've done for me, old chap."

He said this lightly. His hearer took it so. But each man for an instant looked the other in the eyes and appeared content with what he saw there.

"Right! Understood!" said Laurence. "Some things I can tell you and shall."

A quiet step sounded in the hall. Grayland, wet and somber, came to report.

"How now, G. G.?" said his young chief. "What? Your prisoners didn't escape?"

George stood and glowered at the table.

"No fear!" he answered doggedly. "They're in tight enough. But Lord, what's a couple of years for housebreaking?"

Mr. Laurence Corsant gave a little time and study to his retainer.

"My dear George," said he, "do you sulk because you're not in for manslaughter yourself? If so let not your heart be troubled. That pair will have reason to wish they had never been born. Their woes are only beginning to-night."

The mourner glanced up quickly.

"If it's a fair question, sir—you mean they'll be taken higher?"

"Much higher," Laurence nodded. "So high as to make Gilderoy's kite seem a titlark, my boy, and Ossa like a wart." He sighed. "Have you that paper you spoke of,

(Continued on Page 77)

ALL the various elements of exceptionally high value in the Hupmobile go directly back to the way the car is built.

Practically every important production operation and process is performed in Hupmobile factories by Hupmobile workmen of skill and long training, or under our own close control and supervision.

Thus, Hupmobile manufacturing development and improvement have full sweep. They are individual to this car, and are entirely free from outside influences which might hinder and hamper.

This being so, it is easy to see why the Hupmobile is so superior in performance, and economy, and long life; and why it is regarded by buyers, and the public at large, as such an unusually good value.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Reindeer Raising

THE diminishing areas of our combined cattle ranges in the United States furnish an interesting problem with respect to our future sources of meat supply. We are a meat-eating nation and shall likely continue as such unless we fail in the important business of raising livestock. However, we face the fact that the per capita consumption of beef in this country decreased eight pounds in 1919. Although this falling off undoubtedly was more a matter of price than of taste, it is true that prices of commodities usually increase as available supplies decline. All things being equal, the more cattle we have the less we shall have to pay for a steak.

Colovia Herd of Reindeer Taken in Winter to a Treeless Country

Last year there was a decrease of nearly 10,000,000 head in the total livestock on American farms. Milk cows decreased 298,000 head; cattle, 1,880,000; swine, 5,078,000; and sheep, 2,047,000 head. In North America and throughout the world generally reclamation is steadily diminishing the total acres available for grazing cattle. Vast areas of land in the West and South of the United States which formerly held great herds of cattle are now being taken up by new landowners, who are using the land for other purposes than cattle raising.

This situation, though not alarming for the present moment, is viewed, by many who are looking to the future, as a matter of considerable importance. The United States is one of the largest exporters of beef, and if production declines while domestic consumption increases it will not be long before we shall have no meats for export and the nation will have lost a valuable source of revenue.

Up in Alaska there is 200,000 square miles of frozen land that is practically valueless except for use as a grazing ground for reindeer. These animals, though related to caribou, have not been wild for centuries. Consequently they are not game but domestic animals, and are a source of food and clothing as well as beasts of burden. In fact, the reindeer is one of the most widely distributed mammals on the globe and is one of the very few domesticated animals that thrive in arctic latitudes. Unlike other domestic animals it does not depend on man for food or shelter. The reindeer that have been trained for draft work are perfectly tame; those that roam the ranges are caught with a lasso.

About thirty years ago a Federal agent traveling on a revenue cutter visited the important villages on the Alaskan and Siberian shores of the Arctic Ocean. The Alaskan Eskimos were found eking out a precarious existence, living on their catches of seal and walrus, and following no substantial pursuit. Across the Bering Strait, in Siberia, with climate and country precisely the same, the native population was living in comparative comfort, due to their occupation of raising reindeer. The flesh and milk of the reindeer furnished food, its skin provided clothing and bedding, and other animals trained for draft work furnished a means of transportation between the scattered villages.

Largely as a result of this early observation the Government of the United States became interested in the matter, and arrangements were made to introduce reindeer herds into Alaska purely as a humanitarian service to relieve the distress of the natives living in this northerly country.

About two years later the first reindeer were imported from Siberia. During the decade ending in 1902 there were brought into Alaska from across Bering Strait 1280 reindeer, and a new enterprise was started under Uncle Sam's supervision. Seldom has government bread cast upon the waters returned in such abundance. The reindeer thrived in their new environment, and to-day there are 200,000 reindeer in the Alaskan herds. The natives own about 72 per cent of the animals, the Government 3 per cent, and the balance are owned by Lapps and whites. A number of Lapps, because of their familiarity with reindeer herding, were brought over by the Government to teach the Eskimos the business of handling the animals.

The introduction of reindeer into Alaska is largely responsible for the economic advances made by the natives of that territory in recent years. The business has progressed from a minor local activity to an infant national industry. If someone were suddenly to show America how it could add a grazing area to its domain equal in size to Oregon and Nevada combined, the news would be flashed as a matter of unmeasured importance. Yet the establishment of reindeer raising in Alaska means just that thing. The estimated grazing area of Alaska totals 128,000,000 acres, which means that if we allow only one reindeer to every thirty-two acres the territory will support at least 4,000,000 reindeer. It is possible investigation will show that sixteen acres of grazing land is sufficient for one animal, in which case Alaska will support 8,000,000 reindeer.

For twenty-eight years Congress has appropriated from $6000 to $25,000 annually for the maintenance of this new enterprise. Alaska has already benefited immensely from the investment, and now the States are to derive profit from this arctic industry. In 1914 only 75 carcasses of reindeer were shipped out of Alaska; in 1920 the shipments to Seattle totaled 1600 carcasses. This year more than 4000 carcasses, or approximately 600,000 pounds of reindeer meat, will probably reach the States from Alaska. Meat at Nome, Alaska, is about twenty-three cents a pound, while a carcass prepared for shipment sells for forty-five to sixty dollars. The business has already reached a point where, after supplying the markets of Alaska with meat, it has 20,000 reindeer carcasses available for export. All that remains is the development of a market in the States, and this is being speedily accomplished.

In ten years, if no calamity befalls the Alaskan reindeer in the way of a destructive disease, the total of such animals in our northern territory will amount to at least 1,000,000. In fifteen years we should have 4,000,000 reindeer, one-fourth of which number should be available for meat annually. Each reindeer carcass when dressed averages about 150 pounds. Some comparison of size may be gained from the fact that in the Scandinavian countries a cow or horned steer is assumed to be equal to ten sheep, or twelve goats, or four pigs, or five reindeer. It is evident therefore that for meat purposes 5,000,000 reindeer in Alaska would be equivalent to about 1,000,000 cattle here in the States. At the commencement of the year we had 42,870,000 cattle in the United States, which renders it plain that reindeer meat will not be a substitute for beef, but rather a supplement to our present beef supply.

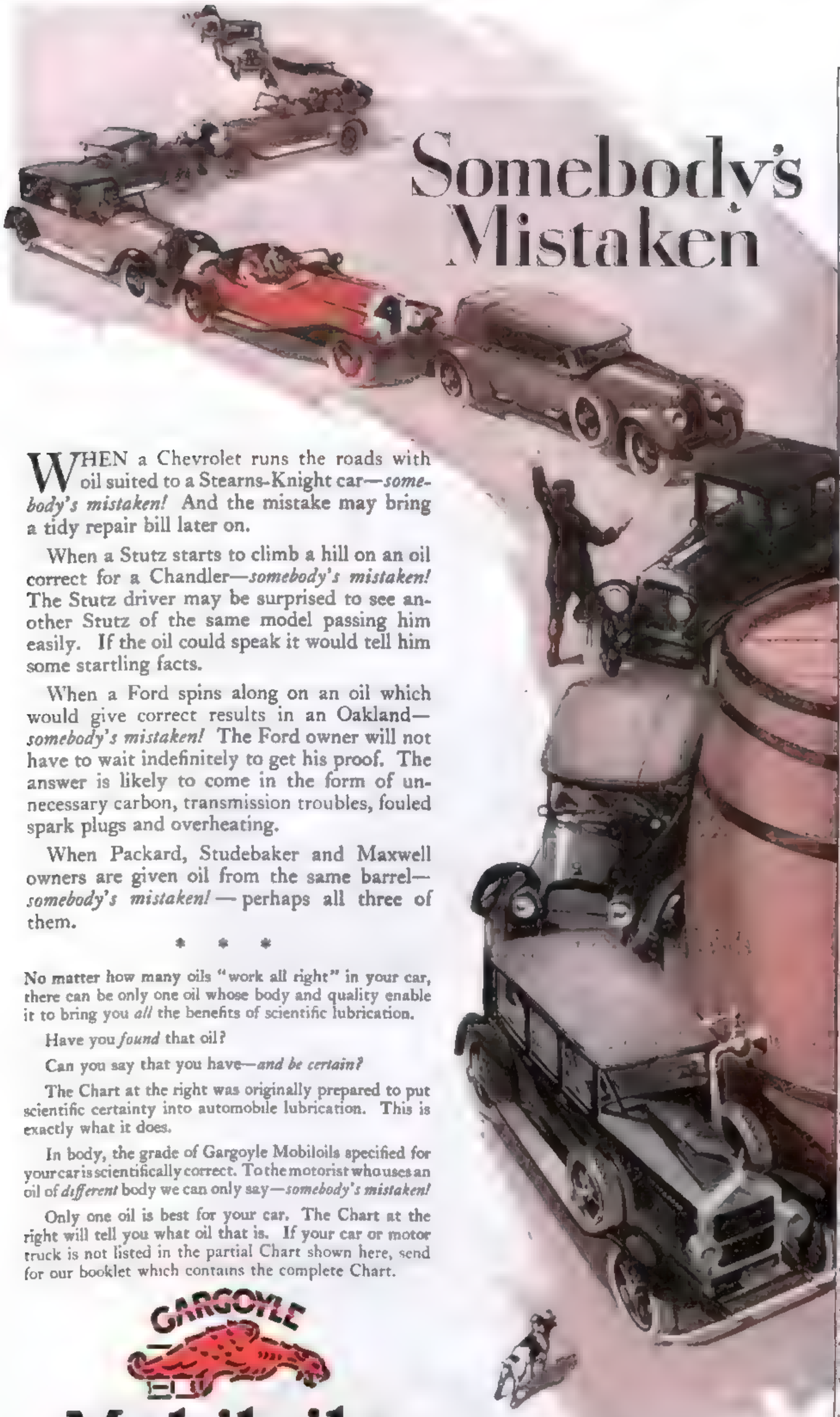
The cattle business in the United States will never be affected seriously by the reindeer industry of the arctic region. On the other hand, a 2 per cent increase in our supply of beef is not to be ignored. If present prophecies materialize the reindeer industry of Alaska in fifteen years will produce meat and hides having a total value in excess of the present gold and fisheries industries of this northern territory. The increase in the number of Alaskan reindeer under crude and primitive methods of handling the animals has been startling. What will the growth of the business be under scientific methods of management?

Since most of us will soon have a taste of reindeer meat a few facts concerning these little-known animals will not be without interest. The grazing lands of Norway, Sweden and Finland are wholly utilized and cannot maintain any more reindeer than the number at present herded, estimated to be 1,000,000 head. Last year in Stockholm reindeer meat was the highest-priced meat on the market. Beef sold for five Swedish crowns per kilo; mutton, five and a half crowns; and reindeer, six crowns. Although the Scandinavians were the first to appreciate the possibilities of the reindeer and develop an industry, the total number of these animals in Alaska in ten years will likely exceed the number in Norway, Sweden and Finland, since the size of the herds depends upon the extent of the available grazing grounds.

The reindeer antedates the horse and the cow. It is the camel of our frozen deserts. It is the salvation of the natives of the arctic regions. It has a low birth rate—usually one fawn a year—but the young are hardy, and the infant mortality is very low. Furthermore, the yearling reindeer frequently reproduces. The animals live on their fat in time of need just as the camel "lives on its hump" in an emergency. The animals seek the coast in the summertime to lick up the salt deposited by the ocean waters and to escape mosquitoes. They travel against the wind when grazing and use their hoofs—not their horns—to break the snow crust and

(Concluded on Page 48)

Reindeer Hung Up Waiting Shipment by Boat to Nome



Somebody's Mistaken

WHEN a Chevrolet runs the roads with oil suited to a Stearns-Knight car—*somebody's mistaken!* And the mistake may bring a tidy repair bill later on.

When a Stutz starts to climb a hill on an oil correct for a Chandler—*somebody's mistaken!* The Stutz driver may be surprised to see another Stutz of the same model passing him easily. If the oil could speak it would tell him some startling facts.

When a Ford spins along on an oil which would give correct results in an Oakland—*somebody's mistaken!* The Ford owner will not have to wait indefinitely to get his proof. The answer is likely to come in the form of unnecessary carbon, transmission troubles, fouled spark plugs and overheating.

When Packard, Studebaker and Maxwell owners are given oil from the same barrel—*somebody's mistaken!*—perhaps all three of them.

* * *

No matter how many oils "work all right" in your car, there can be only one oil whose body and quality enable it to bring you *all* the benefits of scientific lubrication.

Have you *found* that oil?

Can you say that you have—*and be certain?*

The Chart at the right was originally prepared to put scientific certainty into automobile lubrication. This is exactly what it does.

In body, the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your car is scientifically correct. To the motorist who uses an oil of *different* body we can only say—*somebody's mistaken!*

Only one oil is best for your car. The Chart at the right will tell you what oil that is. If your car or motor truck is not listed in the partial Chart shown here, send for our booklet which contains the complete Chart.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

Chart of Recommendations
for AUTOMOBILES
(Abbreviated Edition)

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

How to Read the Chart

THE Correct Grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication are specified in the Chart below.

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

These recommendations cover all models of both passenger and commercial vehicles unless otherwise specified.

Where different grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendations should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and constitutes a scientific guide to Correct Automobile Lubrication.

If your car is not listed in this partial chart, consult the Chart of Recommendations at your dealer's, or send for booklet "Correct Lubrication," which lists the Correct Grades for *all* cars.

(SEE PAGE 4) Automobiles 1920 — NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1920 Summer	1920 Winter	1919 Summer	1919 Winter	1918 Summer	1918 Winter	1917 Summer	1917 Winter	1916 Summer	1916 Winter
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Anhut	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Argonaut	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Auburn	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers (6-45)									Arc	Arc
" (6-40)									A	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet (4 cylinder)			A	A	A	A	A	A		
" F A			A	Arc	A	Arc				
" F B & 4 ton	A	Arc								
" All Other Models	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cleveland	A	Arc								
Columbia	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Davis	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Dodge Brothers	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Elcar	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Federal Model S-A					A	A	A	A		
" Model [illegible]					A	Arc				
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
G. M. C. Trucks	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Grant 6 cylinder	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Com. Motor 12			A	Arc						
" (Com. All Other Mod.	Arc	Arc	Arc	A						
Haynes (6 cylinder)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Holmes	B	A								
Hudson Super-Six	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" All Other Models									Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jordan	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
King (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kissel Kar Model 48									A	A
" [illegible]					A	A	A	A		
" All Other Mod.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Liberty	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc		
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	A	E	E		E	E
Luverne			A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Mac (5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A		
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mea	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Met-Bel (6 cylinder)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cylinder									A	A
Moon (8 cylinder)			B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A
Monroe (Model M-2)									h	h
" (Model M-3)					A	Arc	A	A		
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Nash (Quad)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Nash (6)					A	A				
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	A		A				
National (6 cylinder	A	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" 12 cylinder)			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Nelson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Oakland (8 cylinder)									A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Old Reliable	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile (6 cylinder	A	Arc	A	A					Arc	Arc
" (8 cylinder	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc		
" 8 cylinder	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oshkosh	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Paige	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige 16 cylinder	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Peerless	A	E	A	E	A	F	F	F		
Pierce Arrow	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Pilgrim			E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Scripps-Booth 4 cylinder					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" 6 & 8 cylinders	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Templar	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Velie Model 30	A	A								
" 6 cylinder	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Com. 4 ton			A	Arc	A	A				
" Com. All Other Mod.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Wash Models 21, 23, 24	A	A	A	A						
" Model 25	A	A	Arc	Arc						
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Westcott	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
White 16 valve			A	A	A	A	A	A		
" 6 cyl.			A	A	A	Arc				
" All Other Models			Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
White Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Willys Six	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A		
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

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The fourth of a series illustrating "The Great Things of Life." Painted by Stanley M. Arthurs. © *E. L. W. of G. E. Co.*

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Every Man His Own Philosopher

By E. W. HOWE

ILLUSTRATION BY R. E. JOHNSTON

PROFESSOR FREDERICK SODDY says in a recent book, entitled Science and Life, that mystery, in any real sense, has been banished from this world. I rarely read in a book of philosophy a sentiment I am not familiar with. Lately I read a summary of history, and almost every statement I had heard in a vague way. All that is important and worthwhile trickles down to the people.

I am acquainted with an old gentleman, upward of eighty, who was once a pastor in Boston and knew Emerson. My friend tells me that Emerson was fond of talking with a certain carpenter because of the carpenter's remarkably clear common sense. Who knows how much of Emerson's wisdom came from this common man? I know a negro, half politician and half preacher, who is as much of a philosopher as I have ever known through books The other day I was talking with a man I had always thought rather dull, and who expressed a maxim so clean cut and wise that it affected me as might have one of the best sayings of Socrates. I had never heard it before; apparently it was an observation out of his own life.

Most people believe philosophy is a tremendous subject requiring long years of study, and the devotion a hermit gives his holy subjects. It is actually a simple thing easily acquired in the course of the day's work. To my mind the greatest of the book philosophers was Friedrich Nietzsche. He learned from Schopenhauer, who learned from someone who lived before his time. One of Nietzsche's favorite sayings he confesses he got from a man who lived long before he was born, and this saying was merely the expression of an old idea. All my life I have heard men express in private, opinions philosophers express in print; philosophers are only reporters of the sayings and experiences of the people. Carlyle said Darwin taught certain things after everybody admitted them.

Private thinkers are modest; they find it wise to offend as little as possible. As they go about their affairs they keep quiet about many human secrets they are thoroughly familiar with; but Nietzsche wanted to sell books, and told everything he knew, and some things he didn't know. "I condemn!" he roared; people bought his books because he said many things they wanted said but did not dare say themselves. Thus we gained another great man who knew no more than the world knows; it was a tremendous smoke for little fire, and the fire was always smoldering.

Nietzsche wrote at a time when liberty was well established; had he written a few hundred years earlier he would have published but one book, and been hanged for it. He wrote much that was trivial and mean, and much nobody understands; but his main system was simple and made up of a comparatively small number of principles. All these principles were not only known before his time, but the majority of men lived by them; many millions live by them to-day who have never heard of the brusque German. He wrote much of the hypocrisies of love and marriage; thousands of married men know more of the subject than did this bachelor. The way of a man with a maid is in modern comic opera; also in the Bible and in Plato.

Trifles

THE best monarch that ever lived had no royal blood in his veins; he was a plebeian, and had only the chance everyone has. Many of our greatest men have come directly from the people; they taught themselves or absorbed learning from ordinary surroundings. Lincoln probably never had a useful thought he did not get from conditions about him before he reached Washington and fame. A certain Englishman lacked a brilliant education and mind, but became noted and useful. The literary men of London were indignant because he amounted to so much. "Incurable commonness is the secret of his success," one of them wrote. I thank that critic for a fine tribute to common men.

I lately saw three men perform with a pole in a circus. The man at the top didn't do much, although he was showy; but the man in the middle was very active, and probably the real artist was the man who held up the pole and his two companions.

Andrew Carnegie, as wise as he was rich, said: "He is a bold man who calls anything a trifle." The trifles of life, properly considered and charted, become the people's cyclopedia, and every man owns a set. The great things, patiently investigated, prove the simple things, the certainty of rules well known.

I do not understand astronomy, but there are plenty of men to tell me when to smoke a glass to witness an eclipse. The heat radiated from the sun defies human conception; if the earth were to fall into the sun it would melt and evaporate on arriving there, like a snowflake. This is beyond human conception, but we all know the habits of the sun and that they have persisted for ages.

A man observed that the lid on a boiling teakettle was tilted by escaping steam, but thousands assisted in perfecting the steam engine as we know it. Likewise many thousands have assisted in perfecting every real truth in philosophy. The world gets a dividend from every life; the man who is not a help is at least a warning.

People observed long before Shakspere wrote it that no one returns from the grave. We all know a little; this little knowledge combined is what we all know. We often say "How dull men are!" It would be nearer the truth to say "How wise men are!" What marvelous things they have accomplished! Much of it is mischief, but more of it wonderful and admirable. Men never let a good thing get away, but a good idea must have sound legs to meet the army of capable critics.

What a poor thing the first automobile was! And what a magnificent machine it is now, after thousands of men have worked on it only fifteen or twenty years. In other things millions of men have worked thousands of years at improvements. A particularly capable man, wherever he lives, is a great missionary; others learn his secrets, better them, and carry them to distant places.

I recently made an automobile journey from my home in the West to Florida. I sought the advice of a man who had written a book on routes, and lives in New York. The one he advised proved the wrong one; I should have depended on the advice of people living along the way. The right road bristles with signboards; when you turn into the wrong one men run after you shouting warning.

You may say you are an agnostic. Really you are not; you know. You might study the present controversy between Einstein and Newton and be unable to decide which side you favor, but of the many things important in your life you have been taught by experience. When you say you are an agnostic you are hesitating, because of lack of courage, to declare the truth. When the old materialism is true, admit it; where it will bear stretching, stretch it. Men actually know enough; what we call fools are usually hypocrites. There is no such thing as a pessimist or an optimist; the pessimist exaggerates too much one way and the optimist too much the other, and both know it. If in 1928 we all cheer an idea and in 1932 all condemn it, the idea was bad in 1928. All have sufficient foresight from long consideration of hindsight.

Ancient Truth Still True

I ONCE knew a man who apparently practiced all the rules of good conduct and was much respected. One day he leaped from a twelve-story building. Investigation of his affairs revealed that he had systematically robbed widows, orphans, confiding men, and church and charitable societies. Had this man practiced what he preached, had he done as well as he knew, he might have been a successful man; all his false glitter might have been real gold. He would not have been dogged for years by fear of exposure which finally came, as it always does. Success would have been easier than failure; he might have been governor of his state instead of its most sensational suicide. This man never once violated accepted rules that he did not know better.

Sometimes the voice of the people is not the voice of God for years, but eventually it is; the people may be wrong through destructive tumults, but finally they are right. Without knowing a great deal about anything, they know the weight of authority about everything and accept it. And there have been few changes in the human mind and body to confuse the lessons of experience; we have no reason to believe that what the ancients discovered by experience is not true to-day Except for perhaps a further shrinking of the little toe and a corresponding increase in the size of the great toe, coupled with the decrease in value of the wisdom teeth, scientists say there have been few and minor changes in the human body in the past twenty centuries. And when we examine the minds of Aristotle and Socrates we may safely say there has been no increase in human intellect; our problems were solved ages ago And that which is true in the present is sufficient prophecy of the future

"Poor, simple things," a man said lately, "it is easy to fool the psychologists." But it is very difficult to fool a philosopher, and you are one. All of real life has never been in print. Jean Jacques Rousseau, who wrote freely of certain phases of it, frequently hesitated. But when two men discuss their affairs they neglect nothing; they know the truth and admit and discuss it. You have had a thousand such candid conversations, been told the truth, admitted it and know it.

Practical philosophy has been taught by everybody many years; I never knew an unfortunate man who did not point out the pits into which he had fallen and repeat the old warning against them. Every foolish thing has been exploded a thousand times and laughed at. I have never heard anyone teach intemperance, profanity, idleness, viciousness; always I have heard, from everybody, the importance of good conduct as a help in life; as the first necessity in getting along. What is the flaw in the argument? Why have we not all been converted? Why do we not adopt better conduct as generally as we have adopted the steel plow?

He Wrote Much of the Hypocrisies of Love and Marriage

Jim Henry's Column

These Smiling Shavers

Now honestly, when you shave, do you have a silly grin on your face—like a boy who is told for the first time by a pretty girl that he has lovely eyes?

I have had a lot of trouble that way with artists. Their only conception of registering satisfaction seems to be an idiotic smirk. That is why I have given up using this obvious way of illustrating a shaving cream advertisement.

If, at times, I have been a trifle gorgeous in phraseology when describing the amazement one feels on first experiencing the magic potency of Mennen Shaving Cream, I haven't meant to convey the idea that a man breaks into songs of praise or practices Douglas Fairbanks' facial art before the glass.

At best, shaving is a serious performance. It demands mental concentration rather than blithesome vacuity.

What Mennen Shaving Cream does is to get rid of the pain and pulling and meanness.

It takes all the fight out of your beard and makes it surrender.

It enables you to *remove* your beard instead of hacking it off or yanking it out.

Because it doesn't have to be rubbed in with fingers and contains no free caustic and is bland and pure, the skin is not irritated, so that your face doesn't feel dry and smarty afterwards.

Everyone who has ever tried Mennen's thinks the world of it and is deeply grateful every morning for its beneficent goodness, but I doubt if many users burst into roars of laughter as the lather flowers.

and afterwards- Mennen Talcum for Men- it doesn't show

Would you like one of my demonstrator tubes for 15 cents?

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

· THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

We have improved the plow until it has reached the limit of its usefulness; a better implement of that character may not be possible. But we have not reached the limit in improving our conduct; indeed, we are where we were in the beginning. And the well-behaved man is an improvement on the ill-behaved as surely as the modern steel plow is an improvement on a crooked stick. Nobody doubts it, everybody teaches it, and everyone neglects his own philosophy. Why have we locks on our doors when everyone knows a dollar is easier earned than stolen?

What are the simple and important lessons of life? Don't ask me; you know. Every time you are fooled you fool yourself. The fact that you have survived the struggle for life is evidence that you are a philosopher. The task is, be a better one; practice what you preach more consistently. First of all, your good advice is for yourself.

What we do not seem to realize sufficiently is that success in life is actually less difficult and more comfortable than failure; that the easiest way is not to travel with the devil, but to accept the advice everyone has been screaming at us all our lives. Some think of good conduct in a vague way as carrying a cross; it is actually the careless, intemperate, unreliable, idle man who carries the unnecessary burdens.

When a stone is thrown into a crowd every man dodges if it comes his way. It is sufficient philosophy to dodge whatever will injure you. And the chief enemies of the race are carelessness, idleness, impoliteness, intemperance, lack of fairness, waste of time.

You may say I have written a collection of old copybook maxims. Very well; you never saw bad maxims in a copybook. These lessons were inspired by such love, tenderness, experience and wisdom as we have, and they are of even more importance to adults than to children. A rehearsal of them is particularly needed now.

AMERICAN RELIEF—AND AFTER

(Continued from Page 22)

of its own children, and there has never been any cause to deviate from this purpose. It has been carried out everywhere in a most satisfactory way—in Serbia and in other sections of Jugo-Slavia; in Austria, Hungary, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, the Baltic Provinces; and in every country, in fact, to which we have given assistance.

"The central committees were rapidly extended to cover child welfare in every town and village. Demands for local charity and voluntary service were met with a wholehearted response; help from municipal and central governments was asked for and received, and each branch organization, without exception, undertook to supply in local currency the funds for the local expenditures required. The organization as it now stands aggregates in excess of one hundred thousand earnest workers, while the American personnel consists of only about forty representatives—men and women.

"It is only just to say that these forty actually hold together and keep going the vast organization which now stretches from the shores of the Baltic to the Black Sea. The local workers have coordinated local charities, have placed orphans in homes, have instituted and conducted orphan asylums and children's hospitals, and above all have created some fifteen thousand kitchens and canteens for feeding children who come from their own homes. The idea with which we have sought to imbue them, and which has become predominant in so many minds, is that the future worth, not to say the very life, of each race depends upon the conservation of child life and the careful upbuilding of the bodies and characters of the young. They are doing their part. We, the American people, have done our part by sending to them in free gift the milk, the fats, the clothing, the medical supplies and other essentials obtainable from no other source."

The Princess in the Kitchen

"Since you ask me to point out the picturesque and significant phases of this child relief, let me offer one striking evidence of a really permanent change that our American relief has achieved, more especially as affecting future social life in Central Europe. In certain states there was always a strong and even bitter class distinction. It was born of the old caste idea. In setting up our voluntary organization of workers we had to recruit from every class, ranging from princes, counts and barons, to street sweepers and scrubwomen. We created a social melt and with it we have been able to break down the social prejudice on which socialism had started to build before our very eyes.

"Nothing so neutralizes class hatred as the bringing of the upper classes into the range of labor. We were able to do this in the child conservation. A princess stirring broth in a soup kitchen is the best argument for democracy that could possibly be found, and we found it. It was through this kind of service that we were able to stave off anarchy and to make the great mass of the people vividly understand that there was no caste in need.

"Any appraisal of American relief must be made in terms of stages," continued Hoover. "At the time of the armistice there was almost complete chaos. Between the armistice and the signing of the peace treaty some measure of stabilization was brought about and economic communications were established. The wheels of production were started. The big achievement of this epoch was the prevention of a great famine. Moreover, we were able to throw the stricken people back into the processes of business. You cannot support masses with loans, but you can aid them most effectively by getting them back to their commercial pursuits. In this way you get normal addition to the food supply.

"I now come to one of the vital points in American relief. At the harvest of 1919 we again surveyed the situation to determine two things. One was to ascertain which of the Central European states had made a sufficient agricultural recovery to support life. The other was to find out which states had sufficient credit in the world markets to relieve us of some of the burden.

"As a result of this survey we withdrew our relief from Rumania, Finland, parts of Serbia, Bulgaria and Czecho-Slovakia. These countries had either food or credit and they had inaugurated measures of administration under American inspiration. In every instance where a community had food we gave only friendly assistance in maintaining the machine for the care of children. At one time during the armistice we were caring for about seven million five hundred thousand children in Allied and other European countries.

"With the harvest of 1920 another milepost of American relief was set up. Communications had been improved; working agreements between various states had been made. Economic necessity, the strongest of all levelers, had helped to neutralize the petty hatreds and small jealousies that raged between the new democracies.

"We again surveyed the situation and found that certain states could provide in larger proportion for themselves for the winter of 1920-21. The conditions in these areas have now improved to such an extent that by next summer we shall again be able to reduce the territory we serve.

"I can now begin to answer the question, 'When will the American relief end?' It can be illustrated with the case of Czecho-Slovakia. The figures in child-feeding will tell the story. In the winter of 1918–19 we were feeding about five hundred thousand mouths. By the winter of 1919–20 the number was reduced to about four hundred thousand. This winter we care for two hundred thousand, and by the time the next harvest—that is, the crop of 1921—is in, our work in Czecho-Slovakia will cease.

"The Czechs are still feeding many children themselves and are contributing much food toward the program for those we also serve. The fact that they are able to do this is the direct result of their own desire for self-help assisted through the relief administration and the relief machinery that the Americans aided in creating.

"In Rumania we had five hundred thousand children for whom to find help in the winter of 1918–19. A good harvest in the following summer gave them a surplus for export, and we withdrew our relief entirely, leaving the local organizations to care for the situation.

"Now take the case of Serbia, which represents another notable improvement. With the harvest of 1920 the country has a surplus of one million tons of foodstuffs for export. We have therefore withdrawn our supplies with the exception of clothing, and the Red Cross continues to find medical comforts.

"This does not mean that there has been anything like a return to the normal prewar state in Serbia. In all these Central European countries the people are on a low standard of living. The casual visitor, not familiar with the terrible conditions that prevailed at the time of the armistice, is appalled at what he sees now. He comes back to America with stories of dire and hideous degradation. If he had seen the condition of these people in the late autumn of 1918 he would realize that the level of life has been lifted since that time. Many millions have pulled themselves together with an amazing fortitude.

"I do not want to say that the worst is over, for instance, in Serbia, and that charity toward the Serbian children must cease. There is much suffering, but it is individual poverty of the same type—but of larger proportions—as exists in the United States, and it is not irremediable from local resources. Poverty exists everywhere and it is the duty of charity to alleviate it. The Serbians want to help themselves. What they need to-day is mostly that the relief organizations remain and aid them with their experience, and with clothing and medical attendance for children."

We had now reached the point in the narrative where I could interpose the query: "How much longer must American relief in Europe continue?" Hoover's reply was:

"With the harvest of 1921 the end will be nearly in sight. By that time the Baltic States will have ample resources to feed themselves. The Czecho-Slovakian Government has already stated that it will require no more assistance. Poland will need help. Theirs has been the greatest suffering of the war and was extended by the Bolshevik invasion of last spring. This has been the greatest center of all our effort—with a desire to help the Polish people, not only from suffering but toward the road to freedom."

The Hope of World Peace

"Germany should be able to care for her own children. It will become a matter of individual poverty as distinguished from mass necessity, and the former is common the whole world over. Those of us who have had occasion to study the situation in Germany since the revolution have realized full well that the men who represent sentiment for democracy as it exists in the German people need encouragement. Unless the hands of these democratic leaders can be upheld there will be neither reparation nor permanent peace. If we wish to take really constructive steps abroad, then we must see to the upbuilding of democracy in Germany. This is the hope of world peace. In showing that group of men some support in the problems of their people and our high sense of charity for children, America is supporting that only hope of peace.

"In proportion to the other areas, such as Poland and Austria, the undernourishment and disease among German children are very much less. Germany, with double the population, has one-half the total of undernourished children of Poland. But some of the German industrial areas are in a very bad way. The agricultural sections are not so badly off, but the mortality of children in German industrial sections has been indeed an awful spectacle. It has been the attitude of most of our countrymen, except in the case of some extremists, that we were not fighting women and children and that we would make no discrimination between children of enemies and children of friends. The Quakers, who have charge of the relief work in Germany, believe that normal recovery will enable the Germans to carry on their own job after this summer."

"What relief problems remain?" I asked.

"The three great relief problems that remain are Austria, Poland and the Russian

(Continued on Page 36)

"All aboard for Paramount!"

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Douglas MacLean in "One a Minute."
Thos. H. Ince production.

Fred Jackson's famous stage farce
Ethel Clayton in "Sham"
By Elmer Harris and Genevieve Bonner

George Melford's production
"The Wise Fool."
By Sir Gilbert Parker
A drama of the Northwest, by the author and director of "Behold My Wife!"

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company was incorporated in 1810 to sell safe insurance from loss by fire and from the losses caused by the interruption of business by fire. In addition the Hartford offers its policyholders the helpful service of men trained to find dangers, which if not corrected may lead to loss by fire.

Is not this the insurance you want?

Hartford Fire Insurance Company
Hartford, Conn.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life

(Continued from Page 34)

refugees on the borders of Red Russ," was the response.

"So far as Austria is concerned I can see no daylight ahead. Where an ethnical state has been created whose population, through the processes of economic development, has been raised beyond its agricultural resources, and is therefore dependent for food upon free access to adjacent agricultural states, you have a hopeless set-up when this intercourse is interrupted. This is precisely what has happened with Austria. She is isolated in the midst of plenty by racial prejudices and recollections of former tyranny. If it is possible to reestablish her old economic relationships with her neighbors by the breaking down of the barriers of race and custom she can get on her feet. The whole economic fabric for the upper Danube naturally radiates from Vienna. If Vienna can again become the commercial center of this region she can exist. If not, there will be an excess population of one million people, who must go hungry. Pending something being done, the Austrian children must be fed, and that is what we are doing. In Vienna alone during the winter just ending we have served three hundred fifty thousand children, or 85 per cent of the child population.

"I believe that in time economic necessity will overcome such racial and other prejudices as exist between Austria and her neighbors. You must remember that the reerection of a vast machine of economic life cannot be accomplished in a few years.

"In Poland we have as big a load this year as last. There would have been a return to normal conditions by this time but for the Bolshevist invasion, which set the country back to where it was at the time of the armistice and created a whole new era of ruin and desolation. However, if the 1921 harvest is good and peace is established with Russia we can reduce the Polish child feeding by one-half.

"In all these countries agriculture has been the first activity to recover. The human being is like a ground squirrel, for he will begin to dig as soon as he has half a chance. Agriculture does not, like industry, depend upon the fearful complexities of economic life. This agricultural recovery is the real hope of Europe, and, despite all the handicaps that I have outlined, it has begun.

"The Russian refugees present a dilemma for which there is no solution so far as I can see until the Bolshevik Government falls. In addition to more than two hundred thousand Russian children there are eight hundred thousand adults—the Intelligentzia—scattered all the way from Helsingfors to Constantinople. If these men and women are not kept alive there will be no nucleus out of which to build the future Russia."

The Hope of Russia

"The Russian problem remains one of the greatest in all Europe. Russia has been to a large degree the food base of Western Europe. She exported from six to ten million tons of food a year in exchange for manufactured articles. She bore the same relation to Western Europe that the Mississippi Valley does to the Eastern United States. This former Russian food base has been transferred to the United States. We now export from five to ten million tons more of food than we did during the war.

"The difficulty is that the kind of goods that Western Europe makes, or can make, is not the merchandise that the American farmer can adopt in exchange. Even if it were, it would undermine a portion of American industry. We have increased our own industrial output, due to the war, and the farmer has increased his production. Thus we are obliged to sell our abnormal surpluses abroad, and as Europe has not yet found commodities on which to base exchange, we must sell on credit. There can be no complete recovery in Europe without a settlement of the Russian problem.

"Take the reverse of the procedure I have just outlined, and suppose that the Atlantic Seaboard to-day had to go to Russia for food. You need no diagram to find out what would happen."

In this connection, and in passing, I asked Hoover what, in his opinion, would eventually save Russia. He smiled quizzically and answered, "The hope of Russia is the growth of social sense from within."

I brought the conversation back to the question of the duration of our relief work abroad, because, when all is said and done, this is one of the questions uppermost in the minds of millions of American people. Hoover resumed his statement in this fashion:

"We must not, for Europe's sake, feed any portion of Europe beyond the time when it is in the power of local charities and local governments to perform the whole task. But whether the interval before we stop is one more winter or two, we cannot, as Americans, when we are the sole hope, fail to do our part in the alleviation of the most appalling misery that history has yet recorded. While Europe will not get back to normal in thirty years, we must bear in mind that the standard of living in large areas there is hopelessly below ours, and the problem is to get these people back to their own minimum standard.

"The case of Finland as related to me not long ago by the Finnish minister will illustrate the final importance of all these measures—not child relief alone. He declared that the American relief intervention in the winter of 1918–19, and to a lesser extent in the winter of 1919–20, not only enabled the Finnish Government to survive but laid the foundation for national stability. Its results so upheld the arms of the forces of order that the country has been able to overcome the menace of Bolshevism at its own door. Moreover, the Finnish Government took pride in the fact that it would ask no more charity from the American people and that the state would henceforth assume the entire burden of its helpless population."

A Children's League for Peace

"So, with gradual but inevitable recuperation, the problem becomes less. To recapitulate: First, we intervened to feed the Belgians; then we intervened to feed the Allies; then we came to the rescue of the whole of Europe during the armistice, when we prevented a great famine. Then we undertook the children's problem, which is the last echo. If we can carry this through another year we shall have paid the last cent that we can be assessed."

We can now go into the question of what the permanent results of American relief in Europe will be. It had been in the back of my mind ever since Hoover began to talk. I said to him that I had heard the European Children's Relief referred to as a sort of League of Nations.

"No," he replied. "It is a League of Children for Peace. First and last, American charity, through its many organizations, has saved fifteen million children in Europe. It has planted the American flag in the hearts of all these little ones and it is a greater protection to the United States than any battleship.

"The problem of these children has not been a problem of race or religion, of politics or economics; nor is it a problem of friend or enemy. It has been just a plain problem of children.

"The children's problem is one of those problems that cannot be handled by governmental action in weak or chaotic governments. It is based on the special care and the working out of solutions to individual cases. It can only be built up on a great mass of voluntary services. Its necessity revolves around the dislocation of life—orphans, waifs, undernourishment, shortage of clothing, and the shortage of milk and fats and medical assistance. The first thing that happens in a famine is that the human animal begins to eat the food ordinarily furnished to his cattle, which immediately curtails the supply of milk and fats available for human consumption. He later eats the animal itself.

"Many areas in Central Europe now have only about 20 per cent of their normal milk supply. The children of the white race are absolutely dependent upon their dairy products.

"Our responsibility for children is not based alone on human aspirations, but it is also based upon the necessity to secure physical, mental and moral health and the economic and social progress of the nation. Every child that is delinquent in body, education or character is a charge upon the community as a whole and a menace to the community itself. The children are the army with which we must march to progress.

"In taking care of the European children we have insisted that wherever possible they be fed in the public schoolhouses. Thus we brought them back to school life and helped to perpetuate the educational idea in an environment of content. If we had not rendered this service or had abandoned it after it had been started, most of these charges would have perished. Those that did survive would have filled the jails, because most crime is due to undernourishment at some period. If the only achievement of American relief had been this victory of the children it is sufficient to give the nation one of its sweetest and most precious memories.

"One point in connection with our children's campaign may be of interest. From the start I have been opposed to statements or appeals based on pictures of dying children, or so-called sob stuff. Our work is a work of prevention, and, no matter how poignant the situation, our people much prefer to think of children saved and as children fat and happy. If we had any other result it would mean that we were doing a very bad job.

"Whatever our future economic or social relations with Europe may be, one thing is certain: We have the love and the gratitude of millions of its children, and from this we should get a lasting and durable satisfaction. They are growing up with a feeling of faith in America and in Americans.

"In Warsaw there is a Pole who said that he had twelve children, all by the same mother. He declared that six of them were American. It turned out that these six were being fed at one of the American Relief Administration stations. Central Europe has many millions of such Americans, who, as they grow up, will remember America as the friend to whom they owe their adult strength and a return of friendship.

"I have watched these children. They are not whining for our help and then getting debased by it and biting the hands that feed them. They are simply hungry and are accepting what comes, and they are conscious of only two things—food and America."

I cannot close this chapter about the children without relating a touching incident described to me only the other day by Coningsby Dawson, the novelist, who lately returned from a trip through Eastern and Central Europe. He was traveling last January through White Russia on the old Russo-German battle front. The district was swept by seven separate invasions, the last having been the Bolshevist inroad of 1920. Probably no section of Europe shows the devastation of war more graphically. Practically all the villages have been wiped out and when the inhabitants straggled back to take up the burden of life again their only refuges were the abandoned trenches, dugouts and gun emplacements. Yet this leprous landscape had been their home and they settled down as best they could.

The Three Kings

One night Dawson and his guide were traveling through the country adjacent to Kovel. It was the Russian Christmas Eve, which comes thirteen days after our own. In that part of Russia there is a charming legend that on the night before Christmas the Three Kings, who symbolize the Three Wise Men of the East, come to the house of every child, bearing gifts.

On this particular night these traditional kings were awaited as never before, for the land was prostrate and there was hunger in every wretched habitation. Dawson was picking his way across one of the old battlefields when he heard the sound of a child's voice. It came from a dugout. As he approached he gathered that the little one was praying in her own language and sobbing as she prayed. He could understand only one word which had a curiously familiar sound, and which was repeated with pathetic and appealing insistence. When he asked his companion to translate what the child was saying he discovered that the tiny refugee was praying that Hoover might be one of the Three Kings and bring her a gift of food.

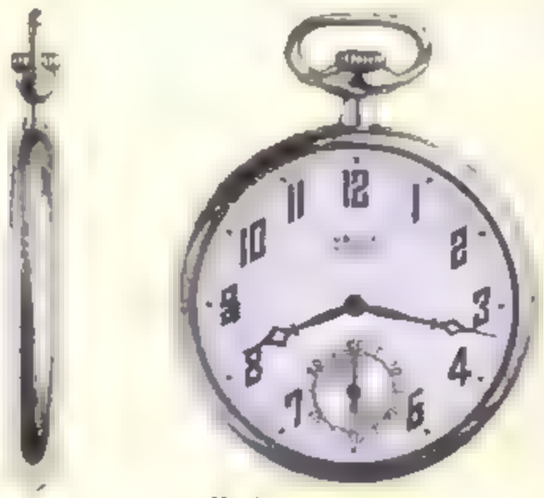
No permanent result of American relief in Europe is more significant than the Educational Foundation which has grown out of the work of the Commission for Relief in Belgium. Although it was instituted a year ago it is just being translated into practical action. Like the charity for the children, it is bound to exert a strong constructive influence through all the coming years.

When the armistice was signed the Commission for Relief in Belgium was, to use

(Concluded on Page 39)

No. 42
Bascine plain convertible, gold filled $25 00
With hand engraved dial as shown on No 44 $27 50
14 kt. yellow or green solid gold $35 00

No. 43
Cushion square plain ribbon, gold filled, ... $37 50
. . . . $50 00
14 kt. green solid gold $100 00
18 kt. white solid gold $120 00



No. 46
Bascine plain Verithin model, ultra quality, gold filled, 17 jewel adjusted $55 00
14 kt. yellow or green solid gold . . . $100 00

No. 47
Cushion square strap watch, sterling silver $42 50
14 kt. green solid gold . . . . . $65.00 and $75 00

No. 44
Bascine plain ribbon, gold filled, plain dial . . . 00
With hand engraved dial . . . . . $
14 kt. yellow or green solid gold . . . $

No. 45
Octagon plain ribbon, yellow or green gold . . . . $
14 kt. yellow or green solid gold . . . $

Prices include war tax

Pay $25.00, at least, for a lady's wrist watch

TWENTY-FIVE dollars is the lowest price at which you should expect to get a lady's gold-filled wrist watch that will give good service.

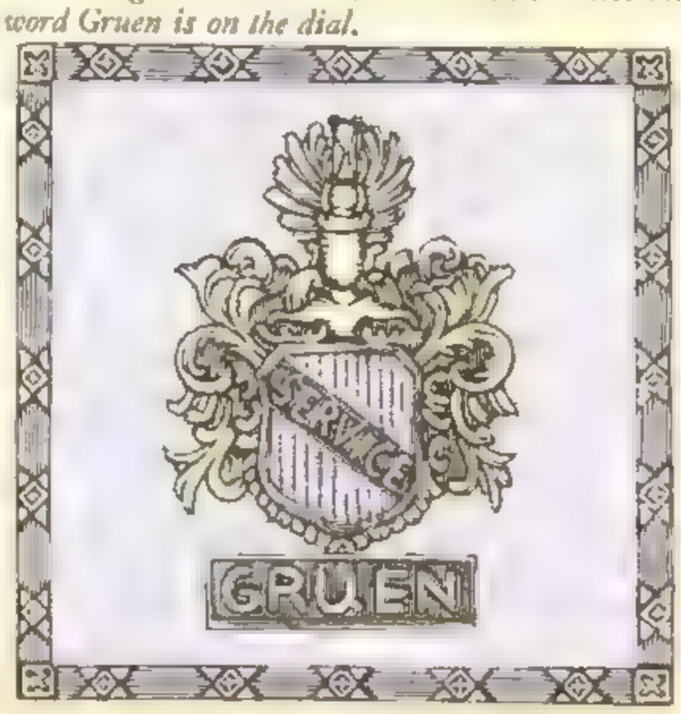
A low grade watch, while it may be worth what you pay, may cost more in the end by reason of frequent trouble and repairs.

The Gruen Guild does not make a lady's wrist watch to sell for less than $25.00. In order to offer you a watch at this price, backed with the reputation of the Gruen name, one of the several factories owned and operated by the guild now specializes on a standardized popular-priced watch *only*, which sells at from $25.00 to $50.00.

The Gruen plant at Madre-Biel, Switzerland, produces only the higher-grade watches selling at from $60.00 to $6000.00, according to cases. The highest movement perfection is attained in those watches marked "Gruen Precision."

Many persons have said, "I wish I could own a Gruen, but it costs so much." The reason for this situation is that dealers cannot get a sufficient quantity of the lower-priced Gruens. Right now these watches are oversold, and have been oversold for the past seven years, in spite of increased production every year.

Unconsciously, many people have bought Swiss watches under the impression that they were getting products of the Gruen Guild. However, *none are genuine Gruen Guild Watches unless the word Gruen is on the dial.*



If you want to be sure of getting a lady's wrist watch that will give good service, pay at least $25.00, and be sure that the name Gruen is on the dial.

At the sign of the Gruen Guild

Gruen Watches are sold only by chartered agencies, among the best jewelry stores in each locality. Look for the Gruen Service Emblem. There you will find the charming models illustrated above, and other Gruen Guild Watches for men and women.

Prices: $25.00 to $750.00; with diamonds from $100.00 to $6000.00.

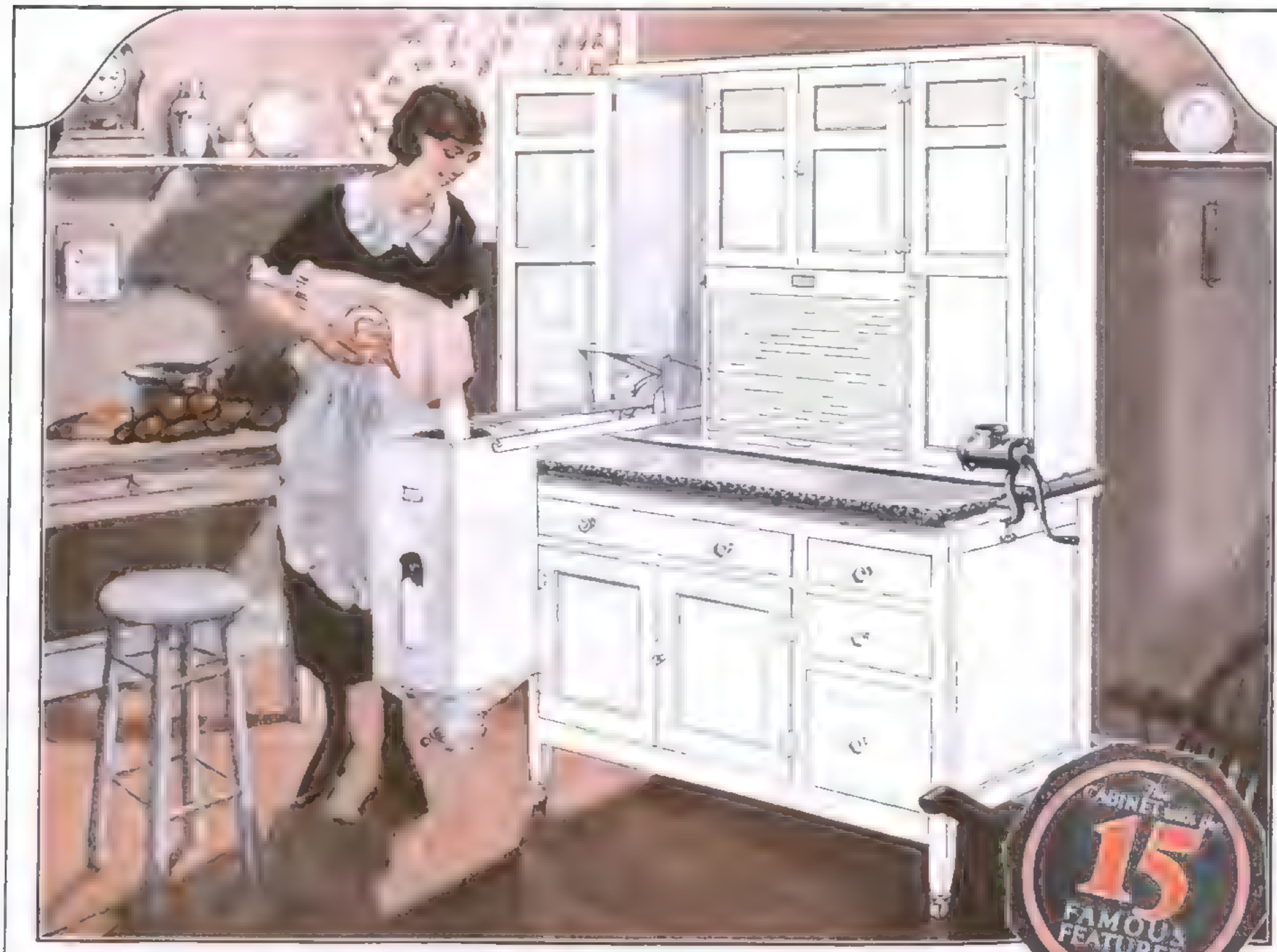
A book of Etchings and Photographic Plates showing Gruen Guild Watches for men and women will be sent if you are sincerely interested.

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, U.S.A.
Canadian Branch, Toronto
Masters in the art of watchmaking since 1874

Gold Case Factory and Service Workshops, Gruen Watchmakers Guild, Time Hill, Cincinnati, where the jeweler's watchmaker can obtain standardized duplicate parts promptly

GRUEN Guild Watches

Including the original and genuine "VERITHIN" model



See How Easily the Sellers Flour Bin Is Filled

WHEN the flour bin is empty and there's baking that simply *has* to be done—you can't wait until John comes home at night to fill it. Regardless of the lifting and straining and climbing—all of which your doctor will warn you against—you must fill it yourself.

That's why the Sellers Mastercraft is fitted with the patented, Automatic Lowering Flour Bin—which any woman can fill with ease.

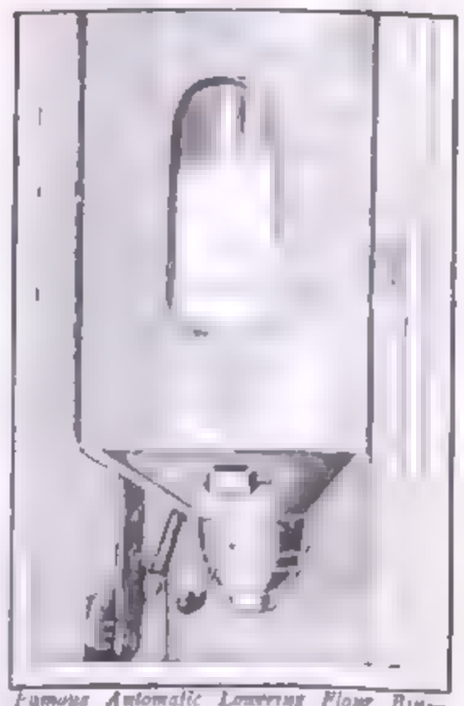
Note how this patented bin comes down level with the table top. You fill it in comfort. Then you easily slide it back into place.

Today there are *Fifteen Famous Features* in The Sellers Mastercraft—each of great value. In addition to the patented Flour Bin there are the Automatic Base Shelf Extender, the Dust-Proof Base Top underneath the Sanitary Porceliron Work Table; the Ant-Proof Casters, Steam-Proof Finish, etc. No other cabinet in the world combines these long wanted improvements. To furnish them costs us thousands of dollars extra each year—that is, *more* than the usual cost.

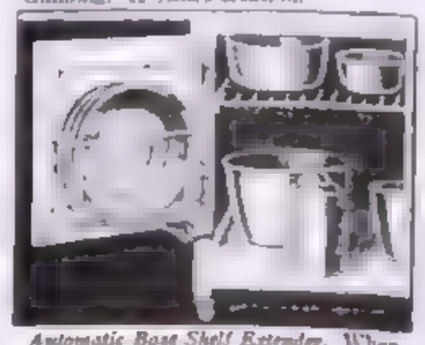
Fits into any type kitchen

The Sellers Mastercraft will fit, naturally, into any type of present day kitchen. Usually it takes the place of the kitchen table.

Go look it over at the local dealer's store. Judge carefully the Fifteen Famous Features. This beautiful Sellers costs no more than any *good* cabinet. Why not enjoy its superior convenience? Most dealers will make terms to suit your income. See about it today. If you do not know the dealer, write us.



Famous Automatic Lowering Flour Bin—pronounced the most important improvement in kitchen cabinet design. Makes filling easy. Saves heavy lifting and treacherous climbing. A *Sellers* creation.



Automatic Base Shelf Extender. When you open the door, the pots and pans are automatically brought within easy reach.

G. I. SELLERS & SONS COMPANY · ELWOOD, INDIANA

Canadian Factory: Sellers Kitchen Cabinet Company of Canada, Southampton, Ontario, Canada

SELLERS KITCHEN CABINETS

"The Best Servant in Your House"

(Concluded from Page 36)

Hoover's phrase, "The biggest groceryman in the world." Everybody in Belgium was being rationed, and this means that the organization had about seven million five hundred thousand customers on its books. Every Belgian who was able to pay for his ration had to do so. The profits that accrued were devoted in a large measure to the support of the destitute.

With the cessation of war the Belgians, animated by the doctrine of self-help which had been part of the policy of the relief administration, turned swiftly to recovery. The combination of Belgian pride and Belgian energy quickly eliminated the necessity for charity, for the destitute disappeared into industry with almost unbelievable speed. Meanwhile the provision of the people had to go on until the government could restore the inflow of food through normal channels. The Commission for Relief, as a result, found itself in possession of about two hundred ten million francs, or forty-two million dollars at normal exchange, upon the completion of its post-armistice labors. It belonged to the Belgians, since it was profit from food bought on their credit at wholesale and sold back to them at retail. What to do with it was a problem.

The Belgian Government requested Hoover to establish some permanent memorial to the relief organization, and suggested that the surplus be employed for this purpose. Just as Hoover developed actual relief along the lines of economic statesmanship, so did he now divert this fund to what might be termed educational statesmanship. In a letter to the Belgian Government he said:

"During these years of association with the Belgians and from the discussions with my colleagues in the National Committee, with the members of the government of the universities and the public, it has become evident that no more democratic service could be rendered to the Belgian people than that these funds should be applied to the extension of higher education in Belgium.

"The war and the recent economic situation have demonstrated the extreme importance of the widest distribution of higher education amongst all classes, especially those of limited means. In order to compass this end it is necessary:

"1. To undertake such measures as will open the institutions of higher learning to the sons and daughters of those who have not the means to undertake the expenses of such higher training; and

"2. To strengthen the financial resources of the institutions themselves so that they may not only render more efficient service to the community as a whole but also that they may undertake the additional burden of this increased attendance."

His suggestion was of course adopted. In the organization of the first portion of the program two foundations have been created. One is the Commission for Relief in Belgium Educational Foundation in America, and the other is the parallel Fondation Universitaire, founded by act of Parliament in Belgium.

Belgian Students in America

The plan of the American foundation includes the establishment of forty-eight exchange graduate fellowships between Belgian and American universities, twenty-four Americans to study in Belgium and twenty-four Belgians to study in America each year; the creation of exchange professorships between Belgian and American universities; the employment of grants for special investigations leading to the advancement of economic education, scientific and social ideas between Belgium and the United States.

The various branches of the undertaking are now in full operation under the exchange-fellowship system. Twenty-four American students are entered in the Belgian universities of Brussels, Ghent, Liège and Louvain. Belgian students have been matriculated at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Cornell, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, University of California, Johns Hopkins, Chicago and Leland Stanford.

These foundations represent only one detail of a big scheme of advancement. The other portion deals with the rehabilitation of the educational institutions of Belgium. Already one hundred million francs have been divided between the universities of Brussels, Ghent, Liège and Louvain, the School of Mines at Mons, and the Colonial School at Antwerp. When you have seen some of these battered institutions—the result of the advance of German Kultur in 1914—you realize how much they need resurrection.

I asked Hoover to explain the consequences of this notable work. His characteristic reply was:

"In Belgium there existed before the war a wider gulf between classes than in almost any other European country. One result was that 37 per cent of the population was illiterate. The only way to bridge the gulf between classes is to educate the children on a wholesale scale. Through this education the sharp class distinctions can be obliterated. Thus the educational foundations, together with the subsidizing of child welfare, which is also part of the program, will in time help to recast the whole national social fabric."

After absorbing this deduction by Hoover, even the most casual American must have some sense of satisfaction in the accomplishment of our philanthropy abroad. Just as the relief of the children bulwarked the future of Eastern and Central Europe, so will this aftermath of our work in Belgium register a whole new order there. Through American intervention Belgium built up a sense of self-sufficiency which vitalized her reconstruction. Now, with an endowed educational machine, that eternal bane of Europe—class conflict—will be softened and bridged. It is an achievement of which American democracy may well be proud.

The Emergency in China

It remains only to dwell on one more result of American relief abroad. It is the purely practical side and relates to the effect that our immense philanthropy will have on our future business relations with the countries benefited. When I asked Hoover what he thought would happen he showed the first signs of emotion that he had displayed since the beginning of our long interview. With vehemence he said:

"The value of American relief cannot be capitalized in any direct expansion of American trade. No man connected with American work of this character can suffer the suggestion that our work abroad has been done with a view to obtaining orders in the future for American goods. The sole idea has been the social and economic restoration of Europe, and through that regeneration, the economic safety of the rest of the world, including the United States. If Europe is plunged into chaos America, too, will have economic demoralization. My firm conviction is that our relief is neutralizing the ferment. In preventing famine and worse on the other side of the Atlantic, we have insured ourselves against disaster on this side. We have done more, for we have left the mark of the true heart of America upon the world."

Our two billion five hundred million dollars for philanthropy constitutes only one phase of American relief expenditure. To this must be added the ten billion dollars that we have loaned to various European powers since the beginning of the war. We also purchased two billion two hundred twenty-five million dollars of foreign securities and bought back two billion dollars' worth of American securities held abroad at the outbreak of hostilities. All this was relief in one form or another, and registers a grand total of sixteen billion seven hundred twenty-five million dollars.

Any appraisal of American relief in alien lands would be incomplete without mention of our intervention in the China famine, though so far as actual money is concerned it is as yet a trifle alongside the billions that we have poured into Europe.

Behind actual American succor in China, is that most vital of all agencies, which is prevention. It is merely a continuation of the Hoover formula in Europe, which aims at the root of trouble. Through our relief administration in the field, permanent and constructive improvements are being devised which will eventually make immense areas immune from such disasters as have brought about the present plight, when thousands are dying every day from starvation. They include the development of railway and canal projects, irrigation systems and flood-defense measures.

Thus in China as in Europe, American relief is a permanent and constructive force that will be effective long after the last appeal for funds has been made.

Col. House
is on his way to
Europe for the
PUBLIC LEDGER
Foreign News Service

Col. E. M. House sailed for Europe last week. This is his second visit to old-world capitals as a member of the editorial staff of the Public Ledger and as an observer and advisor to its Foreign News Service.

Col. House has a basis for inside knowledge of European affairs such as is possessed by no other living American, and which is reflected in the high character of Public Ledger Foreign News.

He also contributes weekly editorial articles on international affairs.

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Find out whether there is a paper in your city which prints Public Ledger Foreign News, and Col. House's articles, by arrangement with the Ledger Syndicate.

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—that quality which denotes an intimate acquaintance with the refinements of life, combines the ability to attract and the power to win.

Poor eyesight is a handicap to women. It reacts against the effectiveness of an otherwise magnetic personality.

Your eyes should be examined regularly by an optical specialist, and

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should be specified to ensure the utmost satisfaction. *Shur-on* glasses, graceful in design and attractive in appearance, have made good eyesight popular.

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Rochester, N. Y.
Established 1864

This is a Shelltex Shur-on

Ask Your Optical Specialist

THE COMMUNE, LIMITED

(Continued from Page 17)

in '99. He'd got that lot at less than cost by taking a great gross of them and paying cash. The recollection could still irritate him. No wonder the jobbers had jumped him!

Curlow came in a little before nine. Mr. Flack regarded him with grave attention, returning his breezy good morning with a respectful bow. He despised Curlow, but he was also afraid of him—afraid, rather, of his powers. It was utterly inequitable that Curlow should be able at a word to deprive Mr. Flack of his livelihood, but it was equally undeniable that he could. The revolution would change all that, of course. Meanwhile Mr. Flack was prepared to be discreet.

"I had a bully idea last night," announced Curlow, hanging up his coat. "We'll have a regular bargain day, like the department stores. Every Friday we'll cut on a lot of left-overs—fill up the window, you know. It ought to bring in some trade and clean out the old stuff."

Mr. Flack inclined his head again. It was just as well, he thought, to keep young Curlow from seeing the expression in his eyes. Bargain sales! Mr. Flack knew all about them. There had been a time when he had harbored the same illusion. But young Curlow hated to have his ideas questioned, and jobs were scarce for fifty-six-year-old failures.

"How does that strike you, Flack?"

Mr. Flack permitted impulse to overcome discretion.

"I wouldn't do it, if I were you," he said slowly. "Bargain sales are all right for big stores, where they draw in new trade. But they hurt little neighborhood stores like this. If you cut a price on Friday you can't put it back on Saturday."

Curlow waved his hand impatiently.

"There you go again, Flack! All you can see is the losing chance. It's no wonder you never managed to make your own business pay. You're a wonder at seeing why things can't be done!"

Mr. Flack's lips contracted slightly. He would have liked to continue the debate, but Curlow's tone warned him. Besides, there was something in what Curlow said. A man who had failed over and over to run a store of his own could hardly qualify as an authority. If he persisted Curlow would only remind him of his record, and Mr. Flack was sensitive about this. He knew that he was a failure as a hardware merchant. He admitted it honestly—to himself. He was even reconciled to it, now that he recognized the hardware business as only a part of an industrial and economic scheme which was about to pass into the discard forever. But he hated to be told about it nevertheless.

"I shouldn't be surprised," he said. "We could close out those oil stoves perhaps. We've got quite a stock of odd lots that'll take moving."

"That's what I figured," said Curlow, mollified. "You make out a list some time to-day and we'll go over it together."

He submerged himself in the mail, and Mr. Flack, still smiling his tight-lipped smile, went out to the counter to wait on a customer. Curlow would learn in time, and he might be right, for that matter. After all, what did Mr. Flack know about it? Wasn't he a chronic failure?

The meditation engaged him while the morning passed. He jotted down a list of merchandise which had conspicuously failed to move of its own momentum, scowling at the memories evoked by some of the items. Curlow was always gratifying a juvenile passion for novelty by plunging on something which caught at his personal fancies. Mr. Flack, failure though he was, would never have loaded up on those electric dishwashers. They were ingenious, of course, but that made it all the harder to sell them. You had to have an intelligent buyer to appreciate a contraption like that—somebody who wasn't afraid to spend money in order to save expensive labor. A little suburban hardware store couldn't possibly handle them to advantage, he thought.

He was considering the affair of a patented hose joint when Werfer came in. Werfer's visits were always welcome breaks in the monotony, and Mr. Flack looked up with a trace of eagerness as the man slid sidewise between the doors and came toward him. It flattered him a little to be on such intimate terms with the important Werfer. When the revolution came Werfer would be a commanding figure. He would very probably be commissary for East Maplewood at the least of it. He might stand much higher than that. Werfer knew all the big people at headquarters. He spoke of them casually, intimately, by their first names.

"Well, comrade?"

Werfer leaned on the show case. He was impressive, viewed thus. His head, with the vigorous growth of brown beard and hair, had a vague resemblance to Old Testament prophets as Mr. Flack had visualized them in his far-away Sunday-school days. And he had a good voice too—deep and round and confident. It was only when you got a full-length view of him that he failed to convince. His body was inadequate to his massive skull. Seen from behind, he was no more imposing than anybody else—than Mr. Flack himself, for instance. And he walked with an uncertain gait, as if he weren't quite sure where he was going or how he'd be treated when he got there. Mr. Flack had observed these things on many occasions. They rather exaggerated his respect for Werfer's mental qualities—a great mind, he thought, in a puny body.

"I just mailed an enrollment card," he announced in a whisper, with a sidelong glance at the partition beyond which Curlow read the new copy of the Hardware Globe.

"Fine!" Werfer produced a red pocket notebook and a pencil stub. "Give me a note of it now. I'll hear from headquarters, of course, but ——"

"Miss Millie Busby," dictated Mr. Flack, "68 Larchwood Terrace."

"H'm—same address as yours." Werfer wrote briskly. "It's all right to get the women, of course, but I was hoping it would be a man. We need ——"

Mr. Flack's pride of achievement was aroused.

"This will do us more good than a dozen men," he declared. "Miss Busby's a teacher over at the Eighth Ward School—the biggest school in Pittland. She's got fifty children in her room."

Werfer looked up, interested.

"That's different."

"I should say so!" Mr. Flack nodded emphatically. "We've got to get the next generation lined up behind the commune, even if we succeed in starting it in our own day. It's women like Miss Busby who can do it for us," he elaborated. "She's not an ordinary woman, either. Fine mind—intelligent."

"Good!" said Werfer. "I'd like to talk to her myself. I could give her some of the fine points."

Mr. Flack hesitated. He was a little jealous of his convert. Werfer, with his formidable whiskers and his booming voice—he frowned. But he saw no graceful way of refusing.

"Any evening you like," he said. "I'll be glad to introduce you."

"I'll look you up sure," said Werfer. "And that reminds me—there's a special assessment. I just got word—educational fund, you know. I thought I might as well collect ——"

Mr. Flack felt in his pocket. He had learned to regard these contributions with something like pleasure, now that he had definitely surrendered all idea of another attempt to start a business of his own. There was a sour satisfaction in giving a little now and then toward destroying the oppressive injustice which lay on humanity like a suffocating fabric.

"Just a dollar," said Werfer. "I'll make out the receipt."

Mr. Flack produced some silver and exchanged it for the penciled blank. Werfer shook hands and departed, sidling through the door as before. Mr. Flack surveyed him with a faint resentment. There wasn't any real need for Werfer to interfere in the matter of Miss Busby. Mr. Flack had already attended adequately to that. He hoped Werfer would be too busy to drop in.

Millie, eh? Her mother liked it better than Mildred. Mr. Flack nodded. He could understand that. His own mother had always called him Wesley instead of Charles. It came to him again that nobody had called him Wesley for a long time. She missed the sound of Millie, did she? Well, Mr. Flack could understand that too. Queer how your name managed to get itself lost that way. It didn't seem so very long since he'd been Wesley instead of Mr. Flack. He shook his head. Even the commune wouldn't make any difference about this. Comrade Flack—he frowned faintly at the sound of it.

"Oh, Flack!" Young Curlow called peremptorily from beyond the partition. Mr. Flack moved obediently toward the rear of the store. He wouldn't object to the tone, he thought, if Curlow had called him Wesley.

III

WERFER exhibited the paper proudly, with, nevertheless, the deprecatory air of one to whom miracles are, after all, mere matters of routine.

"Young friend of mine on the editorial staff," he explained. "One of us—secretly, of course. Prints anything I give him."

Mr. Flack read it over Miss Busby's shoulder, his jealousy of the future commissary lifting its head once more. Werfer had stolen his thunder and magnified it mightily. He, C. Wesley Flack, had converted Miss Busby, single-handed, to the communistic doctrines, but there was no mention of him in the paragraph below the headlines.

"'Teacher Joins Reds,'" repeated Miss Busby. "Why that sounds as if I'd become an—an anarchist! I ——"

"It's a stand-pat sheet," said Werfer. "They never can see the difference between a socialist, a communist and an anarchist. They call us all Reds. It doesn't matter. Read what it says."

Mr. Flack's eye had already traveled to the final word. He observed, with some bitterness, that Conrad Werfer was mentioned as the instrument of Miss Busby's enlightenment. For the rest, the paragraph simply chronicled facts.

"I—I didn't know it would be in the papers," said Miss Busby faintly. "I—I ——"

"Do a lot of good," said Werfer. "Think of the thousands who're suffering under the curse of the rotten capitalistic oligarchy, without a gleam of hope! Think what this'll mean to them when they read it! It'll bring hundreds over to us, and it'll throw a scare into the leeches on the other side too."

"I—I'd just as soon they hadn't printed my name," said Miss Busby. She glanced at Mr. Flack. "You didn't tell me it would get in the papers."

"He didn't know it would," Werfer put in. "I managed that. Comrade Flack couldn't have done it for you. I should think you'd be glad to stand by your colors publicly. You'll do a lot of good ——"

"I know. But it sounds—it sounds unladylike somehow."

Miss Busby's eyes turned again to Mr. Flack. They hurt him a little. He puzzled over this, while Werfer elaborated his theory concerning the effect of the announcement, drew a thrilling picture of cowardly capitalists trembling in their palaces at the news that the commune had gained a footing in their inner strongholds, of their downtrodden serfs, with a new hope lifting their despairing hearts.

"Do—do you think it's nice, Mr. Flack?" Miss Busby seemed to translate that queer look into words for him.

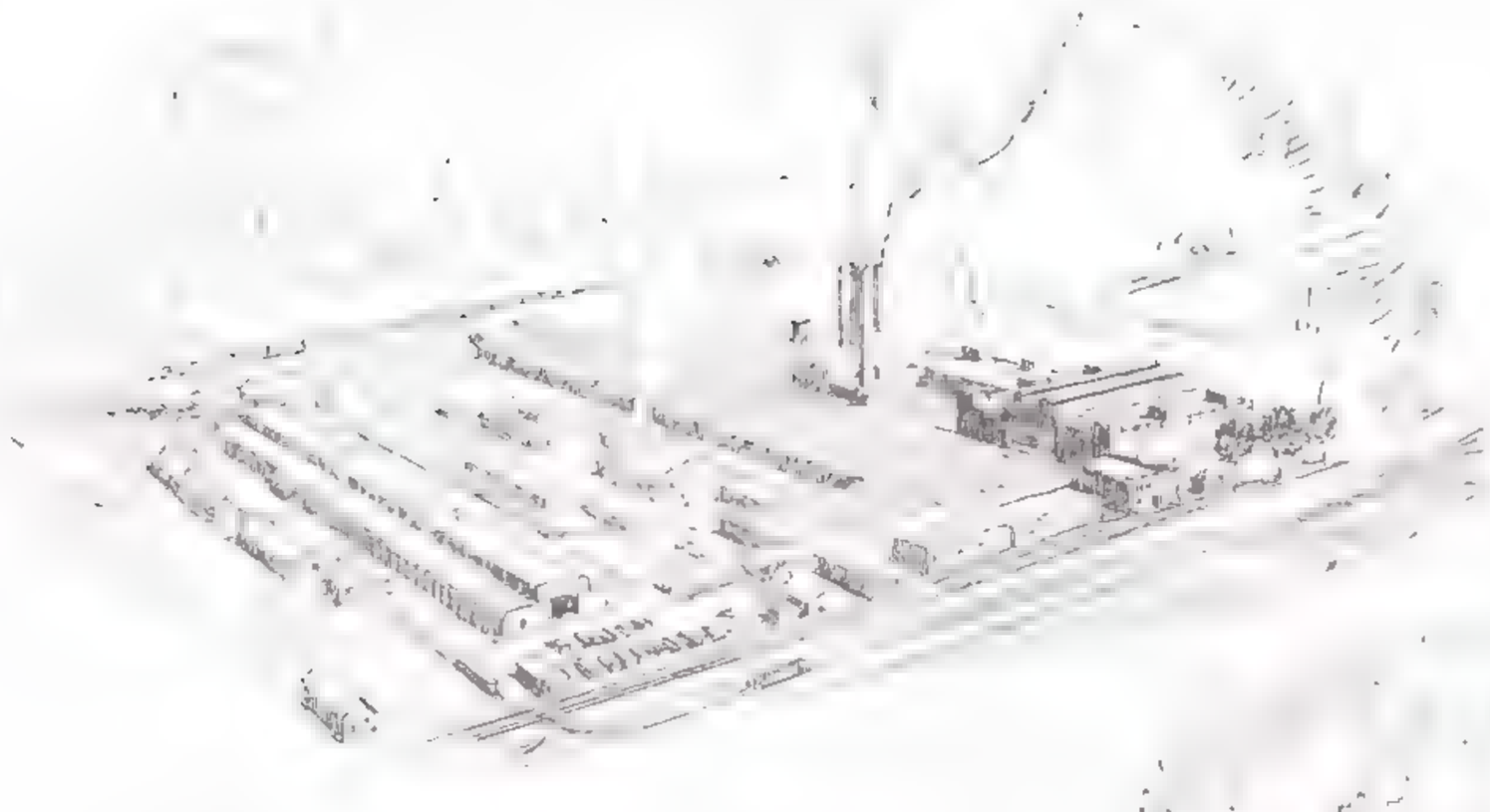
"Oh, yes! Not that I'd have done it myself without your permission," he said. She smoothed under the speech as a ruffled bird might have settled its disturbed plumage.

"Then I don't mind, Mr. Werfer."

Werfer stayed on. He gave Miss Busby a number of the fine points, while her fingers maneuvered down the edge of the stiff, coarse fabric. Mr. Flack watched them, reminded again of drilled workers cooperating efficiently at an endless task. And yet as Werfer talked the parallel revealed a flaw. The toilers Werfer described were driven slaves, hounded to their labor by the lash, hating as they drudged. Miss Busby's fingers weren't like that. He felt that they liked their work. They seemed almost to caress the coarse cloth. He frowned a little. There were real laborers like that—men and women who actually enjoyed their jobs. These presented a sudden contradiction to Comrade Werfer's philosophy. Presently Mr. Flack became aware of another gap in the logic.

"If men should cease to aid each other mankind would perish," declaimed Werfer sonorously. "Mutual help is one of the

(Continued on Page 42)



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Touring Car, $995 Roadster, $995 Coupé, $1595 Sedan, $1695
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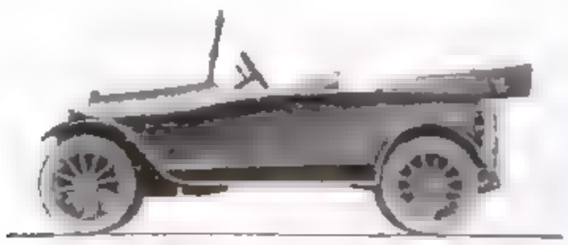

The Good Maxwell

The Maxwell manufacturing plants are so practical that they cannot be properly pictured. We can only hint here at their vast facilities. The plant on the top is Chalmers Plant No. 1 Detroit the one in the center Plant No. 3 Detroit Ohio the one at the bottom is the plant at Nelsonville, Ind. In addition there are other Maxwell plants at Dayton, Ohio, Detroit, Mich. and at Windsor Ont.

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Get one of those "Utility Packages" of "3-M" sand paper. Each package contains twenty sheets—four sheets of each of the five correct grits for every paint job. They are graded fine to coarse, and the sheets are the right size for immediate use.

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IN HANDY 10¢ PACKAGES for HOUSEHOLD USE

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LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY STAND AT YOUR DEALERS

(Continued from Page 40)

basic necessities of existence. The working classes labor together to produce the things required to sustain life. Producing plentifully, the workers live stingily. Creating by their labor, skill, ingenuity and sacrifice the wealth of the world, they are entitled to enjoy all that they produce, whereas conditions restrain them from enjoying more than a fraction of it."

Werfer paused, and Mr. Flack nodded, not too eagerly. He'd explained all this to Miss Busby himself. There wasn't any need for Werfer to go over it again.

"Take a practical illustration," said Werfer in his conversational key. "Take a business we all know about. Take the hardware business, for instance. Suppose I'm a mechanic in a nail factory. I make nails all day for a couple of dollars. The man who owns the factory sells those nails to a wholesaler for, say, five dollars. Three dollars unearned profit right there, and that's only the beginning. The wholesaler sells those same nails to a retailer for seven dollars—two dollars stolen right out of my pocket—and that's not all. That retailer, who doesn't produce a thing, who simply keeps a tollgate in the highway of trade, sells those same nails back to me, when I have to mend my roof, for fifteen dollars."

Mr. Flack scowled.

"I'd like to be in the business if there was any such margin on a staple like nails," he said. "You've got your figures wrong there, comrade."

Werfer spread his hands eloquently. Mr. Flack observed them with a new attention. It occurred to him that they were like Werfer's body—inadequate. Werfer wouldn't make many nails with a pair of hands like these, he thought—soft, flimsy hands, ineffective even in gesture.

"What does it matter—figures? That isn't the point. The point is that labor produces and labor consumes, while a group of nonproducers stand between and fatten on their artificial restraints—restraints as obsolete as tollgates. What does that fellow Curlow do to justify his profits, I ask you?"

Mr. Flack's lips twisted.

"He justifies all the profits he gets," he said acidly. "He hasn't seen any so far."

"That's because he's inefficient, even as a robber," said Werfer quickly. "It doesn't signify. The point's right here. We produce everything. We got the right to consume everything. That's the whole thing."

Miss Busby surveyed him compassionately.

"You speak with so much feeling, Mr. Werfer. I suppose you work very hard, like all of us."

"I keep pretty busy," said Werfer. But he spoke shortly, and resumed his oratorical tone at once: "The proletariat of the world is stirring in its ancient sleep. When it wakes ——"

Mr. Flack was relieved when he went. Somehow Werfer didn't seem to belong in the pleasant corner over the register, with Miss Busby. He was more persuasive on a soap box under a street lamp. Queer, too, about those hands of his. They were white and they smelled aggressively of soap, and yet they didn't look clean.

He came back from the door. Miss Busby was folding her sewing carefully.

"Another dish towel?" He spoke merely to cover an uncomfortable silence. But again he remarked a faint color in the cheeks, was aware of their extraordinary softness of appearance.

"Yes," said Miss Busby. "I like to hem dish towels. I used to do it when I was learning to sew, you know."

Mr. Flack carried away with him a vague picture of a solemn little girl learning to hem dish towels—and liking it. As he turned out the gas the thought came to him that it was a pity there wasn't more use for dish towels in Miss Busby's scheme of existence. People who liked to hem dish towels probably would like to use them. He fancied that Miss Busby would enjoy fussing about a kitchen. She impressed him quite suddenly as that kind of a woman—the Millie kind.

He was demonstrating a patented roasting pan to a very practical housekeeper next morning when Werfer sidled between the doors. The fine glow of salesmanship was in him, so that he resented the interruption fiercely and performed behind him a savage, brushing gesture. Mrs. Wynkoop had been manifestly wavering under his persuasions, but the sound of the doors broke the spell. It might all be just as he said, she told him, but she'd look round a little further before she decided. He managed to receive this intelligence amiably, but his scowl appeared as he faced Werfer, and his tone was almost impatient.

"Well?"

Werfer waved a newspaper.

"We've made 'em sit up and take notice this time," he whispered in hoarse triumph. "I told you so! Didn't I say we'd throw a scare into 'em? Didn't I?"

Mr. Flack fumbled for his glasses and read, at the behest of Werfer's forefinger, again irritated by that contradictory impression of a well-soaped uncleanliness:

NO REDS IN PITTLAND SCHOOLS
BOLSHEVIK TEACHER SUSPENDED

"I told you so!" Werfer nudged Mr. Flack's ribs. "Go on—read the rest of it. They're shaking in their little boots—all of 'em! We've started something all right!"

Mr. Flack read on:

"'The public schools of Pittland will spread no anarchistic doctrines,' declared the Hon. J. Ridgeway Gorham, chairman of the board of education, after the special session which was called last evening to consider the case of Miss Millie Busby, of the Eighth Ward School, whose enrollment in the reddest of the Red organizations was exclusively announced in yesterday's News. 'The board will protect Pittland children against mental infections with the same vigilant measures that safeguard their bodily well-being. The accused teacher has been suspended from duty pending a thorough investigation, and should this prove the charges her dismissal will follow as a natural consequence. There is no room in our schools for anything but straight democracy. No Bolshevists need apply.'"

Mr. Flack thrilled for a moment at the realization that it had been he who had tossed this bomb into Pittland's smug bourgeois contentment. As Werfer said, they were sitting up and taking notice—and he had done it!

Then, quite unreasonably, he encountered a sense of reproach. He ought to be proud, he knew, and yet he wasn't.

"They're going to give us the one thing we need!" Werfer leaned over the counter. "A martyr! There's nothing like a persecution or two to help the cause along. By the time they've crucified that teacher we'll have a thousand new members! I've been playing hard for something like this, and I've put it over at last. Wait till Slavinski hears about it! He'll come out here himself to take charge, I'll bet! Think of it! You don't know him like I do—he's a wonder!"

Mr. Flack frowned at the page. A martyr! H'm! Martyrs were admirable, of course, and necessary too. But somehow it seemed to Mr. Flack that Miss Busby wasn't the right sort. He felt that she would regard martyrdom as not quite ladylike, and in spite of himself he half agreed with her. It wasn't, when you came right down to it.

"Can—can they discharge her for that?" he asked.

"Sure they can! They've got the power, and we'll never get it away from them except by helping them abuse it. Besides, look at the publicity! A case like this gets into every paper in the country, and with Slavinski fighting it through the courts for us we'll get more advertising than we could buy with a million dollars. Why, it's as good as the Wall Street bomb explosion! They'll date history from the Busby case if we work it right!"

Mr. Flack shook his head. History seemed a remote affair. He couldn't get his thoughts away from Miss Busby herself—a little girl hemming dish towels.

"But can they do it?" he persisted. "Can they take her job away from her for a thing like that?"

"If they can't we'll make 'em," said Werfer. "Why, it's just like finding money! I tell you, I've got to hand it to myself! The minute you told me about her being a teacher I saw the whole thing—worked it right out in my head."

"But what'll become of her? She can't get another job if they throw her out of this one, and she's ——"

"Oh, we'll take care of that when we come to it. We can't bother with petty details now. What's a school-teacher, more or less, in a cause like this? You don't get it yet. It's big, comrade—big!"

Curlow appeared at the door of the office. Mr. Flack became apprehensive. He ought to be at work on the books, and Curlow knew that Werfer's visits were personal too.

"You'll have to excuse me," he whispered. "The boss ——"

Werfer nodded, combining an element of compassion with the understanding in his look. Mr. Flack walked slowly back to the books, endeavoring unsuccessfully to visualize Miss Millie Busby in the part of a crimson Joan of Arc. He could see Werfer's position quite clearly. In a way, it was a big thing. It had tremendous possibilities for the cause. It might even precipitate the social revolution for which they all waited so eagerly. And he, C. Wesley Flack, had been the means of bringing it about. Yes, looking at it that way, it was thrilling. Curlow, ordering him about, didn't dream that he was a moving cause behind vast economic changes. To Curlow he was just old Flack, the chronic failure, the standing joke of the hardware trade. Yes, it was a big thing.

And yet he couldn't help wondering about Miss Busby. Just bigness, he thought, wouldn't appeal to her as strongly as it did to Werfer. He was pretty sure that she would think more about her post in the Eighth Ward School than Werfer thought about it. It occurred to him that even his job in Curlow's store was a fairly important thing to C. Wesley Flack. Probably Miss Busby, who'd never been anything except a teacher, would regard her place with even more concern. The idea harassed him through his morning's work and his brief lunchtime. It continued to trouble him during the early afternoon. At four o'clock he ventured greatly and asked for the rest of the day off. Curlow frowned.

"Of course, if you've got to. But I wanted to talk to you about this bargain business."

Mr. Flack fumbled in his pocket.

"I've made a list," he said in a carefully neutral voice—"goods that will have to be cut if we're ever going to move them. Of course your judgment would be better about that, though, than mine. I just picked out some stock that doesn't seem to sell."

Curlow's eye sped down the page and his brows gathered.

"Gracious! I didn't realize what a lot of junk we'd been collecting," he said. "You sure these figures are right?"

Mr. Flack was quite sure.

"Well, you've got a lot of goods listed that would sell all right with the proper kind of a push behind them," objected Curlow after a pause. "Those dishwashers, for instance ——"

"They're very clever," conceded Mr. Flack, "but they don't seem to move. Our trade isn't up to them, I guess."

"Well, we've got to do a certain amount of educating," said Curlow. "We can't expect to introduce a thing like that ——"

"It doesn't seem to me that we can afford to educate our trade on the margin they allow us," put in Mr. Flack cautiously. "The profit on those goods just about covers overhead and depreciation."

Curlow emitted an impatient sound. He disliked the words. Mr. Flack wouldn't have used them if his mind had been singly on the topic.

"We'll go over it to-morrow," said Curlow. "It looks to me as if you'd bungled the whole job, Flack."

Mr. Flack went out without offering a defense. He wasn't sure himself that he hadn't bungled it. Only he knew that the items he had listed had always been slow-moving, unprofitable goods in his own experience. Of course that didn't prove anything. He'd always gone on the rocks with those stores of his. It was very possible that Curlow's youthful judgment was quite as good as Mr. Flack's mature deductions from his successive disasters. Anyway, just at present he couldn't get his thoughts down to business.

He found Werfer in the act of enlightening Miss Busby concerning her part in the imminent cataclysm. The booming voice met him in the hall as he paused to give his shoes a final wipe on the inner mat.

"Why, you'll be a national character before we're through with this, comrade! The whole country will be talking about you inside of a week!"

It seemed to Mr. Flack that Miss Busby said "Oh, dear!" But the tone was too faint for him to be sure of the words. He came in quickly, irritated at Werfer's presence. Couldn't the fellow let her alone? After all, it was Mr. Flack's job to explain to her. Werfer hardly knew her. Calling her comrade too! Fresh, thought Mr. Flack.

Miss Busby's eyes reached out to him. They hurt him, somehow, just as they had

(Continued on Page 45)

~~Washday~~ ~~Ironingday~~ Gainaday

Two Days' Work in One

ONCE Monday was washday and Tuesday was ironingday. *But all this has now been changed!* For with Gainaday Laundry Equipment in the home—the famous washer bearing this name, and now the new Gainaday Electric Ironer—you can do two days' work in one. You gain a whole day. Thus Gainaday Headquarters has shortened and lightened and bettered the two hardest burdens of the housewife's week.

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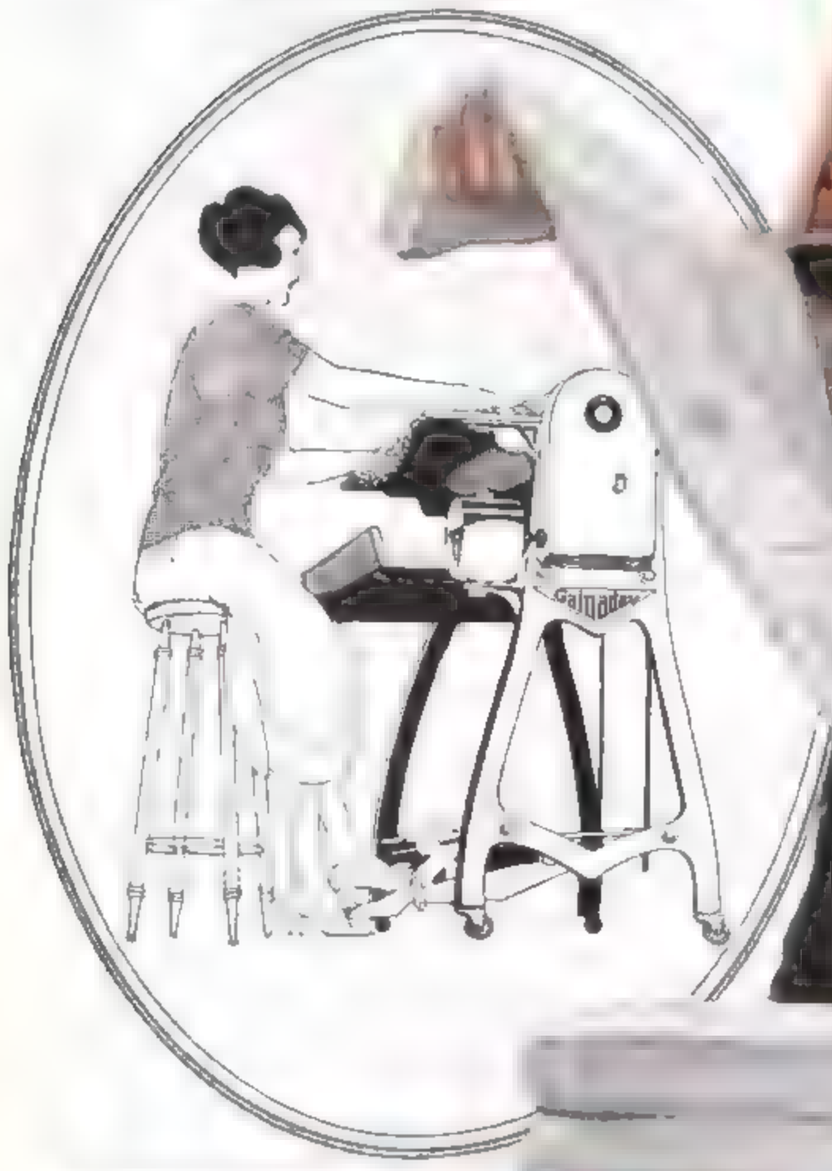

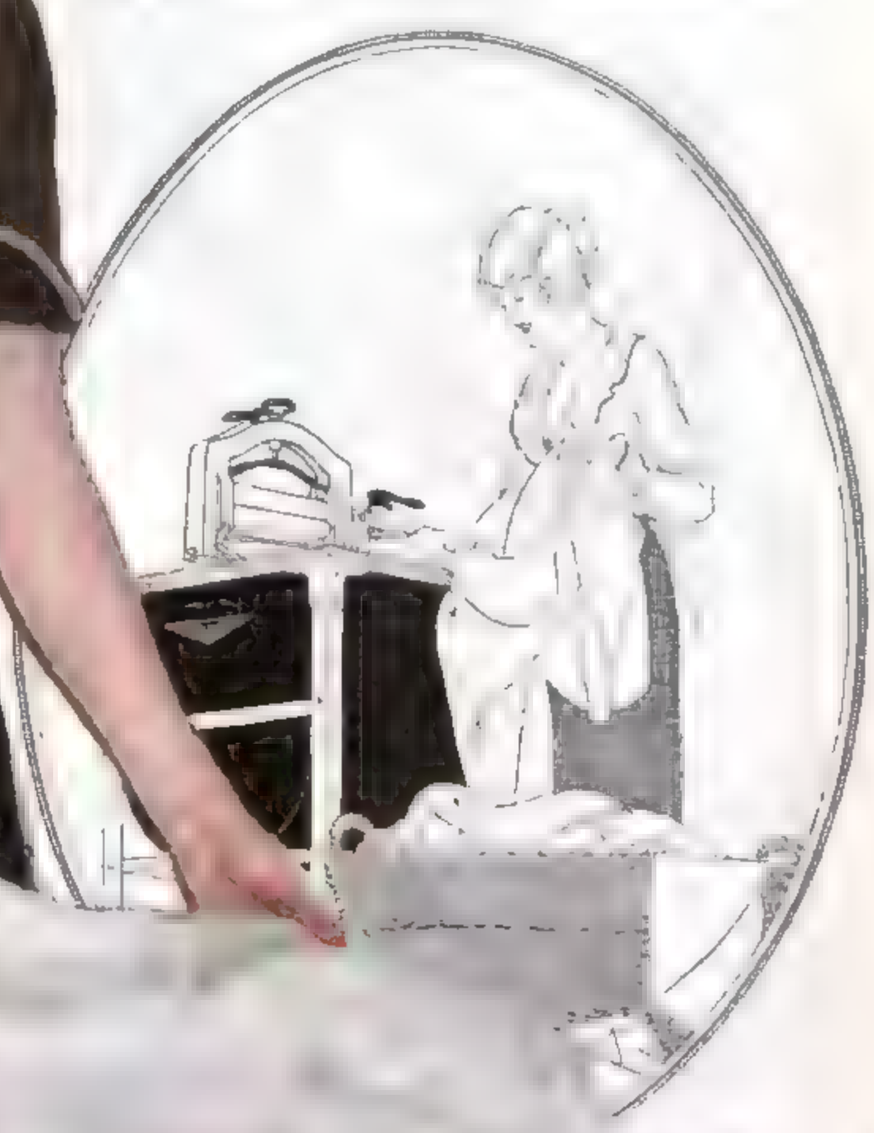

Gainaday

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BlueBird brings happiness to home work. Ask nearest BlueBird dealer for demonstration or write for the BlueBird Book.
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Portable Electric Sewing Machines
—do away with foot-treadle drudgery. Light and compact. Sold by electric shops everywhere. Catalog No. 7 on request.

Oh, Boy! Spring Is Here

It's Bicycle Time—Next week is Bicycle Week—All over the country in every town and city—The latest and best and most wonderful in the Bicycle world will be on display.

Remember when you were a boy how you wanted a bicycle—wanted one more than anything else in all the world?

Take your boy and hunt up the Dayton Bicycle dealer—Ask him to let you see the newest Dayton model.

The Dayton Bicycle is a real playfellow. Handsome, fleet, dependable. Best assurance in the world of a happy, healthy boyhood.

Made by the makers of Davis Sewing Machines and the famous BlueBird Electric Clothes Washer—a company that has been making Dayton Bicycles for 26 years.

Write today for the new book: "How to Choose a Bicycle," and Dayton Catalog No. 47. Every boy ought to have them

Dayton Bicycles

Cycle Division, THE DAVIS SEWING MACHINE CO., *Dayton, Ohio*

(Continued from Page 42)

hurt before. She didn't understand, of course. It must all seem very terrifying to her. Werfer hardly noticed him.

"We'll give 'em the finest fight they ever saw," he declared. "Wait till Slavinski gets here and takes hold of this case of yours! You'll see fur fly!"

Miss Busby brightened.

"Do you mean that he can make them give me back my place?" She spoke to Werfer, but her eyes appealed to Mr. Flack.

"No, and we don't want them to—that's the whole point! If they give you back your job we've got nothing to complain about. It's the injustice of it that we need in our business. Of course, outwardly, that's what you'll demand in your suit. Slavinski will ask for an injunction the first thing to compel the board to reinstate you. It'll be denied and he'll appeal. That won't do any good either. All these capitalistic courts are equally rotten. But the fight is what counts. By the time Slavinski's played his last card every paper in the country will be running your name in big headlines. You'll be the heroine of the whole party! Think of it!"

"I—I'd rather have my place back," said Miss Busby. "I—I don't want to have my name in the papers. I don't understand at all. Why, they talked to me as if—as if I went round putting bombs under people!"

"Don't mind that," said Werfer. "That's the regular capitalistic trick, and you'll get used to it. You can't expect anything but injustice, and injustice is just what we want. Now here's the program: I've wired Slavinski, and I ought to hear from him tonight. When he comes he'll file a suit in your name ——"

"No," said Miss Busby with a firmness which startled Mr. Flack, "not in my name. It's been in the papers too much."

"But it has to be in your name," persisted Werfer. "Don't you see that if you don't sue nobody can? You're the injured party."

"Are you sure of that?" She sat up a little straighter and her eyes brightened for the first time in the interview. "Unless I do it nobody can?"

"Of course! You've got to ——"

"Then I can keep my name out of the papers if I want to?"

"Yes, but ——"

"I'm going to then," said Miss Busby with decision. "I'm not going to have people think I'm a—an anarchist. I've been teaching school for twenty-six years without a single demerit on my record, and ——"

Mr. Flack had an idea. His sense of guilt lay heavily on him. It had been through his agency that Miss Busby's placid life had been so troubled. He realized dimly that she was not of the stuff of which good revolutionists are made—that she never would be. It came to him with a sudden force of understanding that he didn't want her to be.

"I think there's a way out of it, Miss Busby," he put in quickly. "You joined the party under a misunderstanding. That's my fault. I didn't make it clear enough or you'd never have signed."

"I never meant to throw bombs," she conceded. "I thought it was just a question of voting."

"Well, then"—he silenced Werfer's impending oration with an imperative gesture—"all you need to do is to resign from the party and explain to the board that you didn't understand what it stood for."

She shook her head.

"I did that. I wrote out my resignation in the board room and showed it to Mr. Gorham himself. I told him that I never did believe in violence."

Werfer broke in quickly.

"Oh, why did you do that? It spoils our whole chance!"

Mr. Flack turned deliberately upon him.

"You keep still!" he ordered in a tone and manner wholly foreign to his acquaintance with himself. He emphasized the command with a prolonged stare, under which Comrade Werfer's eyes wavered and dropped. Mr. Flack addressed Miss Busby.

"Then they'll reinstate you, of course."

"No"—she shook her head—"they said that it didn't make any difference whether I resigned or not. I'd still be a traitor at heart and I'd teach treason to the children." She controlled her voice with an effort. "I wouldn't—it isn't in the curriculum. In twenty-six years I've never broken a single rule, and ——"

Again Werfer's enthusiasm escaped restraint.

"All the better!" he cried. "Don't you see that you've got a perfectly splendid case for the courts? Why, you might even win your suit!"

She turned her eyes helplessly to Mr. Flack. Something in them seemed to implore him to end the debate. He faced Werfer.

"You'd better go, Werfer. I'll attend to this."

Werfer laughed.

"You? When you've just been advising her to go back on us. I guess not! I'll stay!"

Mr. Flack heard his voice speaking as if from far spaces; he seemed to see himself with the eye of a neutral, interested bystander as he took one step closer to Werfer and closed one hand tightly.

"You get out of here," said Mr. Flack, "or—or I'll—I'll soak you on the nose!"

He had a sense of unreality. It couldn't possibly be C. Wesley Flack who used that tone and gesture and those crude words. Werfer, strangely collapsed, seemed to dissolve from the picture like a fade-out on the screen. Mr. Flack found himself facing Miss Busby again.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said thickly. "I—I didn't mean to speak like that."

"I thought you were really going to strike him," said Miss Busby faintly. "I—I sort of hoped you would."

Mr. Flack stared. This was a different Miss Busby too. An idea woke in him—a monstrous, impossible idea, a thing absurd even to contemplate and yet mysteriously enticing. He had a strange conviction of a kind of comradeship quite unlike that of the party, a sense that he and Miss Busby stood together against all the world. And there was, too, a realization of a new and not unpleasant responsibility. It was his fault that she had lost her place. He owed her ——

"What are you going to do now?" he asked unsteadily. "Do you expect to go on teaching?"

"I'm afraid I can't," she said. "Nobody will want me after this."

"But you'll have a pension anyway. You've taught long enough."

"No, they—they took that away too. It's forfeited in case of dis-discharge for cause." She choked a little on the word.

"Then what are you going to do?" he repeated.

"I don't know yet. I haven't had time to think."

"I know," said Mr. Flack deliberately. "I'll tell you. You're going—you're going to m-m-marry me—the first thing in the morning. Do you hear?" He lifted his voice threateningly on the final words, the very tone he had used on Werfer. He stepped forward, too, and his hands were tightly closed. But he saw that here was no need of direct action. Miss Busby's eyes seemed to enlarge and soften.

"Am I?" she said faintly. "Why, won't that be nice, Wesley!"

Mr. Flack started. The name did something to him—stripped away a husk of withered years and revealed a boy, the boy who had taken prizes for speaking pieces, perhaps.

"You—you know my name!"

"I couldn't help seeing it on the newspaper you subscribe to," she apologized. "I ——"

Mr. Flack took another step forward.

"Say it again," he said huskily.

IV

MR. FLACK wore a checked gingham apron and wielded a new dish towel, with cross-stitched initials, with which he imparted a fine luster to the warm glass and china which Millie lifted from the sudsy pan in the sink. She inspected the results of his labor while she groped in the pan for errant knives and spoons.

"See how much nicer they look when they aren't rinsed? You're learning to do them beautifully, Wesley."

Mr. Flack accepted the tribute modestly. He rather prided himself on his dish wiping, and enjoyed it, as he enjoyed everything else involved in this new world of two rooms and Millie. He watched her carefully through sidling eyes and dropped his towel neatly into the suds.

"There, I've soaked it!" he exclaimed. "I'll have to get a dry one, Millie."

"Never mind. We've got plenty," she said a little eagerly. "Get two or three."

Mr. Flack smiled thinly as he went into the other room. He had become adept at such pretexts for drawing on the linen chest. It hadn't taken him long to discover how Millie loved to use things out of it. He stood looking down at the ordered piles of folded cloth, thinking of Millie making them one by one through twenty-six years of empty evenings, inventing new decorations and refinements for pillow slips and bath towels and dishcloths. Somehow it hurt him.

A moment of quick compassion merged into the sobering thought that just as easily Mr. Flack himself might have traveled to the journey's end without finding Millie. He'd always been too busy to bother with girls. A young fellow trying to make good in the hardware line on half enough capital couldn't afford to saddle himself with encumbrances, of course. If any one of those experiments had succeeded, perhaps he'd have had time to marry—and courage. But it wouldn't have been Millie in that case. The idea almost reconciled him to his failure—almost.

He shook his head as he fumbled for the dish towels. Even at fifty-six there might have been a future for C. Wesley Flack. You couldn't ever be sure that something wouldn't turn up. He'd sacrificed that possibility in the impulsive moment when he'd undertaken to look after Millie. Not that he was sorry. He'd have done it again more willingly than before. But there was Millie herself to consider. She'd married a failure. And Mr. Flack stood face to face with a new and ugly fear that he had never known in the old days—the fear that he might not be able to take care of Millie.

The fear came back into the kitchenette with him. The china didn't shine as brightly somehow. He felt a new, fierce discontent with the tiny cubby-hole and the table stove, the few cheap bits of furniture. Millie ought to have a real home—a home that measured up to that hope chest of hers. And instead ——

"What's troubling you, Wesley?"

Millie wrung out the dishcloth and spread it neatly on the upturned pan. She dried her hands, and he saw how pink and soft they were from the task. Millie, facing the world with those hands—if anything happened to him. She shook her head at his evasions.

"Tell me about it. We're partners, aren't we? We've got to share everything—troubles and all."

"It's just business," he said as they went into the sitting room. "I can't help worrying about the way things run at the store. If this goes on it won't be long before the creditors step in. I know the signs." He laughed grimly. "I ought to—I've seen 'em often enough."

She drew the story from him deftly. Curlow's obstinate self-confidence and inexperience were getting the business into deep waters while Mr. Flack looked on helplessly. "Why don't you tell him? You know so much more about it ——"

"I can't. He won't take a word from me. If I try to argue with him it always comes back to my record, and there's no dodging that. I'm a failure and Curlow knows it, and if he got sore at me I don't know where I'd ever get another job."

"With all your experience?" Millie shook her head. "You don't do yourself justice, Wesley."

"Experience?" Mr. Flack gave the word an acid bite. "Experience in failing—that's all I've had. I've found out all the ways there are to fail in the hardware business, I guess. But I never found out the way to succeed at it. That's the whole trouble."

Millie smiled indulgently. The look made him think of his mother. He could remember her looking at him like that.

"Knowledge is knowledge," she told him. "It doesn't matter how it's gained so long as you have it. If you've learned what not to do you've learned more than half the lesson. And Mr. Curlow needs just exactly that knowledge, doesn't he? His ideas aren't all bad, are they?"

Mr. Flack conceded some exceptions.

"But he only hits it right now and then, and he hits it wrong every day."

Millie smiled triumphantly.

"You know when he's going to hit it wrong, don't you?"

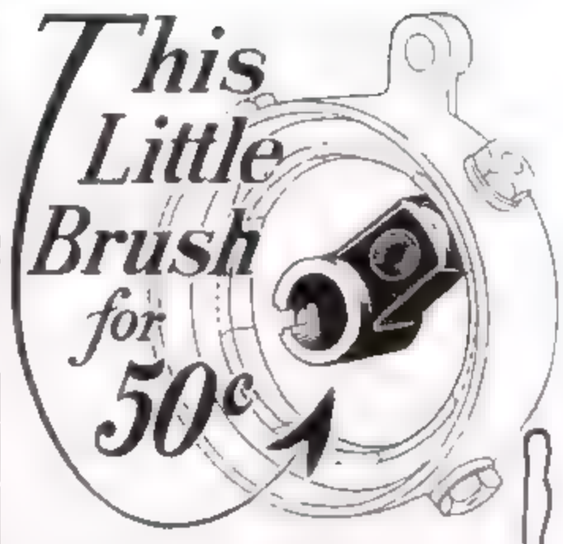
"Yes; that's the worst of it. I have to sit there and watch him do the same fool trick that broke me twenty years ago and never say a word against it. He goes right up in the air unless I agree with him."

"And you think he'll fail if he keeps on?"

"I'll give him six months more," said Mr. Flack. "Then I'll be looking for another job—and so will he."

Millie nodded.

"Then it doesn't matter so much, does it, if he gets angry at you now? It will come



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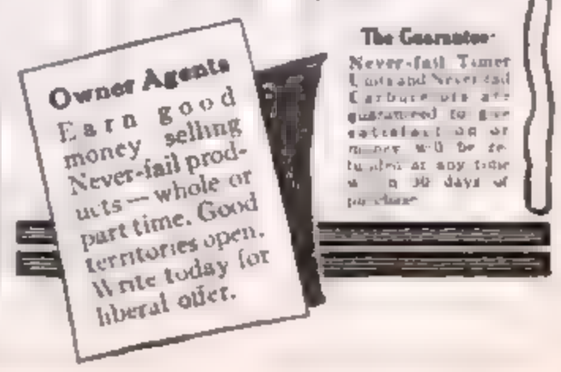
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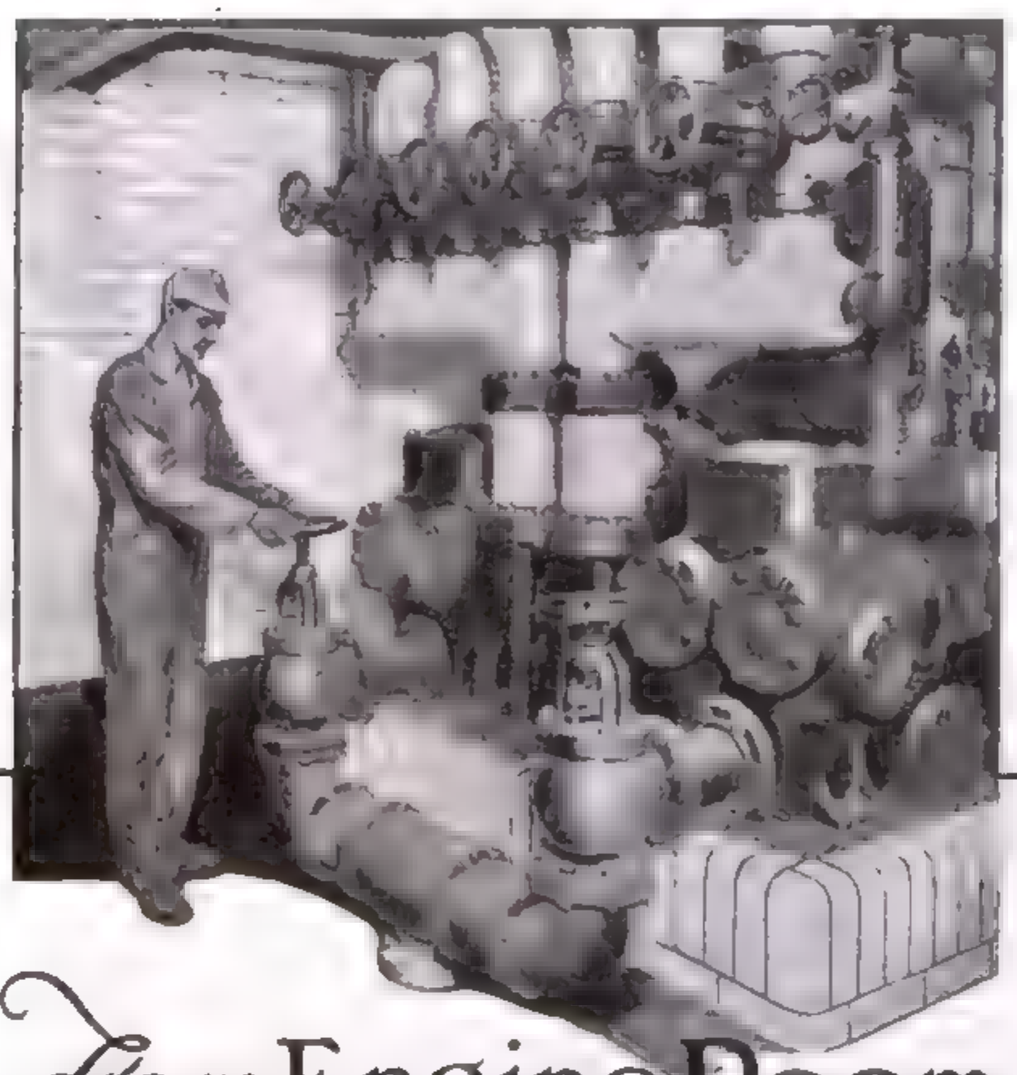

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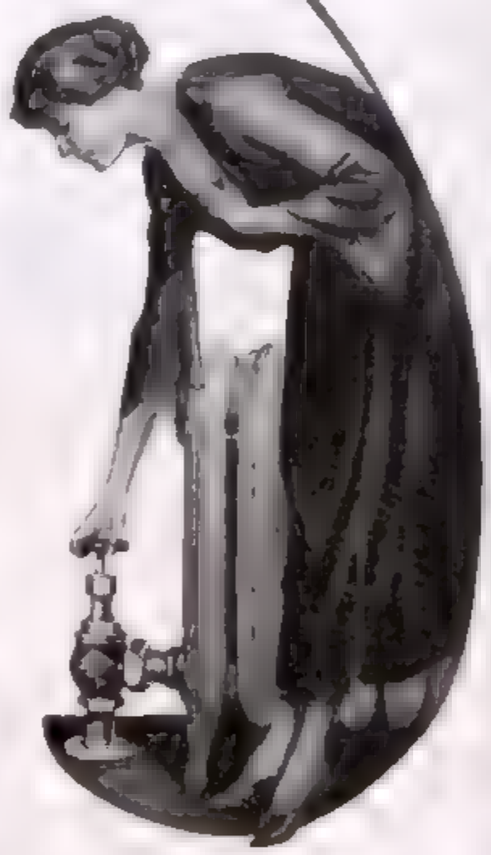

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to the same thing in six months unless he changes his policy, won't it?"

"That's what's driving me crazy," said Mr. Flack. "I wouldn't mind if it wasn't for you. But when I think of what it would mean ——"

"Wesley, I want you to have it out with him to-morrow. If he loses his temper and discharges you, we'll manage somehow, just as we'll have to manage if he goes bankrupt. And it's really your duty to give him the benefit of what you know. It's disloyal if you don't warn him."

She stood her ground with a soft obstinacy against which no argument of Mr. Flack's could make progress. At breakfast she wrung a promise from him and sent him off to the store under an obligation which oppressed and relieved him at once.

He'd very probably lose his job before the day was over, but at least he'd know the worst and be done with it instead of worrying about the future. And he felt the force of Millie's reasoning. It was better to be out of a job while he still had something left of his savings and while he was in good health than to risk waiting until one or both of these assets had been lost. His head was up as he went through the morning routine.

He knew what he was going to say, and the words already had a certain anticipatory savor on his tongue.

He saw that young Curlow was in bad humor when he arrived. Curlow barely grunted a response to Mr. Flack's good morning and marched straight back to the office, scowling. The storm signals had the effect of stiffening Mr. Flack's spine. He was angry enough at the rebuff to have a little extra courage. He followed Curlow resolutely.

"I've held my tongue as long as I can, Mr. Curlow. I've stood back and watched you try one losing scheme after another, when I knew all the time that they were sure losers. Every time I've tried to warn you you've shut me up sharp. Now I'm going to tell you a few things you need to hear, and then you can fire me as quick as you like—but you'll listen first."

Curlow stared blankly.

"I thought this town was pretty dry," he began, but Mr. Flack waved an imperative hand.

"You think I'm a failure, and I am. But I've learned something every time I fell down. I learned not to overstock when I was twenty-five. It cost me seven years' savings to learn it. I learned right then to buy according to my sales records and not by guesswork or because I liked a drummer. You haven't learned that yet. Only yesterday you gave an order for more lawn mowers than we've sold in two years just because the salesman rubbed you the right way."

"You know a lot that isn't so, Flack. I bought those mowers because I got an extra ten off."

"Yes, and you'll have capital tied up in them for the next three years—capital you ought to be turning over three or four times a year. That's another thing I learned, Curlow—turnover. You can learn it the same way I did if you like, or you can believe somebody who's paid for the knowledge. The quickest way to go broke in this business is to tie up money in surplus stock—and you're doing it with both hands."

There was an extraordinary satisfaction in omitting the respectful Mister. C. Wesley Flack felt himself suddenly superior to the young fellow at the desk. He wagged a lean finger at him.

"There's another way almost as quick. I learned that one, too, and you're on your way to learn it. Go into something outside your business—put some money into an invention maybe, or speculate a bit in real estate. It's a sure-fire way to go broke. And you're all set to invest in that patent motor lock that McAllister's trying to float. Every dollar you put into it is just so much more weight on the neck of this business. Where your money is, there your mind is every time. I backed a nonrefillable bottle in 1902 with money that ought to have gone on the jobbers' bills. The bottle was all right, but it closed me up just the same."

"I don't know what you're getting at, Flack. I pay you to sell goods over the counter and keep books. When I want a lecture on my business I'm able to ask for it."

"That's just where you're wrong. You don't know that! You don't know even what I know about this business—and that's mainly just this: I don't know it all!"

"Go on—get it all off your chest while you're at it!" Curlow snapped his watch and leaned back

"You buy too much always," said Mr. Flack, "but you buy the wrong goods too. You get interested in a novelty and your interest runs away with your judgment. There's no novelty in the good old staple lines and you buy them with your eyes shut. Any drummer with a new idea can walk out of here with an order, and you have to educate the trade to buy it—usually by slashing the price below cost."

"I'm up to date," admitted Curlow. "I run a modern store."

"Yes, and you're paying for the privilege. I keep your books. I know what we owe right now, and I know as well as you do that the bills have got to be met out of your private funds. There's no chance that the store can meet them. Any day now you'll be getting a visit from some keen fellow like McKane, of Crawford & Bliss. He knows the signs all right, and he'll talk to you a whole lot worse than I have. I know! I've heard him more than once."

"Have it your own way," said Curlow. "What gets me is where you're heading. I don't see what all this riot is going to get you, Flack."

"I'm trying to save my job, that's all! I've got a stake in this business myself, even if I'm only on the pay roll. When they close you up they'll close me out, and I've got a wife to take care of. I can't afford to sit tight and watch my job go out from under me when I know exactly how to prevent it. I don't expect to convince you. I wouldn't have listened to an old-timer twenty or thirty years ago any more than you'll listen now, but I'm doing my best at any rate."

He turned abruptly and stalked out to the counter, breathing hard. The sound of the opening door was enough to interrupt any conversation. Customers were too important these days.

But it was not a customer who faced him this time across the pocketknife show case. He felt the old half-guilty tremor in his knees as he met the level gaze of Mr. Michael McKane, chief credit man for Crawford & Bliss.

"Hello there, Flack! I wondered what had become of you. Haven't seen you for quite a while, have I?" He shook hands amiably. Mr. Flack's mood lifted. After all, McKane wasn't here to talk to C. Wesley Flack. There was consolation in that, even though the visit spelled that disaster which he had not expected for six months at least. McKane could make a fellow feel mighty cheap without ever lifting his voice.

"Curlow here?" McKane sobered. Mr. Flack gestured silently toward the partition. He was suddenly sorry for Curlow. He remembered the first time this thing had happened to C. Wesley Flack. He was so sorry for Curlow that he forgot to be sorry for himself and for Millie. He stopped the credit man in the act of turning.

"Go easy on him, Mr. McKane. He's young and he's got a lot to learn, but there's good stuff in him. He's full of ideas—original ones. He's got the makings of a first-class merchant if he gets a chance to learn a little. All he needs is experience, and he's getting it. He's not like me. I never was good at thinking up new schemes. Don't be too hard on him."

McKane seemed to reflect.

"What's your interest here, Flack?"

Mr. Flack spread his hands.

"I'm clerking for him and keeping the books—that's all."

"Why don't you back him in a corner and talk to him like an uncle?" said McKane. "You ought to know better than to let him go crazy every time a salesman drops in."

"I'm going to after this," said Mr. Flack. "That is, if I stay with him. The fact is, I rather pitched into him just now, and I don't know how he'll take it. After all, I'm working for him, you know, and a young fellow likes to feel big." He had a sudden inspiration. "You tell him to listen to me," he urged. "He's bound to pay attention to what you say. If you tell him ——"

McKane chuckled.

"I'll tell him all right. You wait, Flack."

He marched back toward the partition with the step and carriage of the man who knows he holds a whip. Mr. Flack's eyes followed him wistfully. It would be a fine thing to be able to walk like that, he thought. A man who could walk that way would deserve a wife like Millie. A clawing

(Concluded on Page 48)

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(Concluded from Page 46)

anxiety which he had hardly noticed suddenly stopped. He needn't be afraid about the job just yet. McKane would fix that up. He and Millie wouldn't have to face trouble to-night. That was something. He heard voices beyond the partition, but no words. McKane did most of the talking, he observed. Young Curlow would have to take it from him—the way his account stood with Crawford & Bliss.

He waited absently on two or three customers, his mind on the interview going on back in the office. Presently he heard his name and turned. McKane, grinning a little, stood in the doorway.

"Come back here, Mr. Flack. We've got something to talk over with you"

Mr. Flack complied, wondering why McKane had seen fit to dignify him with that prefix.

"Millie, Millie!"

C. Wesley Flack's voice lifted and shook as he opened the door. He saw Millie sitting under the gaslight. She was sewing, just as he had seen her in the old days, back at Mrs. Folsom's. Only now she was darning a gray woolen sock. Somehow, as he paused on the threshold, this made a tremendous difference—all the difference in the world.

"Millie, they—they've made me a partner! You were absolutely right! McKane—the credit man for the biggest jobbing house in the East—told young Curlow just exactly what you told me last night. They gave him his choice of assigning or taking me in with him. Think of it!"

"Oh, Wesley, isn't that nice?" Millie's smile seemed to envelop him with the soft warmth he found in her quiet voice. "I knew they'd appreciate you sooner or later." She seemed to remember something. Her tone changed. "Mr. Werfer's been waiting to see you, Wesley."

Mr. Flack whirled toward the window. He hadn't seen Werfer since that unforgetable occasion when he had offered direct action. To find the man here at this climactic moment was both irritating and gratifying. He was glad that Werfer should know of his triumph, but he resented the intrusion all the more because of this.

"Well," he said in a tone of challenge, "what do you want?"

Werfer's luxuriant whiskers seemed to crinkle with the fervor of his friendliness.

"I just dropped in as I was passing, comrade. There's a small assessment the propaganda committee, you know ——"

The term jarred suddenly on Mr. Flack's accustomed ear.

Who was this propaganda committee, to be levying assessments on C. Wesley Flack, equal partner in the firm of Curlow & Flack, husband of Millie Flack?

"Of course, now that things are better with you, you'll be doing more for the cause," insinuated Werfer with an eloquent wave of the persistently unclean hands. "We're all comrades together, and the strong among us shall help the weak. That is the true spirit of the commune, of course."

Mr. Flack scowled. He realized with a sudden utter positivity that he had no desire to carry Comrade Werfer on his shoulders, even though those shoulders had mysteriously widened and straightened since this morning. Behind Werfer he visualized the others, the people who voted the assessments, people like Werfer, with Werfer's kind of hands—hands which couldn't and wouldn't earn partnerships in hardware stores, hands which were held out for those little assessments.

"Not a cent!" said Mr. Flack. "I'm through!"

Comrade Werfer was pained, incredulous, persuasive. Mr. Flack's determination stiffened under his gesticulations.

"Not a cent," he repeated, "now or ever! I'm through!"

Werfer's manner changed.

"So that's it! You were one of us when you were weak and poor and oppressed. You turn your back on your starving brothers now that your own fingers are in the gold bags of capital!

"For the thirty dirty pieces of silver you betray us! You will fatten on our toil like the rest!"

"Anyway, you won't get fat on mine," said Mr. Flack. "That's final!"

"Look out, then! I warn you now that our day is coming and yours is going. When we of the masses rise and crush the tyranny of capital, you—the traitor—will get less mercy than the enemy. The commune ——"

Mr. Flack caught at the word, a sharp light breaking in on his mind as he saw Millie's hands, still holding the darning ball, the gray sock.

"Commune?" He laughed. "What do you know about communes? You aren't married!"

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 30)

paw their way to feed. Each year they grow a new set of horns, which attain several feet in length in a few months.

The reindeer as a draft animal pulling a sled is particularly adapted to long-distance travel, for it will find its own food, which of course is not true of the arctic dogs. In a recent contest in Alaska two reindeer pulling a sled and driver made ten miles in less than twenty-eight minutes. Some authorities insist the animals possess a sixth sense—a wonderful power of orientation—which guides them back to their range from any point to which they are taken. In this one particular their instinct resembles that of the carrier pigeon.

They have olfactory powers that enable them to detect mosses buried deep under the snow. The arctic regions, that are frequently barren of trees, still grow a tremendous forage crop. The reindeer live on the arctic grasses, shrubs and other vegetation in the summer, and subsist on the reindeer moss in the winter. There is more summer range than winter range, and consequently it is the size of the latter that limits the number of animals any region will support.

Reindeer meat is fine-grained, and is midway between beef and mutton in taste. It is not gamy in flavor and should not be classed as venison. In a number of states there are game laws forbidding the sale of venison between January and September, and some difficulty has been experienced in introducing reindeer meat into certain communities. Recent rulings in the District of Columbia and other sections have definitely established the distinction between the meat of the reindeer, a domestic animal that is regularly herded and cared for, and the meat of game animals, that run wild and are hunted for sport. Heretofore we have had a rather curious anomaly. On one hand has been the Government fostering a new industry, and on the other hand we have witnessed the laws of the land forbidding the sale of the product of that new industry. There can be no doubt of the propriety of admitting reindeer meat to all our markets during the closed game season. It will be necessary, of course, to guard against the sale of deer meat under the guise of reindeer meat.

As now conducted in Alaska the reindeer business is carried on under strict governmental supervision. Only the male animals are killed for market. The steers are butchered in their third year. The average life of reindeer is fifteen years. As a general rule the herds double in three years. Ownership of the animals is indicated by a slit or other mark in the ear. The meat is shipped frozen from cold-storage plants located in the vicinity of Nome. Right here, as a commentary on the size of Alaska, it is interesting to note that Nome is farther west than the Hawaiian Islands. It is also true that the distance between extreme points in Alaska is greater than the distance from Cuba to Newfoundland.

The production costs in raising reindeer meat are comparatively low. The cost of an adult reindeer on the hoof is from ten to twenty dollars. The herders receive from $600 to $2100 a year and butchering expenses average $1.25 a head. The high costs are those connected with the handling and transportation of reindeer carcasses. For instance, the freight charge on reindeer meat from Nome to Minneapolis is $140 a ton, or seven cents a pound. The transportation of similar meat from Norway or Sweden by boat to New York costs four cents a pound. When the American reindeer industry succeeds in developing a market for its product in the various states, especially along the Atlantic Seaboard, it is likely that reindeer meat from Scandinavia will be offered in competition with the Alaskan product.

The Canadian Government has evidently been impressed by the progress of reindeer raising in Alaska and is taking steps to establish big herds on the vast plains of Northern Canada. It is estimated that the Dominion contains nearly 1,000,000 square miles of land which will afford good grazing for reindeer and musk ox, and yet could never be utilized for any kind of farming. The Government of Canada has granted a large area in Baffin Land for reindeer grazing, and agents of the Hudson's Bay Company are now in Norway purchasing reindeer for importation into this region.

The Canadians propose to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in thus reclaiming the arctic wastes of their northern territory. If Alaska will eventually support 5,000,000 reindeer it is likely that Canada will provide natural forage for five times that number.

There is also the possibility that reindeer may be introduced successfully in Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin. At any rate, the game commissioners of these states are investigating the matter to determine if reindeer will thrive in some of the districts along our northern frontier. Caribou are found in these states, and this lends hope to the belief that reindeer can be maintained there.

The Federal investigations being conducted by members of the Bureau of Biological Survey with respect to reindeer are benefiting the new industry immeasurably. The worst pest of the reindeer is an insect known as the warble fly, which so worries the animals that they are stunted in growth. This fly buzzes about the herd, now and again lighting on one of the animals and depositing its eggs in the hair on the backs and flanks of the reindeer. The eggs hatch and the worms burrow into the hide, where they lie and grow all winter, coming out in the spring and developing into another fly. The action of this parasite perforates the hide and destroys its value for commercial purposes. But the injury to the hide of the reindeer is a less serious matter than the effect of the warble fly on the health and growth of the animals through preventing them from resting and feeding in peace. The scientists of the Government are making progress that will likely eliminate the fly pest.

Then there are the experiments that aim to double the weight of the present type of reindeer in Alaska by crossing the animals with the wild caribou. If this effort eventually proves successful—and the outlook is bright—the result will be an increase in the weight of reindeer of no less than a hundred pounds per animal.

The reindeer industry, like most new businesses, is surrounded by unsolved problems. There are many valuable by-products, which are not now obtained in the rather crude processes employed. The hides make fine leather, but at present bring only about four dollars a skin. They sell for more in Alaska than they do in the States, because the reindeer skins constitute the most satisfactory material for making arctic garments.

The animals also give milk, but just now the herds are not distributed to obtain this product. The question concerning how many acres are necessary to sustain one reindeer is also important and must be answered in the near future.

In the northern part of Alaska half of the population are now engaged in herding and handling reindeer. The natives have been raised from a primitive to a pastoral stage—from the uncertain business of hunting to the permanent pursuit of stock raising. It is the only industry that will reclaim these arctic barrens and that can maintain a stabilized population on our most northerly areas.

Without the reindeer a large part of Alaska would remain permanently an unproductive ice-bound desert. With these animals the region will develop an industry employing thousands of people and adding millions of dollars annually to the nation's wealth.

In the words of former Secretary of the Interior Lane: "The importation of reindeer was the one constructive thing that the Government has done for Alaska in nearly fifty years."

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With the sparkle of clean white teeth missing from the mouth of the mask, the joy and the charm of the smile are gone. The slightest contraction of lips to hide teeth that are not white and clean destroys the charm of a natural smile.

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502

There is much to be said for the old-fashioned cookery flavors

The natural way to eat is to make a pleasure of it. A generation or two back folks thought less of fads of nutrition and more of real honest food-flavors. A shepherd's pie with a mattress of mashed potatoes, or a duck eaten in its own gravy, followed by a simple jelly—plain food well cooked was the uppermost thought. Not much variety at one meal, but variety on different days.

Authorities have long maintained that flavor in foods actually aids the digestive processes; in short, the foods you like best are the ones that like you best. Thus flavor stands out as Nature's most reliable guide in the selection of proper nourishment.

We have not tried to improve on Nature

Just as our Beech-Nut Bacon is smoked over beechwood and hickory to impart the delicate aroma of Nature's most valuable condiment without destroying the inherent tastiness of the pork, so in our Beech-Nut Pork and Beans we have sought a natural blend. The simple harmonizing of pork flavor and bean flavor has frankly been our aim.

The pork is of fine quality, while the beans are grown in the New York state countryside surrounding our plants—plump, sound beans, mealy-smooth and tender under the tongue. The *delicately mild* tomato sauce does not drown the natural pork-and-bean flavor. The addition of chili-sauce or catsup is left to your exact individual taste.

A surprise in economy

Of course we can't *describe* the flavor. It must be experienced. We are confident that those bean-eaters who prefer genuine pork-and-bean flavor in all its simplicity will like Beech-Nut Pork and Beans. If you are numbered among them, we ask you to try three cans. Besides your discovery of a perfect flavor, there's an economy surprise in store for you when you get them from your grocer.

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Confections
Mints
Chewing Gum

Beech-Nut Pork and Beans

THE SAD ADVENTURERS

(Continued from Page 9)

Create confidence and all that sort of thing and you hold your man. It might even be a good idea if she could get the old lady to talk him up to Crawford.

"Promise you won't do anything more while they're here and I won't interfere," she said slowly. "But if you try any funny business on Mrs. Lucas—if ever she should hear—I'd never forgive you, never! Understand?"

Couldn't she trust him? Of course he'd promise. Jolly people, her friends. By Jove, it did him good to meet such women. He'd do his best to make their stay agreeable. Pleasure to him. Word of honor; she needn't worry.

She was no longer worrying about anything. Lassitude slipped like a fluid from head to foot. She let it flow through her with a sense of relief. Who and what was she to judge Hal! She had his promise not to shame her before them.

III

EVERY night while she slept she seemed to grow stale as the room. She was at her worst in the morning. She never could clearly remember the day before except in its relation to the familiar dingy uncertainty and oppressive fears which overhung her waking. She thought first of Crawford this morning. Then she thought of the Lucas family with a tingle of excitement. They stood between her and Crawford. She wanted the day to be beautiful for them. But the day was not beautiful. She shivered as she climbed out of bed and drew on an old sweater. Over that she slipped a faded pink silk wrapper. Then she trailed to the door at the maid's knock.

Bitter coffee in thick white cups notched on the edges. Hal sprawling opposite her, his long legs reaching under the table, his skin mottled, stiff with black bristles, his eyes bloodshot. Not very alluring in the morning, either of them. But poor old Hal was at least never grumpy. He drank down the vile black stuff they called coffee and took to his blackened pipe without complaint. She had never caught him looking at her critically, even though she knew how rough were her unrouged lips, how wilted her complexion.

There was one thing she had forgotten when they made all these plans for sightseeing. She couldn't go out in the daylight; not in that black satin dress. She fetched it to show to Hal. He rubbed his cheek thoughtfully. Even he realized how impossible it was.

"Haven't you anything else, Nita?"

She was grateful to him for not saying "Why won't that do?" She had her old traveling dress, of course, the one which still held the dust of their wanderings during the war. She had hung it in a dark corner, hoping never to wear it again. It was like bringing out a buried disgrace. She brought it out. Hal didn't feel about it the way she did. He looked pleased, relieved.

"What's the matter with that?"

There was nothing really the matter. It never had been becoming. Tailored things weren't, and that brownish color didn't suit her. The skirt was too long, but she had noticed that Mrs. Lucas didn't follow the fashion in the length of her skirts. The neck needed freshening. Three buttons were missing in the two front rows of trimming. She must have them in her sewing box. She could wear it, she finally decided, if she worked on it that morning and had it pressed that afternoon. Hal would have to meet her friends alone. He took this news cheerfully.

There was another thing. She couldn't wear her long black suède gloves with these long sleeves. If she could have managed new gloves, and perhaps a veil—one could do wonders with veils—her black velvet toque would look quite smart.

Hal was shaved and dressed. With his back to her he fumbled in his wallet. When he turned he held a fifty-lire note.

"Will this do?"

Do? Of course it would do. But where had he got this money, when only last week he had told her they were living on credit? He shrugged his shoulders and smiled. The bill, crumpled and torn, felt like silk in her hand. It was good to finger money again. She knew just where she would get the gloves and the veil.

"Thank you, old dear," she said with a rush of tenderness.

He chuckled, standing there, very debonair. His brown suit, old as it was, fitted him with authority. His gloves matched his spats. His fedora was just slightly cocked over a bushy black brow. She drew her faded pink silk dressing gown closer around her sweater and lifted her head to be kissed.

Sewing and mending all morning. A delicious hour in the shops. She thought of Hal and her friends out together. She thought of Crawford.

IV

CAME days of sudden blue, a rare flowering in the season of rains. Spring thrilled lightly through the air with the passing brilliance of a colored bird. Flowers everywhere among the aromatic Christmas trees for sale on the *piazzi*—violets, narcissuses, roses. She had never walked so much in all her life, never visited so many churches, never climbed so many steps or gazed at so many saints.

The Lucas family were doing Florence, doing it more on foot than in carriages, because you saw more when you walked. Monte was doing it, Crawford was doing it. Hal organized these daily expeditions; carried them through, as it were, on the crest of his booming voice, which directed, explained, instructed at every turn. Each night now he would study her mother's Christmas present, the illustrated book on Italian art. Each night her feet ached and her neck ached from the exercise of looking up at things. She was too tired to wonder any longer why he made these prodigious efforts or where the money came from to make them. But every morning in her refurbished brown suit, her new veil, her new gloves she met her friends at their hotel. When she was with Mrs. Lucas she felt safe, talking to her about her mother, listening to praise of Hal. "The major is wonderful. What would we do without him?" Talking to Edith when Crawford wasn't attached to her elbow; talking to Katharine, whose young eyes held an exalted expression as she moved tirelessly among old splendors.

Shopping—what they bought! Stamped leather boxes and bags, photographs, frames, trinkets. Pink coral for Edith, white coral for Katharine, pendent earrings, a set of tortoise shell, tortoise-shell combs. If only she had the money they were spending—even half of it! She would stand by holding to her smile while they spent and spent.

"Oh, mother, do look at this!" "Edith, isn't this just the thing for Mrs. Morrison?" Presents for everyone at home. Presents for her too. A set of combs, a little coral necklace. She was ashamed of the tears that gathered when Mrs. Lucas gave her the necklace. She had always wanted one.

Hal was very active on these shopping expeditions. She knew why. She knew why he forgot his stick or his cigarette case or a package in nearly every one of the shops and had to go back. After all, what did the few lire he could pick up this way in commissions mean to them?

But she was still afraid of Crawford. She was the more afraid of him as he appeared the more harmless, placid, cherubic, interested in Hal's lectures on art, attentive to everything Hal said, agreeable to all Hal's suggestions. She was sure Hal blundered now and then. Monte never blundered. Whatever else he lacked, he knew his Italy and recited it suavely with lyrical bursts—genuine, these—when his dark face and dark eyes glowed with love.

They had already prolonged their stay from one to two weeks. There were only a few days left. Then they would go brightly and safely as they had come, taking with them their souvenirs, their happy memories of travel. They would go home, never knowing. She would be left here in Florence. And they envied her. She shuddered away from the prettiness which so deceptively overlaid the grim old stones, the beauty of cruel tombs. Everywhere in this town people were feeding like leeches fastened on the past, or fastened, as she and Hal, to the Crawfords who came and went. The air was full of the soft sucking of leeches—little tradesmen, beggars, hotel keepers; romantic old maids, artists, tourists, expatriates. She was weary of it all. She longed for solid homeliness, for a broad-shouldered, bustling American town, virtuous, ignorant of subtleties, crude in the faults of youth. She supposed she was homesick.

They were going early Monday morning. And on Sunday night, at his own request, Crawford was dining with Hal and Monte to talk business. She couldn't help it. She couldn't stop Hal. He had spared her for nearly two weeks.

It was Saturday morning at breakfast. Hal sat there, rubbing his cheek, as he did when he was thinking anything over. Then he came out with it. He wanted her to borrow five thousand lire from Mrs. Lucas. He could sit there, his heavy eyelids drooping, his large hairy hand gripping his pipe, and propose that she borrow from Mrs. Lucas!

No use arguing with him.

"I won't!"

She said it definitely, like a door banging. Her lips thickened in sullen folds, stretched colorless and rough under her tightened nostrils. Her light brows flattened over her green bitter eyes.

He floundered, tried to plead. They were rich. What would a few thousand lire—a mere pittance in dollars—mean to them? Hadn't he earned it, sparing no time or expense to make their stay pleasant?

She listened in stony silence. He must always have meant to get money out of them, from the very beginning. Playing Crawford against them, playing them against Crawford, because they were all clean and decent and inspired confidence in one another. She might have guessed as much. She let him talk.

Truth was, he said, that he and Monte had gone pretty deep into this thing. Monte had been banking him all these past days, trusting to his judgment of the situation. She had wondered where the money came from. Well, that's where it came from. Monte had raised it, he didn't know how or where. But just in case anything went wrong—it wouldn't, of course—but just in case Crawford should back out, why, Monte would hold him, Hal, responsible for this money. Monte could make it very nasty for them in Florence. So as a precaution that five thousand lire now—four thousand then—even one—might be needed to pull them out of a tight hole. He'd swear to pay it back. She could say his monthly check hadn't arrived from London.

When he finished she said, clipping each word as with shears: "I won't borrow, as you call it, a cent from Mrs. Lucas. I don't care what happens to you or to me or to Monte. I hate the whole rotten business, and you'll be sorry you ever went into it. I tell you that now."

He looked at her. There was one thing about Hal—he always knew when it was dangerous to drive her a step farther. He shrugged his shoulders, knocked his pipe ashes into his plate and rose heavily.

She wouldn't go out with him. She couldn't bear to see him that day with her friends. So she pretended she had a headache and sent him off alone. By evening the headache was no longer a pretense.

The following afternoon, Sunday, she went to say good-by. She went by herself. Hal had an appointment with a new man, a South American—something about coffee, this time. He said there was a fortune in it. Perhaps.

She felt soggy with unshed tears as she trudged along the Arno. To-morrow they would be gone, speeding back to their home, their friends. And she would be here just the same. Mrs. Brassington-Welsh on the Tornabuoni. Mrs. Brassington-Welsh at Doney's. Oh, the dreariness of it!

She found Mrs. Lucas among valises and trunks in the large bright room facing the Arno, Mrs. Lucas in blue serge, little and plump, her young-looking parted hair drawn smooth. She came slowly forward.

"I sent Edith and Katharine out with Mr. Crawford," she said. "I wanted to talk to you alone, Anita."

Something was wrong. She let Mrs. Lucas take her hand and lead her to the red sofa at the foot of the bed. There was a big bunch of violets on the bureau. She should have brought flowers. From the window she saw the pastel-colored roofs and loggias of the Borgo San Jacopo, the blue of sky ribbed with gauzy clouds. Mrs. Lucas held to her hand. Bad news. Fear clamped over her heart. She tried to smile.

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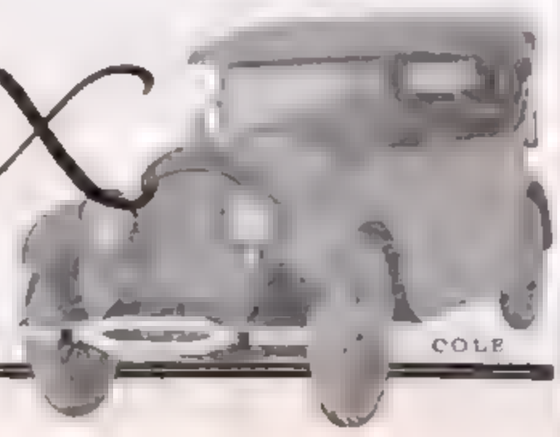

"Anita, dear child, I'm going to hurt you," Mrs. Lucas began. She didn't want to listen. She stared at the clouds and wished she were up there melted in them, just floating lazily. "You know that I'm your mother's oldest friend. I held you in my arms the day you were born. I—for your mother's sake. If she knew ——"

She must face those brown eyes fixed on her so anxiously, so sadly.

"Knew what?" Her voice was harsh.

Mrs. Lucas hesitated, her round face tremulous. "Last night I heard—oh, my poor dear child, I hardly dare tell you," she quavered. "Perhaps you don't know. Your husband ——"

"My husband—well?"

What had she heard? What was coming?

It came with a rush.

"He's dishonest, Anita. He's not a good man. You do know! I can see by your face. It's too terrible. I can't think how you—why didn't you come to me, child? When I think of my own girls ——"

She was greatly agitated; tears in her eyes.

"It's a lie! Hal isn't bad. Who's been telling you things?" She sprang up, the hot blood pounding in her face.

Mrs. Lucas sat there stretching her arms out, appealing.

"Won't you think of me a little as a mother? Won't you trust me?"

What business was it of hers? After all Hal had done for them! They thought him fine enough at first. Who had meddled? They would go back now and talk. Her mother would hear!

"Hal's had hard times," she said passionately. "All business men go through hard times. But he never ——"

"Mr. Crawford knows." It was dropped softly.

"Crawford? What did you tell him?"

She must be calmer than this. It was serious now—if Crawford knew.

Mrs. Lucas rose, facing her.

"I told him nothing. Will you answer me one question, Anita? Why did you send your husband to me for money? Why didn't you come yourself—yesterday?"

She didn't understand. Send Hal for money?

"I gave him five thousand lire for you yesterday afternoon. There were certain bills you had to meet, he said. His check hadn't arrived from England. He begged me not to refer to this—this loan—when I saw you to-day, because, he said, it had made you quite ill. He explained how sensitive and proud you were. But I thought it strange."

Hal had done that behind her back! Never told her! Not a word! Suddenly she crumpled on the sofa.

"You didn't know? My dear, you didn't know, then?"

She was humbled, broken. Sobs racked her from head to foot. There wasn't a shred left. Hal hadn't left her a shred. The treachery of it, the ugliness. She could never trust him again. She had lied for him, abased herself, risked even prison. She would have slaved for him. And he could go behind her back ——

Mrs. Lucas spoke softly, bending over her, stroking her hand.

"I never thought I should advise a woman to leave her husband. But I didn't know there were—such things. And you, Janey's child, exposed to them. I feel as if Providence had sent me here. I've prayed through the night for strength and wisdom. Anita, you must come home with us. You must come home to your dear mother before it's too late." The kind voice wavered, went on again urgently. "You're in danger, child—terrible danger—here. You don't know how I fear for you."

Sob—sob and sob in blackness. Drenched and bleary. Hal hadn't spared her. She never could trust him again.

"Must I show you the danger? Must I tell you more?"

Was there any more to tell?

"Six months ago your husband sold in Paris some tapestries to a young man representing a big New York house—Stafford's. These tapestries when they arrived in New York were discovered to be very clever imitations. The young man was severely blamed and dismissed. I can't believe you knew all these things, Anita."

That was Rawston—poor Rawston, whom they had dazzled and flattered. How vile it was! And what had they got out of it when everything was paid up? Well, she'd tell the truth, at least.

"Yes, I knew." She buried her head deeper in the cushions.

No reproach. A pause, and then: "I understand, dear. There was no one to help you. How you must have suffered! But you must listen to me now. You must! Your husband disappeared from Paris. Mr. Crawford happened by the merest chance to hear of him here. Mr. Crawford," Mrs. Lucas slowly added, "is one of the partners of Stafford's. Now do you see?"

Crawford! So that was it! She had been right to fear him. A trap—and Hal like a fool walking into it. What could they do now? She must warn him at once. She tried to struggle to her feet, but she was heavy with shame and fear. She couldn't raise her head.

"It was Mr. Crawford who told us about this last night. It had been worrying him because of my attachment to you and your mother. He and Edith—they're engaged. Edith made him tell us everything. He told us he was only waiting for further proofs to catch your husband and that count we've been seeing, in the very act of selling worthless things for genuine antiques. It was a great shock to Katharine. She had thought the count such a wonderful man. We begged and begged him—all of us—not to go on with it. Katharine was in tears. It seems the count has talked to her so much about his family. But if it hadn't been for Edith he would never have given in. Edith made him see that he should have had your husband—arrested—in the first place if he had felt that his duty, not have led him into something else that was dishonorable."

Honesty? Honor? Yes, that was a language these people understood. Could she ever get up, ever face the light? Edith had saved them. Edith!

Mrs. Lucas was saying, "Mr. Crawford is leaving with us to-morrow. You owe him a great deal, Anita. But because your husband got off this time it doesn't mean he will the next. From what Mr. Crawford says I'm afraid this won't be a lesson to him. What will become of you? Oh, child, you must come home, where you'll be safe among people who care for you."

Home? People who cared for her? They offered her this chance. She dragged herself from the sofa. Her hair clung to cheeks caked with rouge and powder. Her eyes were swollen. A sight; she was a sight. Mrs. Lucas mustn't see her face.

She was held tight and close against a soft breast. She had forgotten how sweet a woman's arms could be. She could let herself be weak, and lean for a moment. How good they were to her—how good. Oh, to begin life again, clean and unafraid among people who cared.

"I'll come," she whispered.

"My dear, my dear, you've taken a load from my heart. I just couldn't bear it. The girls will be so happy. You'll spend the night with us. I'll send my maid to pack your things. You can write him from here. You see how strongly I feel to advise you this way."

Gently the arms were withdrawn.

She stood again alone, turning her head aside.

"No, I must go back. I must tell him," she said wearily. "He'll let me go."

Mrs. Lucas looked distressed. "I'm sure I don't know—I've never before—wouldn't it be better to spare him and yourself?"

"Spare him!" She tried to smile. "After what he's done?" She must get those five thousand lire. She must bring them back. She brushed aside the damp wisps of hair, rubbed her cheeks. Rouge stains on her handkerchief. She dared not look in the mirror. A dab of powder. It would have to do.

"You promise to be here by dinnertime? Anita, I can trust you? I'll send a man for your trunk in an hour."

Oh, the anxious note in the kind woman's voice!

"You're so good to me," she said. "I want to go home with you."

Yes, she wanted to go home. Everything was finished between her and Hal. It was as if she had died there on that red sofa.

▼

PERHAPS she would meet Hal in the street, swaggering along with Mrs. Lucas' money in his pocket. That very morning he had talked of plans: of Crawford and the South American. Not a word of the five thousand lire. She might never have known. He never would have paid it back, never. He knew that these people were from her own home. He knew why

(Concluded on Page 54)

The Man Who Multiplied Himself

THE way this man multiplied himself was to do two or three things at the same time by the use of printed forms. He stopped using his legs when he could employ a pencil and a piece of paper.

Of course he multiplied all the people in his office the same way—he didn't let his employees waste time and energy doing work that forms would take care of just as promptly, and with fewer mistakes.

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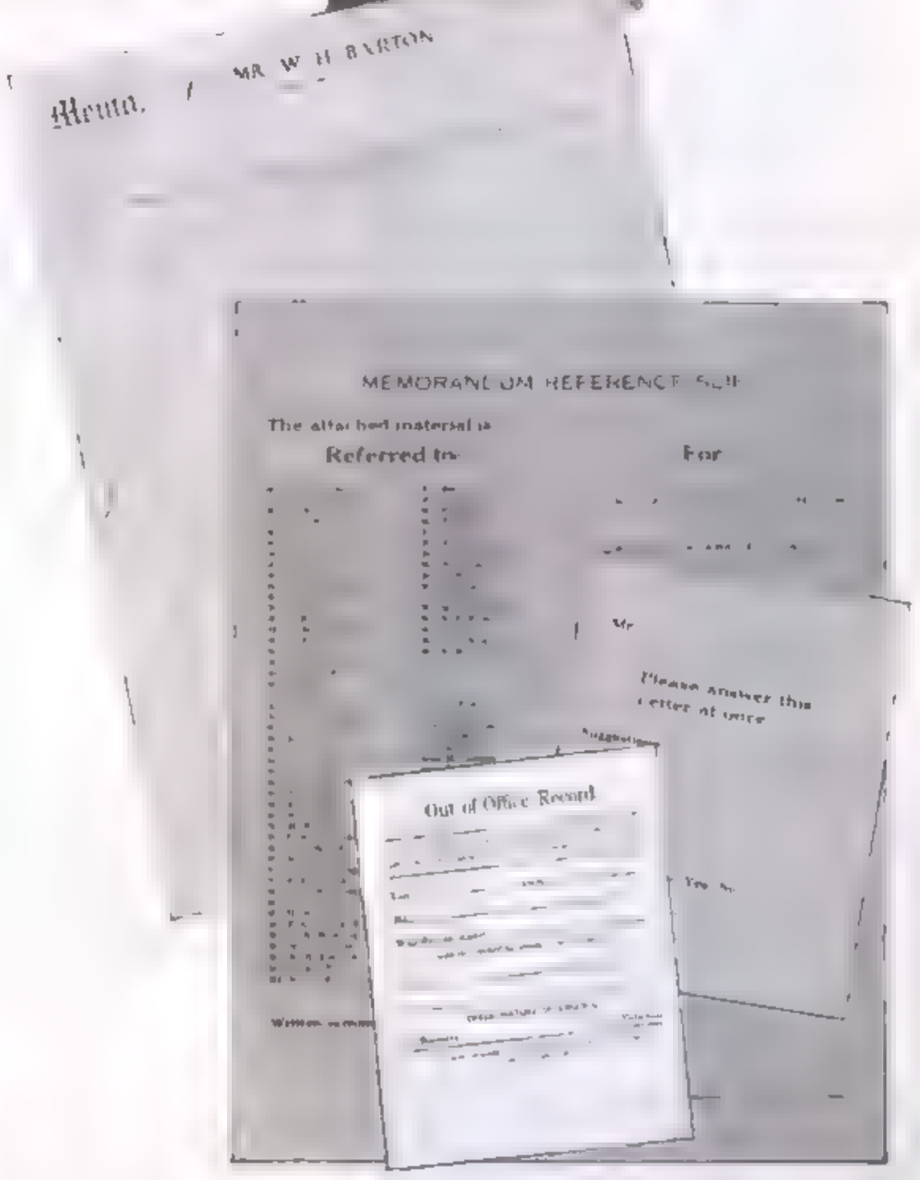

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Faultless Underwear, the equal of Faultless Nightwear, retails at $1 and up.

(Concluded from Page 52)

she had refused to take advantage of them. What a life she had lived—what a life! Oh, well, to-morrow she would be in a train—they would travel first class, of course—flying from it all. Sitting, perhaps, opposite Crawford. Could she bear those round blue eyes?

Never to see Florence again. Two blocks more; one block. Heavy, heavy feet. At last the ocher front of the *pension*. For the last time. Everything looked so strange.

From the end of the cheerless hall on their floor she heard him bellowing a cockney song. The rumbling bass voice turned her cold. He could sing then! He would go on singing and drinking after she was gone. Some day he'd be caught.

She opened the door. His shaving things were scattered over the washstand. Everything was in disorder.

"Hurry up, old girl," he chirruped. "We're to meet Monte at Doney's. You're coming with us to settle old Crawford."

"He's settled," she said deliberately, and leaned for a moment against the discolored wall. She was going away, and he didn't know it yet. She had so many things to say to him first.

He swung around.

"What's the matter? Cheero!"

"Crawford won't be at your dinner."

Better to begin that way, slow and cold.

"What's that? What d'ye mean?" He stood in his shirt sleeves, suspenders hanging, red face gaping.

"He's leaving Florence to-morrow. I'm leaving too."

Oh, that idiotic stare! She shook her shoulders, walked swiftly over to the bed, pulled out her old valise. Dust rose like a cloud of gnats. Her fingers were grimed. A strap broken. Never mind.

"You and Crawford!"

He was on her, his big hands pinching her shoulders, sluing her around. Purple. The man was purple. She made no attempt to move.

"No; I'm going home with Mrs. Lucas." She dripped it on him like acid.

His mouth opened slowly under the drooping mustache. Staring, he let go of her and collapsed in a chair, his knees apart, his hands loose between them.

"I don't get you," he said at last.

She started pulling drawers open, flinging things into the suitcase. She couldn't speak. Rags—rags—shredded bits of silk, frayed linen, crumpled ribbons. What would they think—the maid and all?

It was his fault. He had driven her to it. She whirled on him.

"I know about the money! How could you, Hal? How dared you go to Mrs. Lucas, in my name, after all I said to you?"

"Nita, I'll explain. I swear I meant ——"

"You've sworn enough. And I've got something else to tell you. D'you know who Crawford is? He's a partner of Stafford's. That's who he is! Remember those tapestries you sold to Rawston? Well, Crawford came here to get you. Understand? Get you!"

"Good Lord!"

"And he would have got you, too, if it hadn't been for Mrs. Lucas and Edith. He's engaged to Edith. You can thank them. Mrs. Lucas told me all about it. She's a real friend, that woman; the only friend I've ever had."

She was sobbing with anger. Bitter, bitter the tears, bitter the pain, the contempt in her heart. Go on, tell him—tell him how you've hated it all. Tell him of the nights you've lain in sickness and fear; of the days and days you've spent alone, waiting for something to happen. Tell him how you loathe that whisky bottle standing over there, how you loathe his bloodshot eyes and his loud, boasting voice. Tell him about the Rawston boy losing his place. Remind him of the others he has tricked and made you trick.

Her voice went on, terrible, pitiless, tearing and baring their poor, ugly life.

He listened dully, his fingers fretting at one another. Why didn't he say something? Why did he sit there like that?

"Haven't you anything to say for yourself?"

He rose then with a weighty movement of shoulders. She knew every one of his gestures. He was going to be noble.

"You're right, old girl," he said in a queer, husky voice. "I'm a rotter. Crawford's been damn decent, considering. And those friends of yours too. Want you to go home with them, do they? Better go while the going's good."

"Hal, why did you take that money?"

"I swear I only borrowed it."

"Borrowed!" she lashed at him.

"Didn't think you'd take it so hard. Can't help it. Bad blood. Never had any luck," he mumbled.

"Luck! Couldn't you work?"

He shook his head, passing a hand over his forehead.

"Too late. Might have once. You're right. Home and all that sort of thing. You've had a devilish hard time with me. No excuse."

Slowly he turned to the bureau, took up his collar, buttoning it on his stud with his old metal shoe buttoner. His elbow in the air clumsily revolved; his face twisted as if the movement hurt him.

"What are you doing?" she cried sharply.

"Got to dine anyway with Monte; explain." He seemed to be having trouble with his words. "Monte's put a lot of money in this. Fifteen thousand, standing to get twice that. Don't know what he'll do, but he'll be mad as hell. Got to stand the racket. I introduced him to Crawford. My fault."

She watched him fumble in the drawer. He couldn't find anything, his hands trembled so.

"Your handkerchiefs are on the left side," she said mechanically.

He went over to the table, poured himself a drink, turned and came toward her.

"Nita, you've been a good little pal. Can't pretend I'm not knocked up a bit. But I don't blame you. Understand? Divorce me. Anything you want. Just remember one thing, will you? There's never been anyone else. Just you. See?"

He was close to her. She saw him in reds and purples, but shrunken like a punctured balloon. Yes, he'd been faithful. She knew that. But now—now that he would be alone! Another woman with Hal—younger, prettier! She could see the woman, see her in the room moving around, sitting at the table, mending. Trotting beside Hal on the street. She could see her at Doney's.

A knock on the door. Her heart jumped. It was the maid peering in, sly, insolent. There was a porter downstairs with a handcart.

Let him wait. She walked over to the old window. In the rich deepening of that twilight she saw the man lolling beside the little cart; saw the hill beyond, wearing San Miniato, rose-colored; saw the Arno, like a dead silver fish in a basket. She would never look out from this window again. The man would take her one shabby little valise and trundle it along the quays. The luggage of an adventurer, a nomad. She was ashamed, ashamed.

There was a ripping sound. What was that?

Hal had torn off his collar, tossed it down. He sat huddled on a chair, covering his face with his hands. How gray his hair was! She would never see him again. She would live in the little house in Stamford with her mother, hundreds of Ediths, Katharines fencing her in. They would call her Anita, and be sorry for her. They would be very kind. But they would wonder and talk. Then some day her mother would die.

Would they dine downstairs in the restaurant to-night? Would Crawford be there? No, they would send her dinner up to her on a tray, and they would come in quietly and kiss her. Where would Hal be? She remembered suddenly a girl they had seen around Doney's—a bold-eyed, well-dressed girl, a friend of Roddy Maxwell. Hal had said once he thought her pretty. Perhaps she would be the one. She crossed over by him, not touching him.

The mirror. Yes, that was she—puffy eyed, powder streaked, the pleated frill at her neck all crushed. They would pretend they didn't mind, but they would notice in the days and days of the trip how worn she was. Taken out of her tarnished frame, removed from Hal—what would she be?

He said never a word; just sat there, beaten.

A piece of paper, a pencil, an envelope. Quick, she must write. The words sprawled over the page. She held the letter in her hand and marched on him.

"How much of that five thousand have you left?"

He motioned to the limp coat hanging over a chair. She darted roughly at the pocket. His wallet with his crest. His crest! Only four thousand in large bills. Perhaps in another pocket. Three one hundred bills, a few torn smaller ones, a few bits of silver, stamps.

"Where's the other seven hundred? You can't have spent it since yesterday."

He lifted his head, staring at her with dull eyes.

"I paid the bill here. And there was yesterday's dinner. I bought a box of cigars. Sorry, Nita."

She stuffed the bills in the envelope, rang the bell. He watched her. The maid must have been waiting outside. She came at once.

"I say, Nita," he faltered, "I'm cleaned out, you know. Couldn't you ——"

She handed the envelope to the maid. "For the porter. He needn't wait."

She heard Hal stumble forward. She heard him stammer her name.

Nothing left, and she here—she and Hal.

"No; come back!" She opened the door and cried to the maid.

Quick, the envelope. She had even forgotten to seal it. All the better. Just a movement of her fingers slipping in and out. Three hundred lire. She held them crumpled desperately in her hand. Enough for to-night and to-morrow. This time she sealed the envelope, giving it to the maid.

"There, that's all," she said.

SKIN-DEEP

(Continued from Page 13)

and gamest amachoor of his weight outside the p'fession. He ——"

"I—I seem to have read something like that once," said Roy, his brows puckering in a vain effort at memory. "And you're right. You wouldn't have stood a minute's chance with such a man. He'd not only have chawed you up but he'd have made a show of you before your girl. She'd have remembered him till judgment day as the noble warrior that pounded you to a jelly. She'd never of took into consideration that he was double your size. The swine! Him, I mean, not her. But it's white of you to plan to show me all this good time when you've had such a raw deal handed to you."

"No, it ain't!" vigorously denied Cleppy, turning very red. "It's you that's doing me the good turn by coming out here just now and keeping me from moping around and wishing I had the nerve to hop off the San Pedro docks. You've busted your lungs. I've busted my heart, as the feller says. Come on out into the desert and around yonder in Imperial Valley and we'll both have a dandy time patching ourselves up again as good as new. Now let's turn in. You look like the undertaker was counting on you to pay for having his bungalow painted."

The proposed month in desert and mountains stretched out into two months, and then into three. The last two months' costs, by Roy's insistence, were paid for out of his own scant hoard of ready cash, and he reveled in the chance of spending his money in such a way, for Cleppy's forecast had been justified. Under the influence of the super-dry air and incessant outdoor life the champion's lungs were mending. They were mending fast. Almost from the first Roy could note the change. In the second month the cough vanished; so did the last vestige of nerve wrack which had fought against the invalid's recovery. The malady had been caught almost at its outset. McNair was gloriously young and resilient. The desert did the rest.

If Cleppy's ailment did not yield to treatment with the same amazing speed and completeness as did his cousin's the little fellow gave no sign of slower convalescence. Outwardly he was enjoying the vacation to the full. If at night he lay long awake under the white desert stars and conjured up mournful pictures of Jean Potter weeping bitterly at his deathbed, or cheerier visions of Barry Clive battered by him into a shapeless and screaming pulp, he was as jolly as ever on the following morning when he and Roy rolled out of their blankets and attacked fire and frying pan. Perhaps desert air is more beneficial to scratched lungs than to scratched hearts.

(Continued on Page 59)

THESE ARE THE GOLDEN DAYS

The JORDAN Silhouette

There is something quite personal about a motor car which possesses the dual capacity of serving us dependably in our days of work and pleasing us immeasurably in our hours of play.

That degree of respect which Jordan owners feel toward Jordan cars is heightened by a certain love for an admirable companion which Jordan owners know.

He must be a dull witted person indeed who could not feel toward a fine motor car as a lover of good horses feels toward a thoroughbred horse.

To admire the appearance of a Jordan, it is only necessary to exercise the sense of sight. It is truly distinctive—quite individual.

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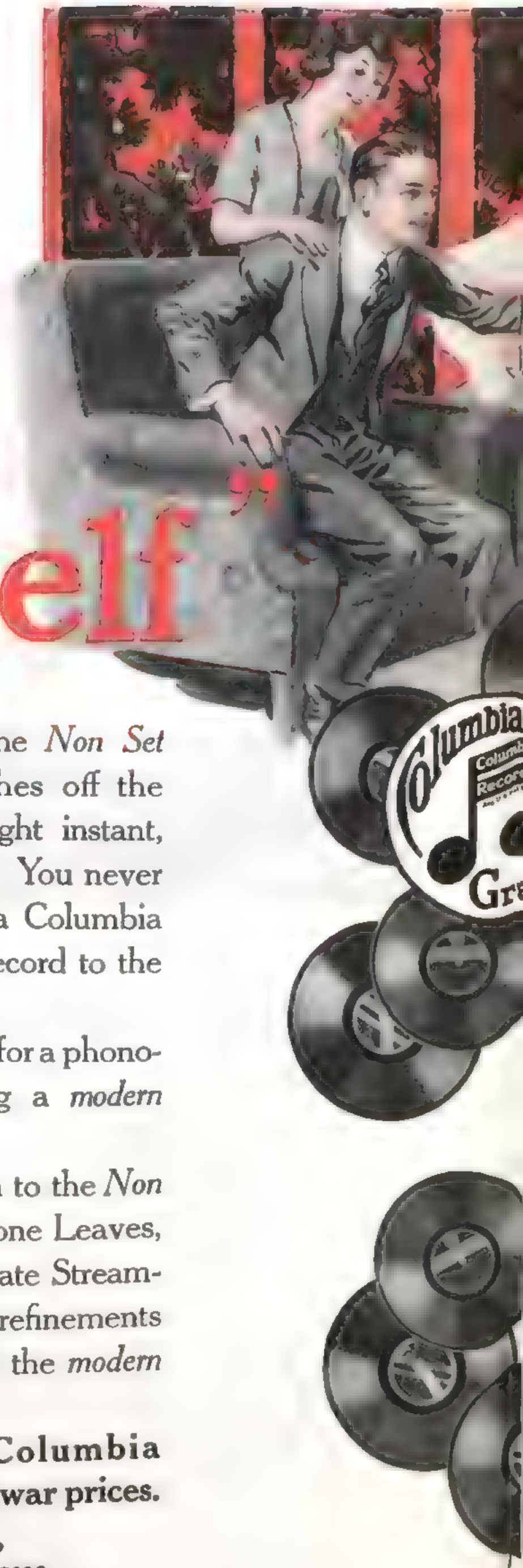
The Jordan is the Jordan because of its inherent capacity for dependable service—its happy personality—its quick response to demands of work or play.

In short—it's an investment that brings returns in service and happy days.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., *Cleveland, Ohio*



"It stops itself"

At the end of every record the *Non Set Automatic Stop* noiselessly switches off the motor. Always at exactly the right instant, whether the record is long or short. You never have to leave your seat to stop a Columbia Grafonola. You can enjoy every record to the very last note.

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Make sure that it has, in addition to the *Non Set Automatic Stop*, the adjustable Tone Leaves, the straight Tone Arm, the up-to-date Streamline Cabinet—all the big and little refinements that make the Columbia Grafonola the *modern* phonograph.

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Standard Models from $30.00 up
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Tone Leaves that give complete and accurate control over tone volume.

Straight Tone Arm that allows the sound waves to develop fully and naturally.

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The *Only Non Set Automatic Stop.* Nothing to move or set or measure.

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"What delicious-looking biscuits!" "Oh, but they're easy—my NEW PERFECTION always bakes perfectly."

You'll Like Aladdin Utensils, Too

They brighten the kitchen and lighten the work. Two are shown on this stove—and there's an Aladdin shape for every kitchen need. Ask your dealer.

IT'S NO trick at all to cook delicious foods—with a New Perfection. Fluffy biscuits, juicy roasts, tender-crusted pies—it bakes and cooks *everything* perfectly.

There is a constant flow of heat through the New Perfection Oven. The three-point locking device on the door keeps the door closed tightly—no heat wasted. You don't have to open it, because you can always see the baking through the glass windows. The oven has a rust proof finish, is very strong, yet light in weight and is easily lifted about.

The New Perfection Brings Kitchen Comfort

Three million women, searching for true kitchen comfort, have already found the answer—in the New Perfection Stove.

That Long Blue Chimney is the big feature of the New Perfection. It keeps kitchens cool, clean and comfortable.

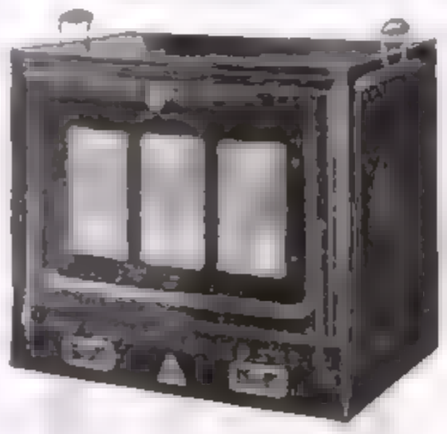
There's no sweltering fire to distract—no dust-spreading ashes that have to be constantly carried out.

The Long Blue Chimney Doesn't Smoke up Pots and Pans

That Long Blue Chimney is long for two reasons. It provides draught which drives the heat forcibly up against the cooking utensil. It starts action the moment the pan is put on the stove. At the same time, this ample chimney space gives plenty of time for every bit of the kerosene to burn into clean, intense heat. That's why the New Perfection cooks so well, and that's why your utensils aren't blackened by soot: for soot is merely unburned kerosene—wasted heat.

How New Perfection Saves Time and Labor

The wick lights at the touch of a match and the stove is ready for use *instantly*. The flame is easily adjusted—you can see it through the little mica doors. And how many steps, how much energy you save through the fact that the flame, once set, *stays put*. You can *depend* on the New Perfection.



Your New Perfection Stove isn't complete without a New Perfection Oven

Made to Last for Years

The New Perfection is carefully built throughout. It is equipped with brass burners that will last a life-time. When you get a New Perfection, you are sure of years of honest service and *real kitchen economy*.

Your local dealer will gladly demonstrate the fast-starting, steady-burning New Perfection. Or write direct to us for a copy of the New Perfection booklet.

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Made & Guaranteed by THE PERFECTION STOVE CO. LTD. CANADA

HOUSEHOLD CMP PRODUCTS

Also makers of PERFECTION Oil Heaters and ALADDIN Cooking Utensils

Branches in Principal Cities

(Continued from Page 54)

On the day after their return to the Figueroa Street boarding house McNair went to see a physician whose name had been given him by one of the Eastern specialists. From this inspection he breezed into Cleppy's room in almost hysterically high spirits.

"Get this!" he exulted. "Doc says I'm doing grand. Says the old lung is healing over fine. Says the disease is arrested, whatever that is. Says there's no reason I shouldn't get as well as I ever was. Says I've got to stay out here a good long spell yet. But he's dead sure I'm all right. Think of that, Clep! I'm all right! Gee, I knew it before I went to him! Out there in that desert of ours I could feel me healing and getting back into shape. Let's go somewheres and eat!"

Cleppy came out of a fit of morose brooding and shouted aloud at the marvelous tidings. Then he led the way to Marcel's. There the cousins held a truly magnificent celebration feast.

On the way home Roy said less hilariously: "If I got to stay out here so long I'll have to find a job—an outdoor one, the doc said. My cash is tied up in Liberty Bonds and things, all except part of the money my benefit brought me, and I've used up most of that. To-morrow I'll go job hunting. Doc says I'm not fit to go back into the fight game just yet. He says heavy training would put a crimp in me—till everything is healed up. I ——"

"I got an idea," put in Cleppy shyly. "I was kind of figgering you'd want to be doing something or other to hunt a pay slip. So when you was at the doctor's this morning I went out to the lot. I got my old job back, all right, all right. They're short-handed. Besides, Miller says they can use me for a bit in this new picture of Clive's they're just starting—The Fighting Man. It's the one I told you they were getting ready to make—the one with the big fist fight in it for him. He's to play the young s'ciety fav'rite who turns prize fighter to show his sweetheart he isn't all et up by culcher."

"But you and this Clive ——"

"Bemis was telling me about it," pattered on Cleppy, talking fast. "He says there's a scene where Clive's in training and a bunch of toughs get fresh with his girl and Clive sails in and abolishes 'em. He wants me in that. He wants at least one of the toughs to know something about handling his fists, he says, to make it look real—and I'm the one. The rest are just extras. Jean's in this picture, too, Bemis says," went on Cleppy with a glumness that could no longer be masked. "But, Lord, I gotta meet her sometime, haven't I? She's got quite a little part in it, too, he says—thanks to Clive. More'n just a bit this time—a part."

He lapsed into gloomy silence, but almost at once he came to life again.

"They got Spider Crope for the champion pug that Clive knocks out in the ring. He don't come on at all, except in the fight scene, you know, and ——"

"Spider Crope!" scoffed McNair. "That big piece of cheese? Why, back East he wasn't ever anything more than a pork-and-beaner. I won my first real fight off him when I was a beginner. He ——"

"He's the man they picked out," said Cleppy. "It ain't the easiest thing here to find a p'fessional fighter to play such a part. There's plenty of pugs on the coast—good ones, too, they say. But the best won't go on in the pictures just for one scene to be beat up and act as a punching bag, and the bum ones are too clumsy, or they can't learn to lose graceful. So they hired Spider Crope. But it's all off. He was riding back from the lot in a jitney yesterday and it skidded into a bus and turned turtle, and Spider's right arm is broke in two places. That lets him out, and they're in a rush on the picture."

"H'm!" mused McNair. "I wonder how Spider's fixed for cash. It must be rotten to be crippled way out here when the pay stops. I'll drop around to the hosp'tal and slip him something. He ——"

"That c'n wait," said Cleppy, impatient at the interruption. "I told Bemis I c'd get him a man worth fifty of Spider; a man who could jump in and make the bout look like a million dollars' worth. I ——"

"You didn't make a fool of me by telling them I ——"

"Go easy! I said this man was my cousin, Harvey Matthews. I said he'd been cleaning up a passel of middleweights in Australia, and that he was stopping with me for a day or two on his way East. Bemis took me to Malachi Ruhl. He's the chief director, you know—the he coon of the whole Preeminent outfit—and he directs all Clive's pictures. First off, Ruhl wouldn't hardly listen to me. He was a-raging. Said he was telegraphing to three cities for a man to take Spider's place. But he knows I c'n box, and he knows I know a fighter when I see one. So—well, he'll look you over and see if he likes you."

"I don't ——"

"You said you wanted an outdoor job. If you make a hit in this picture it's a cinch Ruhl will keep you on for one or two others, for Clive's going to have some kind of a fight in all his pictures from now on, he says. His fights go fine with the fans back East. And it'll mean six months or a year of easy work for you at corking good pay. Nor yet you won't have to train or even let yourself out—hippodrome stuff. Easy spectacular boxing for a round or two, and then a grand-stand fall. C'mon out and see him, anyhow. If you don't it'll likely queer me with my job there, after the way I've touted you."

After another half hour of aimless argument the two set forth for the twelve-acre inclosure which girt the offices and studios of the Preeminent Film Corporation. The more Roy thought over the idea the less it irked him. It would be fun to see the inside of this mimic life. It would be still more fun to put on the gloves again. And on mature thought this was the only kind of job at which a beginner like himself could possibly hope to earn a decent wage. Thus when he followed Cleppy down a long hallway with lettered-glass gray doors on either side and into a huge room that looked like a cross between a workshop and a stage library he was half reconciled to the project.

A big man in riding trousers and sport shirt and a shock of gray hair looked up from a desk and nodded to him. Then his cold eye played on Roy's face, as if the director were trying vainly to place the newcomer in an uncertain memory. Then giving over the futile effort to recall where he had seen him before, Ruhl said curtly, "You are Harvey Matthews?"

Roy nodded.

"You're the type, all right," went on the director, "and you'll film well. It's worth a try-out. If you can box, and if Mr. Clive likes your work —— Miss Dyer," he interrupted himself, turning to a mouselike stenographer in one corner of the room, "telephone over to Number Seven and tell Mr. Clive the man is here. If it is convenient will he please come over to the gym and give him a try-out? Worden, take your man to the gym and have O'Rell give him shoes and trunks."

When the director followed them to the gymnasium McNair had just incased his legs in the pair of black trunks handed out to him. Again Ruhl ran a practiced eye over the slender, powerful body, and he nodded approval. Vastly different was this applicant from the paunchy or skinny candidates who were wont to ask for such work. And there was a tigerish grace and litheness to the athlete which appealed to the director's artistic soul.

Again, Ruhl sought vainly to recall the candidate's face.

"You'll remember," he cautioned Roy—"you'll remember in this try-out and in all your screen work with Mr. Clive—if we decide to engage you—that you must give the appearance of heavy hitting without really putting your strength and steam into the blows. If one of Mr. Clive's eyes were to be blacked, for example, it would delay the picture for weeks. And that would cost more than to send a special train East for Moran or Roy McNair or one of the other topnotchers and pay him a fortune for coming on here."

"Yes, sir," said Roy meekly, his face a mask.

He was beginning to enjoy this proposed rôle of his. He shot a grateful look at the wriggling Cleppy Worden. Then the gymnasium door swung wide. Into the room came a person of much loveliness. Clad in snowy outing flannels, his shapely neck and classic head with its crown of close-cropped golden curls rising from a wide-collared shirt of amber silk, Barry Clive strolled forward. At his heels padded a Japanese valet carrying an armful of trunks and shoes and initialed crash towels.

"Barry," began Ruhl almost deferentially, as he indicated McNair with a jerk of the head, "here's the man I told you about. What do you think of him?"

Barry glanced carelessly at the champion. He did not honor Roy with a word or nod of salutation but gave him the inspection he might have accorded to a thoroughbred dog or horse.

"Not bad," he vouchsafed presently. "Certainly an improvement on that two-legged hyena you hired for the part—the one who broke his gorilla arm. With this man I'll feel less like a human slaughtering a scarecrow. I'll be ready in a minute."

He departed into one of the dressing rooms, followed by his Jap. From this seclusion in a few minutes emerged the Hermes of Praxiteles. Small wonder the feminine screen fans adored Barry Clive in fighting togs! For his body bore out the rare physical perfection of his head and face. To good purpose did Clive maintain a physical-culture instructor whose sole life business it was to keep the star's figure correct.

Yet at first glimpse Roy McNair saw this was the figure of a statue, not of a fighter. It abounded in grace and in the outward aspect of power. But to Roy's trained eye there was none of the underlying ruggedness, the elusive vulpine quality without which no man may hold his own in the prize ring.

Clive was a thing of beauty; he was not a fighting machine.

The men's gloves were drawn on. At once Clive took the aggressive. With furious speed he attacked, and with a deftness which well merited the press-agent line he had inspired. Roy blocked and ducked and shifted, and with light blows countered the spectacular rush. This was child's play to him, this rapid bout whose tension brought the sweat to Barry's classic brow and set him to breathing fast. In full spirit of the game, however, McNair let his opponent continue to have the merest shade of advantage throughout. Wherefore, at the end of the round Clive turned a glowing face to the director.

"He'll do!" declared Barry with real enthusiasm. "Hire him."

With no further notice of his grinning antagonist, the star repaired to the chilled shower, while Ruhl took the pugilist to another office, where terms were settled, and where he was bidden to report for work at nine the next morning.

On their way to the lot the following day Roy asked, "Didn't Ruhl say the collar model and I are to have our bout to-day? He must have meant we were just going to rehearse it. You told me the picture was barely begun, and the fight scene is to be the climax. That won't be taken for weeks yet."

Cleppy laughed at his cousin's stark ignorance.

"They don't ever film a picture in the order it's going to be shown," he explained with ineffable patronage. "They take a bunch of exteriors one time and a swad of interiors another time in any old order at all. The scenes are all numbered, you know, on the script, and when the whole thing's done they cut the footage up and piece it together where it belongs. It's a kind of patchwork.

"That prize ring now—that's been built out in Number Five Lot. So has the street scene where I and the other toughs has got to have our fight with Clive. They'll be wanting that space for something else in a day or so, and they won't want to keep all the extras any longer'n they have to. Extras cost money, and they'll likely need them to-morrow for some other picture. They're fight spectators to-day, and all that. Most of 'em—and nearly half the principals, for that matter—don't know what the whole story of any picture is till they go to some theater after the film's released to see themselves in it. Here we are," he ended as they filed in with several men and women through a wicket, past a bored functionary and emerged into the lot.

The director and his assistant were rabidly busy at Number Five on certain scenes of the picture. Yet as Roy McNair stood interestedly watching the work he felt, as does every other outsider, the apparently excuseless waste of time between scenes and in seemingly useless retakes. It was nearly noon before he was summoned to the impromptu ring, where Clive awaited him and where several hundred extras were grouped as audience. The cameras were leveled but they were not grinding. For this was to be a rehearsal—the only one, if it went smoothly, of the bout. It was a rehearsal for the fighters and for the spectators alike.

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Overnight, or earlier, Ruhl had evidently planned out every move of the battle. And before each round he outlined to the two a general plan of their respective modes of work during the next three minutes of boxing. He coached them as well in between-round acting, and he megaphoned to the various mob captains in the audience the forms of emotion they and their cohorts were to portray.

The rehearsal went off smoothly. Roy threw himself into the game with real zest. Artistically he staggered back from Clive's smashes. With well-executed awkwardness he let heavy blows bore past his guard. At the end his helpless collapse was so well rendered as to wring a grunt of approval from the cynical Ruhl himself.

"I've seen worse rehearsals," vouchsafed the director. "We'll have the real take at three this afternoon. Barry, didn't you say you wanted that street row before you have the prize fight?"

"Yes," answered Clive, turning back on his way to the shower. "I don't want to get into street clothes when I'm all hot from the bout, and then get perspiring over again in my scene with the toughs, and have to undress and take another bath. Either let's have the street fight before the bout or else let it go over till to-morrow."

"Two-thirty this afternoon," decreed Ruhl. "Bemis has been rehearsing Worden and the extras for it, using the same stunts I taught you. All you'll have to do is take his place. They've got it down pretty well. I'll risk the cameras on it. It'll mean only one retake at most, and we're in a hurry. By the way, Bemis, tell Props to be sure to give them the two-ounce striking gloves—the ones we use for the bag in the gym. The five-ounces look like pillows on the screen. There won't be any hard hitting, so the weight won't matter. Come on and eat, Barry."

As the director and Clive strolled off arm in arm Roy glanced about the thinning groups of extras for Cleppy Worden. But Cleppy was not in sight. All morning the cousins had been working in different corners of the lot, and now that activities had ceased for the luncheon hour McNair tried to remember where last he had seen his chum.

Wandering idly in search of him, Roy came around a corner. There, just ahead, and moving toward the door of one of the women's dressing rooms, he beheld Cleppy. The little fellow was walking unnecessarily close to a decidedly pretty girl. As they parted at the door Roy had a better look at her. She had been crying, but through its cream-colored grease paint her face now was all dimpling with happiness. And that same happiness had reflected itself in Cleppy's own spherical visage, which glowed like a rising moon.

There at the dressing-room door, shamelessly and by tacit consent, they kissed each other. Then the girl ran indoors and Cleppy turned away in dizzy rapture. He collided with the interestedly watching Roy and, recognizing him, seized the champion's square shoulders in a scramblingly fervid grip.

"Well," observed Roy, "I see you haven't wasted overmuch time in finding another sweetheart. She's ——"

"Another sweetheart?" babbled Cleppy in delirium. "There ain't any other. She's the only sweetheart that ever happened. That was—that was Jean!"

"Jean?" sputtered Roy. "But I thought—I thought ——"

"So did I," raved Cleppy. "But I ought to 'a' known better. We misjudged her wrong; me and you did. I happened across her not ten minutes ago on the way to the dressing rooms. I was for passing her by with a lot of ice in my eyes, but she came running up to me. And she began to cry, and she said how horribly sorry she was, and how worried she'd been about what might 'a' happened to me all this long time, and how she'd tried to get me on the phone so often, and I'd been away. And ——"

"But if she ——"

"She isn't! She got riled at me for being bossy, she says, and she went over and talked to Clive just to get my goat—which she sure done. And ever since she's been giving him the go-by, and she hasn't ever been in love with anyone but me. And Clive is pestering the life out of her for not having anything more to do with him, and say, ain't this one grand old he world?"

At half past two the principals and extras of the street-fight scene were grouped at the set awaiting Ruhl's arrival from lunch. McNair was standing beside the wrigglingly jubilant Cleppy when the latter's face suddenly took on an aspect of idiotic ecstasy, and toward them, through the crowd, advanced Jean Potter.

"Ain't that great?" whispered Cleppy. "She ain't on in this scene at all, but she's coming over to watch me work. I'll sure have to do my stunt grand to-day with a gallery like her. She ——"

He paused and his glowing face clouded ever so little. Jean had advanced to within a few yards of Cleppy and McNair. But now, through the respectfully parting group, strolled a man in somewhat garish morning dress. Clive had caught sight of Jean as he neared the set and he had shifted his course to intercept her. As he came alongside he leaned down with infinite grace and spoke to her under his breath. Cleppy, recovering his self-control, strode toward them, McNair beside him. They missed Clive's low-breathed words, but they did not miss the girl's reply.

Looking first at the adoring Cleppy and then at Barry, she said with much distinctness, in answer to a question he evidently had asked: "Because I am engaged to Mr. Worden here. That's the reason, Mr. Clive. That's why I've been trying to keep out of your way. That's why I must ask you to keep out of mine, please."

A half score people besides Clive and McNair and the enraptured Cleppy must have heard the clear-voiced speech—a speech Jean finished by laying one little gloved hand on Cleppy's arm.

Clive went purple. Without a word he wheeled and stalked out of the group.

"There goes my job," blithered Cleppy, "and yours, too, I s'pose, baby. But it was worth it. Oh, girl of mine, you ain't going to be let lose anything by this! I don't know yet how you ain't, but it goes. And—meet my cousin, Mr.—Mr. Harvey Matthews, Jean. He ——"

Ruhl and Bemis came bustling up with the camera men and work began. In another two minutes Cleppy and three other disreputable-looking youths were standing in idle talk on a corner in front of a papier-mâché saloon, while two cameras played on them. Into the picture promenaded the leading woman under the exquisite escort of Barry Clive. The four youths nudged one another.

Cleppy winked boldly at the leading woman and cooed, "Whatcher hurry, sweetie?"

The leading woman shrank back in terror. Barry Clive, with the gesture of a stained-glass Galahad, cast aside hat and coat and stick and flung himself at the insulter. According to rehearsal, the three other toughs closed about them and strove with vicious gentleness to overpower the star. At this point Clive was supposed to turn upon them, knock two of them senseless with spectacular lefts, hurl the third—an acrobat—over his head, and then to return to finish Cleppy.

Despite the warning yell of Bemis he did nothing of the sort. Instead he flew at Cleppy like a maddened wildcat. Disregarding the conscientious attack of the others, Clive concentrated his efforts on the luckless Cleppy. Catching him by the throat with his left hand he held him thus while he drove three lightning-swift punches into the astounded Cleppy's face. Each blow was delivered with all Barry's trained strength. Then hurling the half-senseless youth to the ground he proceeded to kick him twice with the full swing of his booted right foot. After which he whirled upon the trio of dumfounded extras, tapped two of them with showy effect, went through the easy task of tossing the acrobat over his head and wheeled once more toward Cleppy.

Bleeding, stunned, sick, aghast, the victim was trying to reel to his feet. A ferocious half hook from Barry laid him unconscious on the pavement.

"There!" exclaimed Clive loudly. "I think I put enough pep into that fight to bring the crowd to their feet when they see it. Anyhow, that poor mucker's too dead for a retake—eh?"

He was speaking to Ruhl. But his half-shut eyes were on Jean, who was trying frantically to push through the mob of flustered extras to where Cleppy lay, an inert and bloody little heap, on the stones.

McNair had mounted a scaffolding thirty feet away to watch the scene. Between him and it were perhaps two hundred extras who were waiting for the prize-ring action. Before he could grasp the whole

(Concluded on Page 62)

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(Concluded from Page 60)

import of what had happened and could shove a path through the milling bevies of men and women the brief catastrophe was over. Clive was on the way to his dressing room, Ruhl arguing and scolding as they went, and Bemis and the camera men were starting for the ring.

Thus Roy came upon the senseless Cleppy lying in the middle of an excitedly babbling and questioning clump of people, with Jean Potter kneeling on the ground beside him, weeping and trying to stanch the blood on his lips. As McNair came alongside, Cleppy opened one badly swollen eye and peered stupidly about him.

"Wha—what d'he hit me with?" he bubbled between broken teeth. "He ——"

"Hush, dear!" begged Jean. "The brute tried to get even with you because I—because I care for you. And he tried to show off and make me think he was the best man of the two of you. As if I didn't care ten million times as much for you, after the way he treated you! He ——"

"Listen!" put in McNair hoarsely, his voice ashake, as he helped Cleppy to his feet and cast a practiced eye over his injuries. "Listen to me, both of you! I want you to do something for me. Right back yonder is a kind of platform or balcony or something being made. I was there when this stunt was pulled off. That's why he got away with it. I couldn't get here any sooner. Cleppy, go and wash up as quick as you can. Then take Miss Potter up on that platform and stay there. Do what I tell you! The platform looks right down on the ring where the bout is going to be in a few minutes. I want both of you to be there to watch it. I ——"

"But Cleppy ought to be home and in bed!" wailed Jean. "He ——"

"What he'll see from that platform is going to do him a whole heap more good than any bed could," insisted McNair vehemently. "Take my word for that! Do as I say! I'm going to get ready for the bout now."

When Bemis, after placing the cameras for the ring scene, came hastening back to give what aid he could to the disabled Cleppy he found the sufferer gone. A few minutes later he chanced to see the battered youth and a girl sitting high on a scantling just outside the camera focus.

The cameras set to work. An announcer entered the ring. The referee crawled through the ropes. Then, walking heavily and swathed in a shapeless bath robe and followed by the usual retinue of seconds, came Roy McNair. Followed, from the opposite side, Barry Clive and his train. Vaulting the ropes, Clive cast aside his snowy bath robe and stood revealed in statuesque beauty. A camera from the ring's edge took a close-up of him. He bowed exquisitely to imaginary applause. The referee called the two gladiators to the center of the ring for faked instructions. The call of time was given. The two rushed together. Then they must needs pause while a second close-up was taken.

"Action!" barked Ruhl.

And three cameras, at three different angles, began again to grind.

As by rehearsal Roy aimed a clumsy left at Clive's jaw. Barry countered it and landed on his opponent's jaw. At this point Roy should have reeled back beneath the fearful impact, but he did not.

Clive, watching McNair's face with practiced alertness, saw the lips change to a cold and colorless gash. The jaws set. The eyes retreated to mere pin points under the overhanging brows. Ten thousand prize-ring fans could have told him this was Roy McNair's fighting face and that it spelt trouble for any man in front of him.

That was the last clear vision of anything granted to Barry Clive—formerly John Peter Robbins—throughout the fight which followed. But Cleppy and Jean, clinging deliriously together on the platform, saw much more. So did the crazed Ruhl. So did the other spectators. So did the eyes of all three cameras, for by instinct the camera men kept on grinding, and Ruhl and Bemis forgot to bid them stop.

In a white fury McNair flew at his beautiful opponent. He tore into him with unspectacular but hideously effective smashes. The stage referee forgot his own duties and stared in helpless horror as Roy's short-arm blows hammered Clive against the ropes and held him there.

Now by prize-ring usage a man may drive his foe to the ropes and may keep him there, if he can, until a referee intervenes. But this particular referee—a third-rate actor on the Preëminent pay roll—did not intervene.

As Clive, guarding wildly and vainly, struck the ropes Roy changed his course of attack. Not bothering to block the frantic counters of his enemy he came to close quarters and turned his infighting batteries full upon the star's convulsed face. Not once did he strike for the body. Not once did he attempt a knockout by aiming for the jaw. Mouth, nose—especially nose—and ears were his objectives. None of these are vital spots in a fight. Thus under the ceaseless hailstorm of blows Clive was not knocked out or even down. The force of the bombardment kept his back plastered to the ropes and his sagging body from falling. Clever boxer as he was he did not understand this dismayingly swift and puzzling form of Terry McGovern infighting. But Roy McNair understood it. In his younger days he had learned its art by watching the work of the then terrible McGovern.

Well inside Barry Clive's uselessly flailing guard Roy plied both pistonlike fists. To an outsider it might have seemed that he was slugging with mere aimless ferocity. But every blow had its mark. Like many another first-class pugilist McNair was a clever student of anatomy. He knew where and how each portion of an antagonist might best be harmed. He knew, for example, the best blow for breaking the bridge of a nose and the best follow-up blows for putting the bones and sinews of that nose beyond the help of human surgery to readjust. He knew the twistingly glancing blow that transforms delicate ear cartilage forever into what is known technically as a cauliflower ear. He knew the blows the teeth hate—the blows which never leave a mouth as shapely as they found it.

And all these maneuvers—he had scorned them in his professional fights—all these he was bringing into play, his hitting muscles driven on by memory of a huddled and pitifully ridiculous little figure lying on the stones and a big-eyed girl sobbing heartbrokenly above it. For once in his ring career Roy McNair was merciless. He had entered on this fight with one aim in view, and that aim he was achieving. Moreover, he was achieving it with such pantherlike velocity that his work was completed before the bellowing Ruhl could summon presence of mind enough to lead a rescue party into the ring and stop the carnage.

Momentarily blinded, forever shorn of his unearthly classic beauty, Barry Clive was half led, half carried, moaning and crying, from the ring. His delicate nerves were a wreck. He was in unbearable pain. His shapely body was unblotched, but his face was a thing of horror to gaze upon. Nor even after six weeks of supercostly treatment at the hands of America's most skilled surgeons was it to recover its beauty. True, he was patched and sewed and carved into the semblance of a man of moderately presentable appearance, despite a flattish nose, a pair of ultrathick ears and a mouth that twisted a trifle at one corner. But never again would Barry Clive's looks, as mere looks, be worth a plugged nickel to him. McNair was a master when he set his mind to a task.

The rackety excitement brought to the ring-side space every living soul on the Preeminent lot.

It did more. From the street outside it drew in a policeman and a number of idlers who had stormed the momentarily unguarded wicket.

Ruhl, through the mist of his own scatterbrain wrath, caught sight of the blue-coated officer. Running up to him through the press he pointed in dramatic fury at the unconcerned Roy, who had resumed his bath robe and was calling some form of jolly greeting to a man and a girl on a scaffolding just beyond.

"That man's half killed Barry Clive!" he mouthed. "I believe he was slipped in here as a ringer by the Trans-American to put our best star out of business. I want him arrested. I'll make the complaint against him."

The policeman turned toward Roy. Then after a moment's scrutiny he turned back to Ruhl.

"I hate to do it," he said. "You see, I was there when he won his first fight—the month before I came West. I didn't even know he was out here. I—I hate to arrest him. He's the cleanest guy in the whole profession. And," he went on, forestalling an angry command from Ruhl, "you're wrong about saying he's a ringer. Roy McNair's the straightest man you'd ever want to meet. Maybe there's some mistake. What's ——"

But Malachi Ruhl did not hear him. The director had won his success through the ability to think out an entire idea before most men could have unlimbered their brains for action. Now he was plunging through the crowd, throwing extras to right and left as he ran. Down upon the conqueror he charged.

"Are you Roy McNair?" he demanded. Before Roy could make reply the director thundered on: "You are! I knew I'd seen your face! I couldn't place it. But now I can. Come along here with me!"

Grabbing the perplexed Roy by the shoulder he propelled him toward his office, pausing on the way only long enough to send a gaping roustabout in search of two officials of the company.

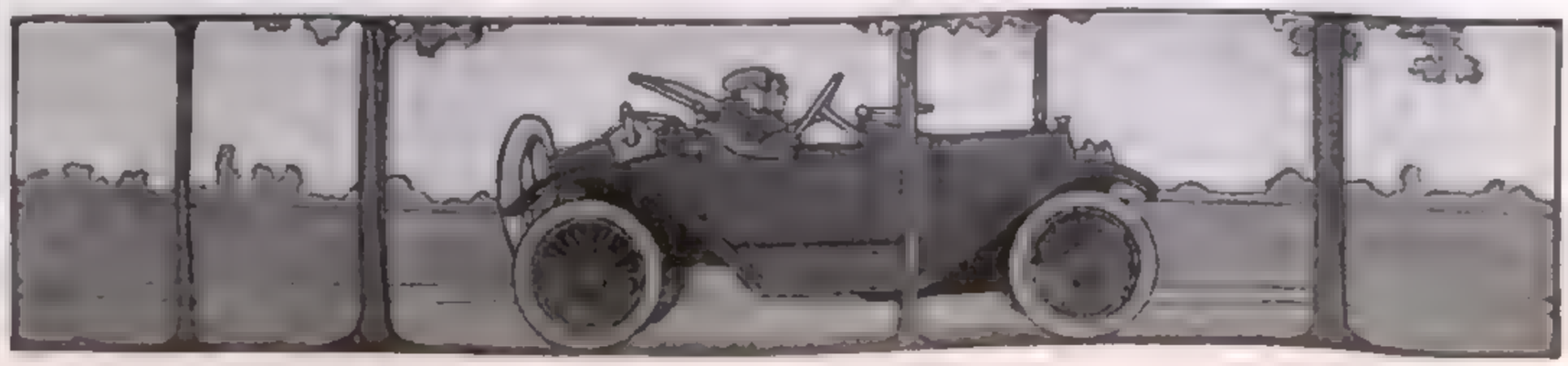
"If you can work for the Preëminent under a phony name for seventy dollars a week," concluded Ruhl half an hour later as he and McNair and the two officials were ending their conference, "you can certainly work for it under your own name for eleven hundred a week. And that's what you're going to do. Oh, yes, yes!" he broke off as Roy started to speak. "That'll be all right about comfortable jobs for Cleppy Worden and the little Potter girl. We've settled all that. Now this picture ——"

"But if ——"

"If it can't be changed? That's the easiest thing we do. That author could juggle Hamlet into an Arbuckle comedy if he had to. I'll send for him and tell him to operate on the script. The big scene, of course, will be where Roy McNair, middleweight champ of the world, knocks out the handsome Russian prince adventurer in one round and wins the girl. Barry can't appear in anything but that one scene, of course—except in the street fight. That'll serve—that street scrap—first rate to introduce the prince and show he's a scrapper. We haven't had Barry in any of the other scenes yet, so we'll have the rest of the picture rewritten around Roy McNair."

"You—you understand now why I spoiled his face?" ventured the dizzy McNair. "He'd done a rotten thing in beating up poor ——"

"Yep," agreed Ruhl absently, "that's right. He had. But you've done a grand service to screen art by dismantling that beauty face of his. Now he'll have to learn how to act. And when he does—watch his smoke, that's all! Watch his smoke!"



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THE SALVAGING OF CIVILIZATION

(Concluded from Page 15)

We want to make our world think more than it does about the consequences of the lives it leads and the political deeds that it does and that it permits to be done. We want to turn the human imagination round again towards the future which our lives create. We want a collection and digest of forecasts and warnings to complete this modern Bible of ours. Now here I think you will say—and I admit with perfect reason—that I am floating away from any reasonable possibility at all. How can we have forecasts and prophecies of things that are happening now? Well, I will make a clean breast of it, and admit that I am asking for something that may be impossible. Nevertheless, it is something that is very necessary if men are to remain indeed intelligent, coöperating communities. In the past you will find where there have been orderly and successful communities the men in them had an idea of a destiny, of some object, something that would amount to a criterion and judgment upon their collective conduct. Well, I believe that we have to get back to something of that sort.

We have statesmen and politicians who profess to guide our destinies. Whither are they guiding our destinies?

Surely they have some idea. The great American statesmen and the great European statesmen are making to-morrow. What is the to-morrow they are making?

Prophets and Forecasters

They must have some idea of it. Otherwise they must be impostors. I am loath to believe them impostors, mere adventurers who have blundered into positions of power and honor with no idea of what they are doing to the world. But if they have an idea of what they are doing to the world, they foresee and intend a future. That, I take it, is sound reasoning and the inference is plain.

They ought to write down their ideas of this future before us. It would be helpful to all of us. It might be a very helpful exercise for them. It is, I think, reasonable for Americans to ask the great political personages of America, the President, and so forth, for example, whether they think the United States will stand alone in twenty-five years' time as they stand alone now. Or whether they think that there will be a greater United States—of all America—or of all the world. They must know their own will about that. And it is equally reasonable to ask the great political personages of the British Empire: What will Ireland be in twenty-five years' time? What will India be? There must be a plan, an intended thing. Otherwise these men have no intentions; otherwise they must be, in two words, dangerous fools. The sooner we substitute a type of man with a sufficient foresight and capable of articulate speech in the matter, the better for our race.

And again, every statesman and every politician throughout the world says that the relations of industrial enterprise to the labor it employs are unsatisfactory. Yes. But how are those relations going to develop? How do they mean them to develop?

Are we just drifting into an unknown darkness in all these matters, with blind leaders of our blindness? Or cannot a lot of these things be figured out by able and intelligent people? I put it to you that they can. That it is a reasonable and proper thing to ask our statesmen and politicians: What is going to happen to the world? What sort of better social order are you making for? What sort of world order are you creating? Let them open their minds to us; let them put upon permanent record the significance of all their intrigues and maneuvers. Then as they go on we can check their capacity and good faith. We can establish a control at last that will rule presidents and kings.

Now the answer to these questions for statesmen is what I mean by a Book of Forecasts. Such a book, I believe, is urgently needed to help our civilization. It is a book we ought all to possess and read. I know you will say that such a Book of Forecasts will be at first a preposterously insufficient book—that every year will show it up and make it more absurd. I quite agree. The first Book of Forecasts will be a poor thing. Miserably poor. So poor that people will presently clamor to have it thoroughly revised.

The revised Book of Forecasts will not be quite so bad. It will have been tested against realities. It will form the basis of a vast amount of criticism and discussion.

When again it comes to be revised it will be much nearer possible realities.

I put it to you that the psychology, the mentality, of a community that has a Book of Forecasts in hand and under watchful revision will be altogether steadier and stronger and clearer than that of a community which lives as we do to-day, mere adventurers, without foresight, in a world of catastrophes and accidents and unexpected things. We shall be living again in a plan. Our lives will be shaped to certain defined ends. We shall fall into place in a great scheme of activities. We shall recover again some or all of the steadfastness and dignity of the old religious life.

Let me, with this Book of Forecasts, round off my fantasy. I would picture to you this modern Bible, perhaps two or three times as bulky as the old Bible, and consisting first of:

The Historical Books, with maps and the like;

The Books of Conduct and Wisdom;

The Anthologies of Poetry and Literature; and, finally, the Book of Forecasts.

I would picture this Bible to you as most carefully done and printed, and made accessible to all, the basis of education in every school, the common platform of all discussion, just as in the past the old Bible used to be. I would ask you to imagine it translated into every language, a common material of understanding throughout all the world.

And, furthermore, I imagine something else about this—I imagine all of it periodically revised. The Historical Books would need to be revised and brought up to date; there would be new lights on wisdom and conduct, there would be fresh additions to the anthologies, and there would be forecasts that would have to be struck out because they were realized or because they were shown to be hopeless or undesirable, and fresh forecasts would be added to replace them.

It would be a Bible moving forward and changing, and gaining with human experience and human destiny.

Well, that is my dream of a Bible of civilization. Have I in any way carried my vision out to you, of this little row of four or five volumes in every house, in every life throughout the world, holding the lives and ideas and imaginations of men together in a net of common familiar phrases and common established hopes?

What it Would Cost

And is this a mere fantastic talk, or is this a thing that could be done and that ought to be done?

I do not know how it will appear to you, but to me it seems that this book I have been talking about—the Bible of to-day's civilization—is not simply a conceivable possibility; it is a great and urgent need. Our education is, I think, pointless without it—a shell without a core. Our social life is aimless without it; we are a crowd without a common understanding. Only by means of some such unifying instrument, I believe, can we hope to lift human life out of its present dangerous drift towards confusion and disaster.

It is, I think, therefore, an urgently desirable undertaking.

It is also a very practicable one. The creation of such a Bible, its printing and its translation, and a propaganda that would carry it into the homes and schools of most of the world, could, I think, all be achieved by a few hundred resolute and capable people at a cost of thirty to forty million dollars.

That is a less sum than that the United States, in a time when they have no enemy to fear in all the world, are prepared to spend upon the building of what is for them an entirely superfluous and extravagant toy—a great navy.

You may, you probably will, differ very widely upon much that I have here put before you. Let me ask you not to let any of the details of my sketching set you against the fundamental idea—that old creative idea of the Bohemian educationist who was the pupil of Bacon and the friend of Milton, the idea of Komensky—the idea of creating and using a common book, a book of knowledge and wisdom, as the necessary foundation for any enduring human unanimity.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Wells. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

MICHING MALLECHO

(Continued from Page 19)

The younger man laid his hand on Jim's arm; his fingers tightened; he whispered, "That was someone else! Someone else was there!"

But Jim was not so much struck by the significance of this fact, at first, as by Bert's tacit admission that he had been in the Castle at that tragic hour. He asked swiftly, "Were you there, Bert?"

Bert hesitated, then exclaimed, "Yes! But I didn't come out the front door. That was someone else."

Jim lifted his hand.

"Wait a minute! Let's get this straight. What did you go there for, Bert? You never told me."

For a moment he thought Bert would refuse to tell him; then the younger man moved his head in a gesture of resignation.

"Well," he said hurriedly—"well—oh, I was a darned fool! I'd done it before I had to see her sometimes. I thought maybe something would—I knew she'd be in the barn, milking, about then. So when I came out of the woods I went up there and got inside and hid to watch her. I had to see her sometimes, Jim! Can't you see I had to?"

"Margaret?" Jim asked huskily.

"Yes—I had to. There's a corner in by the shed door. I'd get in there, and when she came out with the lantern I could see her—not six feet from me, Jim—and I could see through the door into the tie-up and watch her when she came out, and all. That's all, Jim."

He was almost pleading, and Jim nodded in slow assurance.

"Why, sure!" he said. "Why, sure you did!" He considered the matter for a space, then asked quietly, "But how did you come out of the barn, Bert?"

"Through the shed door," Bert told him.

"That's on the side toward the orchard, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Funny Judd didn't see you."

Bert said hopelessly, "Oh, I guess he did! I guess he just says it was the front door to make it look worse. Where was he?"

"Hanging around somewhere. I don't know."

Bert laughed in a weary fashion. "Well, he'll enjoy telling all that in court, now won't he?"

Jim did not at once answer. He was looking out of the window, considering, and his eyes were steady and serene. Bert shifted nervously in his chair, till Jim swung toward him again, gripping his hat upon his knee.

"Bert," he said, "I'm going to hustle out there. Maybe I can—well, there's no telling. I'm going to fetch Judd up to the Castle and get him to show me where he was, and all. Maybe I can figure something. Why, Bert, there must have been somebody else there! Maybe Judd did see him; maybe missed seeing you come out. The little snake may be telling the truth. You can't tell. I'd ——"

He got to his feet. There was a terrific impatience in him.

"Mind if I go right along?" he asked. "I want to look round there before dark, and it's three o'clock now. If there's anything to see—any tracks or anything—there's been a lot of rain—ground soft." He was thinking aloud, turned suddenly toward the door, called to the sheriff, "Much obliged. I'll see you to-morrow." Looked

(Continued on Page 67)

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(Continued from Page 65)

back toward where Bert still sat. "Maybe to-night, Bert," he promised, and was gone.

The sheriff chuckled, and said to Bert good-naturedly, "Jim acts right het up, Bert. What's he got on his mind?"

Bert started to tell him, then decided against it. His sullen anger against Sohier, against all men in general, returned. He was sitting thus, frowning and morose, when a sound at the door made him raise his eyes again.

Margaret stood there—Margaret, his wife! She looked across at him with brimming eyes, and Bert got unsteadily to his feet. They stood thus for a moment, neither speaking. Then Margaret came toward him, moving so swiftly it was almost as though she ran—came toward him, was—before he had realized she was really there—deep in his arms.

"Bert, Bert," she whispered, "I came as soon as I could!"

"It's all right, all right," he told her huskily, holding her tenderly. "It's all right. I knew that you would come."

She was all penitence because for a little she had forgotten him. "I was grieving so for her," she pleaded. "I never guessed that they would think that you ——"

"There, there," he comforted her.

"You don't blame me?" she begged. "After all—in spite of her horrible, mad hours—she was my sister. And always gentle and sweet to me, before terror of him drove her poor wits away."

But Bert hushed her again. He was—since Margaret was in his arms—in no mood for sorrowing; was suddenly quite assured that all would be forever well with him, and with her.

It did not occur to him till afterward, when he and Jim and Margaret talked it over, to thank the malice of Judd for the unmixed blessing of her coming.

Judd, on the high steps before Will's store, watching Andy and Saladine drive away in the light truck toward town, leaned forward with his elbows on his knees and his fingers intertwined and tried to fight off that oppression which had laid its weight upon him. He was still sitting there when Margaret Dale presently passed the store in Joe Brine's car and with Joe driving. He guessed she had had difficulty in finding someone to take her to the city; and he watched them take the eastward road with an ugly and ironic grimace of distaste. Without intent, he had prompted that journey, had thrown her back in her husband's arms. By the same token he had sent Jim hurrying in like fashion to Bert's side.

He tried to reassure himself—thought: "He can't do anything. If Bert lies Jim'll believe him, but the judge won't when the time comes. Let him lie. It won't do a bit of good. And if he tells the truth, why then Jim'll know he done it, same as I do. She'll know, too, if he tells the truth." His eyes flamed with a sudden bitter hope that Bert would thus confess his guilt, but the hope died. He shook his head. "He'll stick it out, all right," he told himself. "But it won't do any good in the end."

For half an hour or so the lame man remained in the sun upon the steps of the store, shaken and depressed by his bitter reflections, striving to reassure himself; but in the end that sense of imminent calamity which was growing upon him drove him into the store. He could not bear longer to be alone. He went in and tried to talk with Will Bissell; but Will, always monosyllabic, was more curt than usual this day. Judd got small comfort from him.

Nevertheless, even in a silent Will there was companionship; and Judd stayed in the store, sitting by the stove, his feet propped against the fender. Now and then a woman came in to make some purchase. Most of the customers during the day were likely to be women; the men came in a body in the evening when the mail was due. Judd exchanged a word with some of these women, but he was in bad repute with them. His housekeeping methods were known, and a woman confronted by the spectacle of a man who keeps bachelor hall either pities or abhors him according to his other attributes. Judd's other attributes did not commend him to the women of Fraternity.

Ordinarily the little man was not susceptible to the dislike of those about him; he was used to it, and to some extent he relished their distaste. But this day he was burdened by a loneliness that was unusual with him. He wanted companionship, wanted conversation. There was in his tone something appealing and placative when he spoke to Will during one of those intervals in which they were alone. But Will, busy in his office in the rear, answered only by an unintelligible sound, and Judd relapsed into silence again.

He began to feel cold, and he huddled closer to the hot stove. The temperature of the store was stifling, but Judd's blood was thin. The little man commenced to shiver, and a sudden nervousness seized him, so that he looked behind him and from side to side with quick and furtive glances, as though he feared some enemy were approaching; then sneered at himself for his own weakness—told himself it was due to the fact that for two nights he had scarce slept at all.

He called to Will: "By gosh, I'll sleep some to-night! Didn't get a wink last night! Up there at the Castle all night long!"

He hoped Will would be prompted to ask for details of those tragedy-burdened hours, but Will said nothing.

The little man was infinitely relieved when Jim Saladine swung open the door and came in from the road. Jim answered Will's greeting from the office, but his attention was all for Judd.

"Saw your team outside," he said. "Can you come along and help me? I'm going up to the Castle."

Ordinarily Judd might, from sheer obstinacy, have refused; but he was glad at this moment of any companionship. It gave him a sense of importance, made him feel that he had a niche in this community, for Saladine to ask his company. He rose with some alacrity and started with the other toward the door.

"Why, sure!" he said.

The eagerness with which he followed Saladine out to the road was, in the light of that which was to come, singularly and ironically pitiful.

XV

JIM had hired an automobile to bring him from the city, and this car was standing in front of the store when he and Judd came out. Judd's horse and buggy were hitched in the area at one side.

Saladine said to the lame man, "We can go on up in the car, or we can take your team. Which you want to do?"

"Might as well take Sue," Judd decided. "She'll git us there about as prompt as that flivver, on the Ridge Road." He added a question: "What's happened? You act in a hurry."

But Jim had turned to pay the driver of the car and dismiss him; and Judd went to unhitch Sue and drove her out to the road, stopping while Saladine climbed in. Then he clucked to the mare, and she began the long climb to the crest of the Ridge at her smart, swift walk.

Judd asked again, "What's happened? What you going to the Castle for?"

"I want to look round some," Jim told him noncommittally. "Thought may be you'd help. You was the first one there. I aim to see what I can find out—may be tracks or something."

Judd, even though he was glad in his unaccustomed loneliness of Saladine's companionship, could not forbear to twist the iron in the wound.

"I can show you Bert's track where he climbed the wall across the road," he promised maliciously. "Guess maybe we can find where he went into the barn too. Ground's soft down there."

"That's what I want to see," Jim said evenly, and the lame man looked at him with furtive curiosity.

"You seen Bert?" he asked.

Saladine hesitated; then, "Yes," he said. "Yes, I talked with him."

"What's he say?"

Saladine turned his hands outward with a gesture that said, "You know Bert!" It was as though that explained everything, as though anyone might guess what Bert would say; and Judd accepted this gesture at its face value, and he chuckled.

"Deny he was in there?" he asked exultingly. But Saladine shook his head, and Judd said, in some disappointment: "Well, it wouldn't do him any good if he did."

They reached, presently, the top of the Ridge and Sue struck into a trot. Below and on their left lay the deep valley of the Georges, wooded and beautiful. On their right was outspread a vast sweep of country, fifty miles in radius from where they rode to the distant hills. The sun was by this time beginning to descend more swiftly; the blue and purple shadows were multiplying everywhere. Saladine found a certain pleasure in contemplating this scene. Judd, his eyes on the bobbing ears of his mare, was busy with his own thoughts. They rode in silence, broken only now and then by a word or a half-finished sentence—came thus to the road before the Castle.

There was no one visible outside the big house when the two men alighted there; and they did not knock, did not seek to discover whether anyone was inside. Gorfinkle's black hearse was in the deserted dooryard, strangely suggestive of a vulture standing sentry over a heap of bones. But the curious folk of the neighborhood had gone their ways, about their several affairs. Saladine and the lame man were undisturbed in their investigations.

When they had alighted, had tied Sue beside the road, Saladine said at once, "I wanted you to show me, Judd, where you were when you saw Bert go in and come out, and all." When he detected a certain spark of opposition in the little man's eyes he added: "I'm not blaming you, you understand; but maybe if you'd show me we can straighten this thing out someways."

"I've showed the sheriff," Judd told him maliciously. "He straightened it out, I guess."

"Show me too," Saladine urged him. "You've got a grudge against me and Bert, and I don't know's I blame you. But you want to help get at the bottom of this, I know."

Judd grinned; he licked at his lips. There was a certain tremor within the little man, a certain dread of he knew not what catastrophe. Nevertheless, there seemed no reason why he should refuse. He turned without a word and led Jim around the house toward the orchard's edge. He stopped presently and pointed to a spot where weeds and grass were crushed and bent.

"Right there—that's where I laid," he said.

Saladine marked the spot, swung around. Not twenty yards away was the shed door from which Bert said he had come out. He could not have come through that door without being seen by one crouching here. Either Bert lied or Judd lied. Jim's eyes were stern as he turned upon the little man.

"You laid right there all the time?" he demanded.

Judd, relishing the certainty that the truth was sufficient for his purposes, shook his head with some unction.

"No, I went over and peeped in the barn."

Saladine hid his sudden leaping satisfaction. He asked, "Where? When 'd you do that?"

Judd pointed downhill.

"I was down there when I see Bert come along and go inside," he said. "I came on up here; and he hadn't come out, so I went around to the barn door where he went in. It was open a little. I looked in to see if he was still there. But he wan't."

"See anyone at all?" Jim asked.

"I see Margaret Dale come out to milk; stayed right there till she'd finished and went back into the house. And Bert weren't there with her; he didn't go there to see her at all. She went back in the house, and went into the kitchen. I come round here again. I could see her in the kitchen window; and I could tell, way she acted, she was alone. Then a minute after that I see Bert cross the road up there and sneak into the woods."

Saladine asked thoughtfully, "How'd you see him? Near dark by then."

"I see his head and shoulders against the sky when he climbed up over the wall. I was low down here."

Saladine strode swiftly across toward the barn; to that rear door where Bert had gone in and where Judd had lain watching. From the door he cast downhill through the meadow, found footprints the sheriff had chanced upon those same tracks—where Bert had come up the hill. Judd, at his heels, watching triumphantly, pointed out these marks, and Saladine nodded.

"Yeah," he said, "they're Bert's tracks."

He moved around the barn and up along the wall, so that his way lay past the door of the shed. Here, as elsewhere, the earth had been softened by rain a day or two before. As he passed the door his eye caught the outline of a footprint in the little bare patch of earth outside the sill.

(Continued on Page 70)

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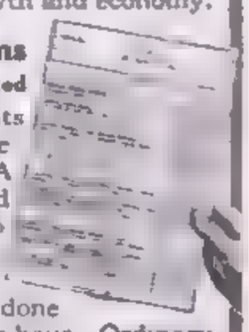

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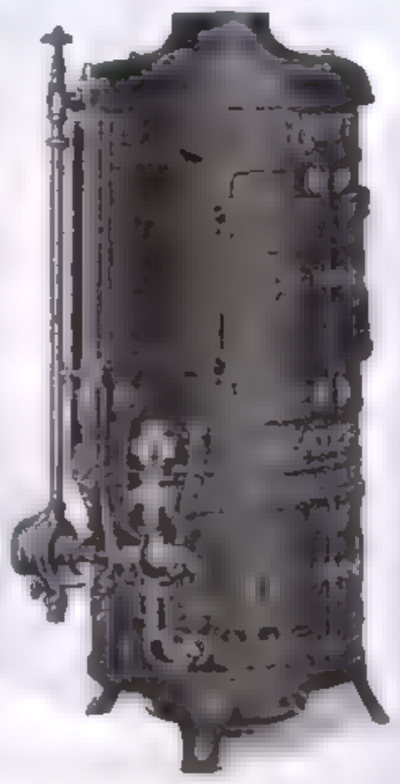

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(Continued from Page 67)

Saladine was a trained tracker, used to following the deer, habituated to the recognition of such marks; he knew this for the track of his brother's feet, and knew that Bert had spoken the truth. And at first he was moved to point these prints out to Judd, to tell the lame man that Bert had come out by this way. But in the end, he held his tongue. There was still work to be done. That man—if there had been a man—who crossed the wall ——

He said to Judd, "Mind coming along and showing me that track up across the road?"

Judd chuckled.

"Oh, I'll show it to you!" he promised.

He did; and Saladine bent on hands and knees, parting the grasses that he might examine it more closely. To his accustomed eyes the difference between this and the mark of his brother's stout shoe was plain as plain. He rose, a new light in his eyes, a great determination.

"Let's go along," he said to Judd in a steady tone. "Let's see which way he went from here."

"I can show you that too," Judd assured him. "I followed him a ways. I was following him when I heard her yell in the house there."

They crossed the wall and began to work their way into the thicket of young evergreens, of birch and of alder which lay before them. And Judd pointed out the way the man had come, and Saladine, with sharper eyes, marked an actual footprint here and there. By slow degrees they worked into the cover and struck one of those long, rocky spines which break through the turf upon the ridges about Fraternity.

This bare rock carried no mark of passing feet; but Judd, pointing to the north, said, "He swung off there, toward home."

Saladine answered nothing. He had moved ahead toward where the spine of rock sank into the turf again. On either side lay thick brush; along this rocky ledge was easy going. The tracker knew that it is natural for man or beast, traversing hard cover, to take the easiest way. He guessed that whoever had come this path would not leave the ledge until it ended, and in this guess luck favored him. Where earth covered rock once more there lay a patch of sand, free of grass; and in this sand there was the plain mark of a small man's foot, headed not north toward the Saladine farm but westward across the Ridge.

"Here's his track though," Jim called to the lame man. "He didn't swing off yet."

Judd had remained behind, watching Saladine with a grim and triumphant amile; but at this call it was as though a sudden weight were laid upon him. He came, stumping and stumbling on his stiff leg, and stopped beside the other, looking down at that incontestable mark in the sandy soil.

"See?" Saladine demanded; and Judd nodded reluctant assent.

"He went on farther than I reckoned," he admitted.

"We'll go along," Jim replied. "Ground's so soft, guess we can make out where he went."

There began then, in that thick covert, a strange spectacle—the spectacle of a man turned hound, of eyes replacing nose. Saladine, the hunter, hunted now not deer but man; he hunted by sight and not by smell, but he trailed his quarry unerringly.

A plain footprint here and there confirmed his progress. Between these indications he picked up the trail by glimpsing a bruised alder twig, marking a depression in some chance bed of leaves, discovering where one of the dead twigs along the lower trunks of the evergreens had been snapped off by some passing creature. About Fraternity, even upon the hilltops, the wooded lands are of a marshy character. It is not safe to venture into them anywhere unless one wears boots or shoe pacs. Who does so venture emerges with wet feet unless his luck holds strong. In this thick cover, even upon the very crest of the Ridge, there were many spots where basins in the rock prevented drainage, where the earth was soft—was mud or muck. And here and there, always farther to the west, Saladine picked up new tracks of him whose path they followed. Each time he called to Judd; each time the lame man unwillingly answered the call, came to Saladine's side, saw the new footprint.

They crossed the crest of the Ridge and began to descend its westward slopes toward the swampy land in which lay that mucky, marshy quagmire called Moose Pond; dropped into a hardwood growth where, through the thinning leaves, the sun struck a spangled pattern upon the ground beneath their feet. Here the trailing was more difficult. Nevertheless, Saladine was able to find the traces which he sought. Whoever it was they followed had come a straight course, deviating only before impassable obstacles, heading always westward. It was as though he had taken the distant red glow of last night's sunset as his beacon and his guide. The fact that his course was straight made Saladine's task so much the more easy. When he was at a loss it was possible to cast boldly ahead, to pick up the broken trail.

And Judd, though at times he dropped half a dozen rods to the rear, followed—followed not because he would but because he must. His curiosity dragged him on, but there was something more, some power which he could not resist. He tried to be scornful of each new discovery; tried to sneer down Saladine's certainty; tried to argue that the faint traces the other man found so plain were products of imagination or of chance. When he spoke thus Saladine did not seek to convince him. The hunter only said, "Well, let's see," and pushed on—pushed on, and Judd still followed him.

A slow certainty was coming to the lame man that this expedition would utterly destroy the edifice of his hopes. That oppression which had weighed upon him with increasing force since his word with Margaret Dale at noon was almost unbearable now. He was beginning to be afraid, to be afraid with the worst of fears, with the fear of the unseen. He was beginning to dread the discovery that must lie at the end of this trail. If the little man's mind had been working normally he would have been before this time convinced that the tracks they followed could not be those of Bert Saladine; but Judd's mind was not functioning. It was numbed; his thoughts were smothered by his fears. He no longer remembered Bert, no longer considered Bert at all. His concern was only on his own account. He was terrified by an awful certainty that at the end of this trail lay not Bert Saladine's destruction but his own. Yet he could not tear himself away, could not bear to let Jim go on alone; so followed dumbly as a sheep, with hanging head and shrinking, stumbling feet.

Thus they came down through the hardwood slopes to the edge of the swampy bottom land; grown thick with alders here, cut by winding trails made by the creatures of the wood. The sun was low in the western sky; the shadows in this marsh were thickening. And at its border Judd hung back, sought weakly to protest.

"It's near dark," he urged. "We get in there we'll not get out to-night. It's a mean hole."

Saladine nodded.

"I know. No one ever goes in. But—this man went in. His track is here, and it will maybe rain to-night—wash the tracks away. I'm going along."

There was no longer any pretense between them that these were Bert's tracks they followed. Both knew that hypothesis would no longer hold. Not Bert's; but if not Bert's, whose?

"I'm going along," said Saladine again, and took that winding path through the alders, along which tracks of the other man, plain and clear in the soft mud, now showed the way. Judd stood stark still till Saladine was almost out of sight; then he could no longer bear to be left behind, and followed after at a stumbling run.

A place of gloom, that swamp. Down timber all about them, thick alders intertwined, rotting logs to trip unwary feet, and a quaking pudding of black mud on either hand, knee-deep and treacherous. They were forced to pick their footing with some care. The man they followed, coming this way in the darkness, had more than once tripped and fallen, and they saw the marks of these falls, saw where he had gone into the mud to his knees now and then. But always he had risen, pushing on; they could do no less than follow him.

Abruptly through the thicket of the swamp Judd saw a glint of light on open water ahead and knew Moose Pond lay just before them. He had never seen this pond before; nor had many men of Fraternity, for none had business sufficiently important to bring them into this foul morass. Saladine had been here once, a long time ago; he had never come again, nor expected to come again. But he had now no

thought of turning aside. He strode on tirelessly.

Judd, eyes on the pond, had no warning that the end of their way was upon them until Saladine, a rod or two ahead, uttered a low and startled exclamation, and stopped still as stone in his tracks. Judd came up beside him, a blind terror suddenly overwhelming him; and he was glad to press close to the other's side.

"What?" he asked chokingly. "What?" His wide eyes stared all about in the thickening gloom.

Then he saw that which had caused Saladine to exclaim; saw a little rocky island in the swamp, on the right of their way. Upon this island, its roots entwined about a sunken bowlder, stood a single tree, a lightning-blasted pine with split and twisted limbs, and from one low limb hanging the body of a man.

Judd knew this must be a man's body, though it bore little likeness to any living man. The small head twisted oddly to one side; the black hair hanging straight as icicles; the long neck; the sagging shoulders and arms; and the legs with toes down-pointed as though they reached desperately to find solid earth's support. Black mud of the swamp smeared over all, from shoulders down, as evidence of how this man had groveled through the marsh. Spite of his terror, the lame man recognized that long-haired foreigner he had met two nights before upon the bridge.

Judd and Saladine remained for a long moment, unable to move or speak. Then Saladine, a strong man, recovered strength; he moved toward this pendent thing. Judd hung back, reluctant; yet proximity with Saladine was infinitely better than to be alone, even a dozen paces away; and he cried out and followed on the other's heels.

They came thus close before the hanging man, and Judd's eyes fastened on the cord by which this body hung. It was of silk, a pretty, twisted thing—unmistakable. The strange woman had worn that cord as sash. This man had dragged it from her body, brought it here for this abhorrent use.

Judd whispered chokingly, "That's the rope. She had it on!"

Saladine nodded.

"And see!" he whispered, pointing.

Judd's eyes obeyed. The arms of the man hung very low, so low that the short sleeves of his coat were halfway to his elbows. Upon his left wrist, thus bared, was strapped a little sheath, and in this sheath they could perceive a knife. Saladine, with courage unshaken, reached out and drew this knife from its place, showed it to Judd, showed Judd the short three-edged blade. They stared at it in a long and shuddering silence.

Then Saladine, with a swift movement, put the knife back again in its place, and he turned away.

"Come," he said.

Judd followed, stumbling, clutching at the other for support.

"Where?" he gasped.

"To get my brother free," said Saladine.

XVI

MANY of the tales that are told and retold of a winter's evening about Will Bissell's store are curiously unfinished and incomplete. This is because they are true tales, for it is seldom that life gathers up every tag end of incident and knots it snug and clips it smooth. The dramas that take place in the lives of those about us run never quite so prettily as the custom-tailored tragedies and comedies of the stage. So it is that many of these mouth-to-mouth epics of Fraternity lack beginning or middle or end; and there are wide gaps for your imagination to supply.

This episode of the slaying in the Castle on the Ridge had neither beginning nor middle nor end. If it be considered as a five-act drama, then only the fourth of these five acts was seen. For so much as has been told of the matter was all Fraternity folk were ever to know. Margaret and the Saladines and perhaps the sheriff in the city on the bay—these four knew, but what they knew they did not openly declare.

Nevertheless, enough is known to set the dullest fancy racing. The figure of the strange woman is in itself sufficiently mystifying, sufficiently enthralling. Her olive skin, her dark hair piled so high, her inscrutable eyes upon those who passed by her window and the strange garments which she wore—these are enough to build a legend upon, and Fraternity has built such a legend. They do not know her name, her antecedents, her life; they only know the manner of her dying. A strange woman, with the air about her of cities and of crowded places, hiding herself away in this gray house like a skeleton, upon the Ridge. And murdered there by a man who was to the eyes of Fraternity as strange a figure as the woman herself; murdered by this man of shabby garb and aristocratic mold, with the slender fingers and the long black hair and the exquisite speech; who, having slain her for his own dark reasons, tore away the very cord that had encircled her waist and plunged like a sick beast into the darkest and most deserted woodlands, there to hang himself by the neck till he was dead. What quest of years ended in that tragedy? What hot romance begun under southern skies came to so dark an end in these cold northern hills? These are matters as to which the people of Fraternity make their own conjectures; but the truth behind them remains hidden and obscure.

A furlong from the borders of the swamp that compasses Moose Pond, in the hardwood growth along the west slope of the Ridge, Saladine and Judd parted company. Saladine had begun to swing to the north, toward his own farm, whence he would telephone to town so that the sheriff might come to see with his own eyes this visible evidence of Bert's innocence and of the guilty man's atonement.

Judd stopped, said stranglingly, "Go—git my mare!"

They had left the creature at the Castle, straight across the Ridge.

Saladine was afire with such a hurrying impatience, he was so eager to send to his brother this word of comfort absolute, that he scarce heard the little man at all. Judd no longer occupied a place in his reflections. He made some answer, inarticulate, and held upon his way; left the little lame man standing on the leafy slope, dappled by the sun which sent its now almost level rays slanting through the trees.

He did not perceive that Judd, the mischief-maker, was gone utterly insane.

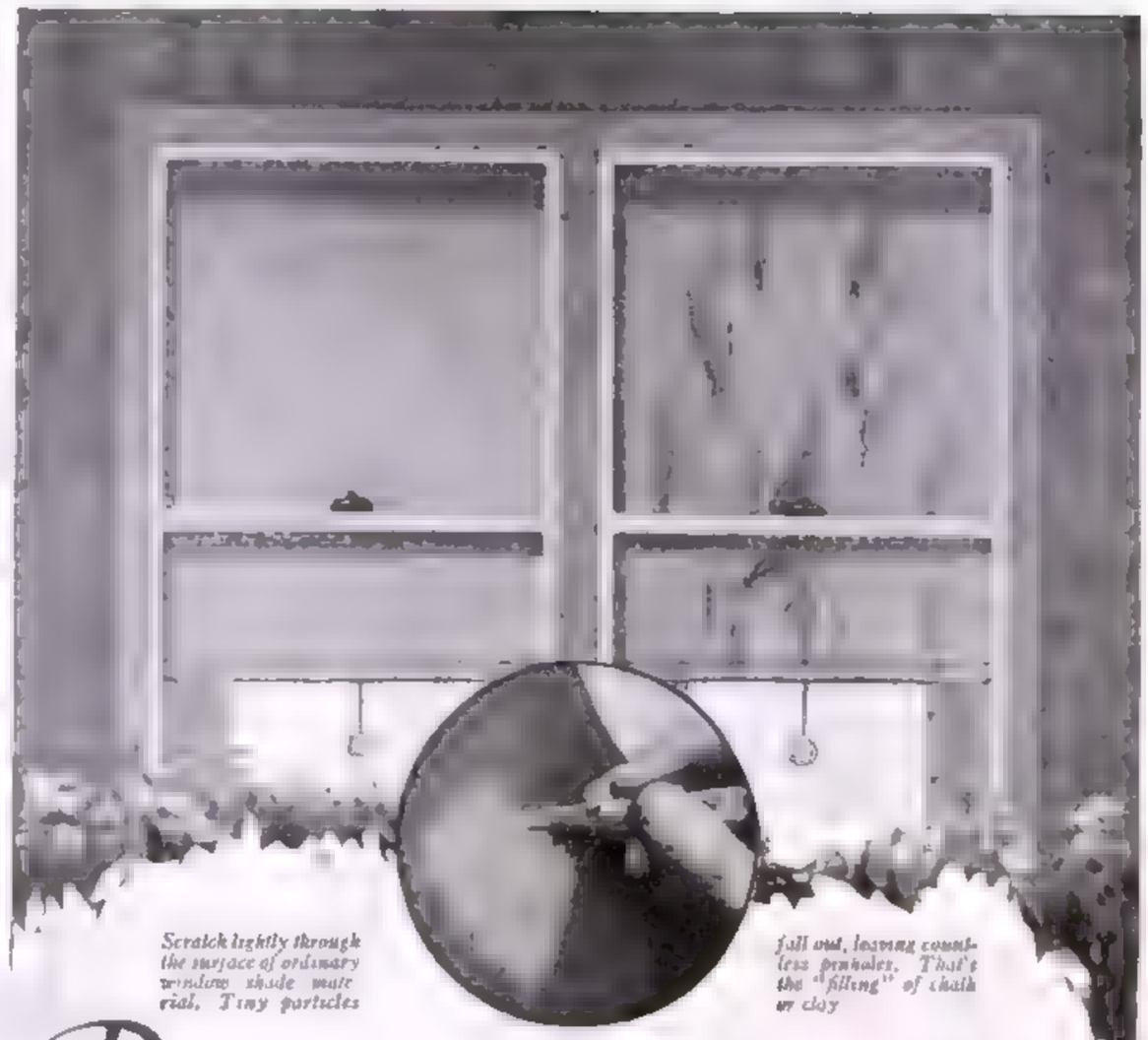
There are many forms of insanity. Most of them presuppose confusion of mind; but there are others in which the brain functions too acutely, in which all things are too clear. There is as much misery in perceiving everything as in perceiving nothing. Someone has said that if each of us could foresee in every detail that which the years will bring, no recourse would remain save suicide. There is not so much cynicism in this suggestion as might be supposed. To perceive the misfortunes that will one day come upon us before we have been given strength and courage to endure them would mean to bow and perhaps to break beneath a terrific burden of dread. It is not even well to look backward too acutely, for the understanding of one's own faults and follies is not a pleasant thing.

The lame man, Judd, in these moments after Saladine left him there upon the hillside, was tortured by his own comprehension of the events immediately past; he was tormented by the barbed irony of chance which had brought him to this moment. The man's thoughts were swift and nakedly clear. His bitter conclusions could not be palliated. He trembled there, and shuddered under the scourge of his own reflections.

What Judd perceived in lightning flashes of swift understanding takes longer to tell. The man's whole life furnished a background to this present hour. His soul, twisted since boyhood, had led him always to act the meaner part, to do harm when he safely could, to make mischief when the chance afforded, to find a malicious delight in the misfortunes that came upon those about him. There had rarely been any personal animus behind his actions. He had detested all the world, but no individual more than another, until that evening at the store, not forty-eight hours agone, when the full depths of passion in the man had been waked to a furious flame against the Saladines. His itching to harm all men had never before been concentrated upon a single man; it was so concentrated now. He had flung himself into the task of vengeance, devoted his every energy to the destruction of these newfound enemies.

And the luck which had always played upon his side had seemed at first to be with him still. He had chanced within the first hours of his vigil on apparent proof that the man he hated most was guilty of the worst of crimes. The possibility

(Concluded on Page 73)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fall out, leaving countless pinholes. That's the "filling" of chalk or clay

Beware of "filling" in window shades
—the cause of cracks and pinholes
Brenlin has no "filling"

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(Concluded from Page 71)

of Bert's innocence had never occurred to him. It was as though he had with his own eyes seen the striking of the blow. The way to his enemy's destruction was plain before his feet. He had only to act as any honest citizen would act, had only to tell the truth, and Bert would be destroyed.

He did so; all went as he had planned; Bert was arrested. And that had been Judd's apogee, his hour of utter triumph. He had stood exultant upon a peak, his enemies beneath his feet. The moment was sweet in his mouth. He wished to complete it by a final stroke, by a word that would separate Margaret Dale from her husband forever. Instead he had thrown Margaret into her husband's arms. Seeking to divide, he had united them; and with his failure a shadow had come across his sky.

But the lame man had fought aside that premonition of despair. He had turned to Bert's brother, sought to torture Jim, been led into telling that which he had not meant to tell until the hour of his testimony in court should have come; been led to tell Jim that he had seen Bert enter the Castle, and depart from it. See, now, the consequence. Instead of damning Bert, he had acquitted him, cleared him absolutely, produced the guilty man and the proofs of guilt. Judd, crouching like an animal upon the hillside, saw this with maddening certainty. Into that morass below him no man ever went. It had been lumbered over twenty years before. There was nothing to take anyone into its mucky fastnesses until the day should come for lumbering again. No one ever went there, no one had cause to go there. The body of the foreigner might have hung undiscovered till it fell and was absorbed into the muck of the swamp, became no more than a stray heap of bones; might have hung undiscovered—would have hung undiscovered—but for his, for Judd's, own maliciously wagging tongue.

If he had waited even another day or two; or if the threat of rain last night had been fulfilled, it would have been hard to follow the tracks of the guilty man. Not even Jim Saladine could have traced him. Judd need only have waited, need only have held his tongue; and though the body might in due time have been discovered, it would have been too late for any benefit to Bert Saladine.

Now it was found, and already Jim was gone to summon others. They would come, would see the hanging man, would find upon him the evidences of his guilt. Bert would be freed and clear!

Ill luck? Some men would have called it luck; but there was a streak of fatalism in poor, twisted Judd. And his perceptions were in this hour appallingly clear. He knew this was not luck alone. It had come about too smoothly; it had been stage-managed too cleverly. Not luck, but something higher—some power, stern of visage, weighing and condemning, and thus punishing the mischief-maker. Judd sensed this actual personality behind the screen of chance; he sensed this invisible opponent, and an awful fear fell upon him. Fear fell upon him, translated itself into panic. The man had squatted on his heels, crouching, hidden, staring out across the swamp with red and ugly eyes; but before this new understanding he could not sit still. He came to his feet with quick, twitching movements; he began to move aimlessly about, to and fro, stumbling and dragging his crippled foot. His lips moved; they were hot and dry. He spoke half-caught words, whispered under his breath. The sun across the valley was nearing the crest of the hills. Dusk would soon descend to grip the marsh below him.

Judd revolted; he rebelled, refusing to acknowledge his own defeat. He flung his thin arms upward, fists clenched above his head; and he screamed aloud, a thin, pitiful cry. No man heard it, but his mare, Sue, away atop the Ridge, pricked up her ears and stirred restlessly to and fro, listening. This once Judd cried aloud; then with a choking haste he began to scramble down the hillside toward the swamp. An obsession had beset him—a mad obsession which in saner moments he would have cast aside. That which would save Bert hung to a tree below him here. Saladine would bring others to see. But if when they came it was not there! His, Judd's, word against Saladine's!

Sane, he would have known that Saladine's testimony must have prevailed; that the marks upon the ground would be sufficient to support the deer hunter's story. But Judd was not sane. He reached the border of the marsh and began to wallow through it blindly, not choosing his way, making utmost haste toward where the body of the assassin hung.

A little while ago, with Saladine beside him, Judd had been overcome with horror and with fear at sight of that which they found at the end of the trail; but now his terror was forgotten. He was no more afraid than if he had sought to find and cast away a knife, a gun, a shoe or any such dull evidence that might have saved the man he would destroy. He mumbled under his breath in his haste till his lungs were aching with his own exertions; then ceased to utter sounds. Only his whistling, panting efforts to breathe could be heard in the stillness of the swamp.

Came thus to where the dead man was hanging. No pause. Judd climbed awkwardly into the tree to loose the knot that held the silken cord.

His fumbling fingers could not start it. His hand sought his knife. It was not in his pocket—somehow mislaid. He dropped out of the tree and snatched at the dead man's wrist and drew the three-edged blade from its tight sheath there, swept a keen edge across the taut strands. They parted. The body dropped, tilted stiff and straight to one side and fell like a stick of wood. Judd flung the knife away without a thought. He had no thought for the fragment of cord still fast to the limb. He snatched at the thing upon the ground and tried to lift it. He could not. And so the lame man dragged it after him, walking backward, with stumbling feet. He began to tug it toward the marshy shores of the lonely pond a rod or two away.

This quagmire, called a pond by courtesy, was by repute well known. Through centuries the filth of rotting leaves and all the refuse of the forest had been swept into it by the rains. The glaciers had scoured it out, a deep pocket between rocky hills; but silt had all but filled it now. This fine black muck was held in suspension in its waters. The pond had its name, as has been told before, because a moose, the lordliest creature in these northern woods, had once mired there and been drowned. Tall weeds grew along its borders; lilies were scattered everywhere upon its surface and beneath the shallow water lay the black ooze, thin as soup and deep as hell.

Judd's thought, so far as he had thought in this hour of his madness, was to cast the body there. It would be lost beyond finding. He worked with a desperate and a reckless haste to accomplish this intent. His heels splashed in the waters at the pond's black edge. He trod upon a sunken, rotten log; and bubbles of noisome and putrid gas were dislodged by his weight and came to the surface and poisoned all the still air round about.

At the point where he reached the pond's border a ledge of rock stretched out through the black water, breaking the surface here and there. Judd saw this ledge; he read in it a promise of success. He began to walk out along it, his feet in the water, dragging after him the thing he meant to hide forever from the eye of man. The rock, coated with slime, was slippery beneath his feet; more than once he was near falling. But always the lame man struggled on, and the black water grew deeper on either side.

Toward the end of the ledge the garments on the thing he dragged caught on a small spur of the rock. He tugged and could not at once loose them. He set his heels and tugged again.

It was as though a trap had been set for his unwary feet. It chanced that at the moment they rested, not upon the solid ledge, but upon a flat rock which had been, by the racking of the ice, split off from the ledge itself. Under the leverage of his efforts this flat bit of rock began to slide; it dropped abruptly from beneath his feet. Instinctively he loosed his hold on the dead man's collar, seeking to save himself; and in that moment he had slipped away, beyond reach of what would have meant his bodily salvation.

He felt the slime upon the bottom grip his feet and ankles. The water was bitterly cold. It was already chilling him, benumbing him. Nevertheless, there was an instant in which the lame man struggled with a terrible intensity; struggled and screamed aloud, so that once more his mare, far away atop the Ridge, pricked her ears to the sound.

Then, like the lifting of a curtain, the senses of the man Judd became calm once more; his terror passed, his understanding did return. He saw that he was lost; he could not save himself. Even though another had come at that moment, it would have been too late to drag him free, all passed so quickly. Judd knew that he was about to die. He perceived the mechanism of his fate. His own malice had saved those whom he hated; his own malice was his own destruction.

It is a terrifying thing, in the moment of death, for a man to understand that he has been summoned to the ultimate judgment by a stern and angry God. This Judd did understand. Yet was not terrified. In that last moment there swept through the soul of the lame man a cleansing wind.

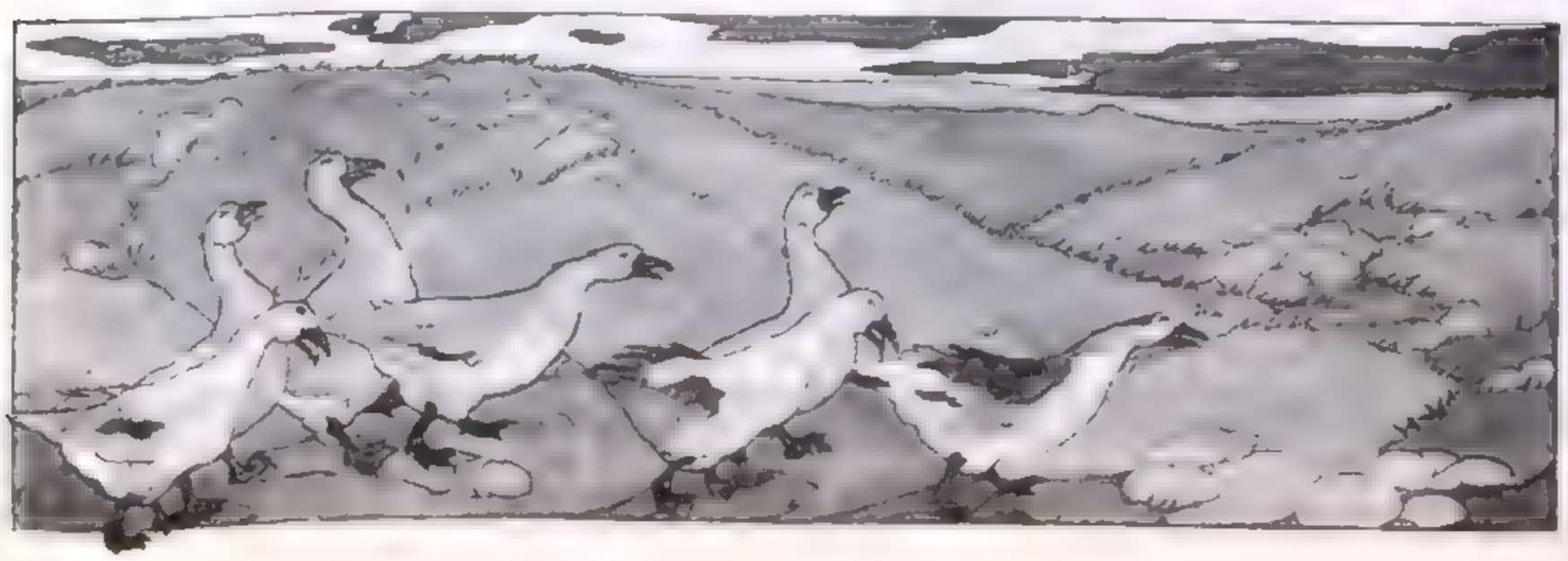
He knew the whole category of his ugly sins, and not because they had destroyed him, but because he perceived at last their ugliness, there were born in him contrition and repentance.

In his heart confessing all his wrongs; in his soul submitting in all humility to the judgment that was to come, little lame Judd ceased to struggle. His poor, weary gray head sank beneath the surface of the treacherous pond.

The dying sun touched for an instant with a shaft of light the body of the murderer, still fast upon the ledge, then dipped behind a westward hill, and so was gone. Shadows began to clot and thicken in the depths of the surrounding swamp.

But overhead there was glory in the skies—a glory as though something divine were passing there.

(THE END)



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"A Warm Introduction"

NOTHING in the Bride's Bungalow receives (or deserves) greater praise than the new IDEAL-ARCOLA Heating Outfit. It is the center of attraction because it changes the house into a home, requires so little attention, and uses so little coal. Day and night it keeps the whole house full of soft, radiant warmth. A small fire gives just enough heat in early spring days to free the house from chill and damp. It protects the family health. Clean and easy to run.

The IDEAL-ARCOLA gives low-cost, healthful warmth, through hot-water radiators to the small home, store or school. It places the cottage, with or without cellar, on the heating plane of the First Mansion in the land.

The water-jacketed ARCOLA is of itself a radiator. Replaces stoves, wastes no heat up chimneys, leaks no coal gas. Each tenant may have a separate ARCOLA. If used to heat part of building, extra sections and radiators may be added later.

ARCOLA heats all rooms on less fuel than a stove requires for one room. The complete system installed by your local dealer, costs but little more than a stove for each room; and far less than the old expense for a hot-water heating system.

Get an estimate for an IDEAL-ARCOLA Heating Outfit for your *old* or *new* house from any heating dealer. It can be put in at any time quickly and easily without disturbing the family. See demonstrating outfits in our showrooms in all large cities and in many of our dealers' shops.

Simple way of heating 4-room house with IDEAL-Arcola Heating outfit.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 57, 816 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago — Sales Branches and Showrooms in all large cities

Makers of the famous IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

Write for illustrated catalog showing open views of IDEAL-ARCOLA Heating Outfit installations in 4, 5, 6 and 7 room cottages, bungalows, flats, schools and small buildings.

FERN SEED

(Continued from Page 28)

the one my namesake—er—obtained at the Bottle of Hay? Not the love letter."

Without a word Grayland left the room and presently returned. He laid before them the sheet of paper covered with black curves and hooks like shorthand, signed in red with a man's thumb. Laurence read it through rapidly, then dragged a candlestick toward him and read again with care. His eyes appeared to darken, as if the old pain which they had conquered once were giving him another twinge.

"All the words and music of the play." He spoke bitterly, and shook his head. "With the charming facts we already had it completes a very nasty mess. Finish!" He lighted a cigarette among the candles and smoked pensively. "Thanks to your agile doings at the Bottle of Hay, all this rottenness has fallen into the right hands. In the wrong, your paper here and one I held would have been used to bring on—well, massacre, followed by another hole-and-corner war that might spread. Certainly a few hundred men, women and children, perhaps a few thousand who never heard of you or me, will go on leading so-called innocent lives out there."

The morose cloud swept from George's face. Glowing with admiration, he turned to Leonard.

"See him! Hear him!" he cried. "Don't let him deceive you. It's a pukka victory, that's what, after hard work. And he makes as if he'd lost his last friend."

Laurence rose and took one of the candlesticks.

"Your raw material of victory, dear old chap," said he, limping off toward the door, "is never so pretty as the manufactured article. The dyer's hand. Let's go in by the fire."

Later, upstairs at bedtime, the two Corsants were leaning on the sill of an open window, admiring the night. In dark trees below them pattered a few last drops, but the air smelled fresh, and over the black cloudlike hills and whispering river hung a multitude of stars. Laurence, in pajamas, had come to see if the guest chamber were comfortable, and then lingered to talk a while.

"Glad you and G. G. hit if off so well throughout," said he. "A great old George. Curious thing, you know. George and I have been in tight corners together, and here's a game leg to remind me how he saved the rest of my carcass; and yet—that seems the least part of it somehow. We met by chance at Aden, of all places. We've always been more like brothers, if you understand me." The young man became silent, and looked out as though reading the stars. "Peaceful here, isn't it? As for George, there's something I want to show you. It can wait till morning. By the way, he declares that we must keep your umbrella in the family archives; that our forerunner in the picture, the Johnny with the sword, below stairs, would have been proud of you. Wonderful work, George says. Never saw anything half so good."

The speaker turned and, waiting, seemed to expect a reply.

"I did use to fence a bit," said Leonard with embarrassment. "Dad always believed in getting the best master who'd take you for learning anything. Forgotten most of it now."

Laurence nodded, smiling like one who approved the words but saw behind them. All he said was: "Wise man, your governor. Mine, too, had his—well, it's late." He drew in his head and rose from the window sill. "Good night."

After his host had gone Leonard remained watching the stars. There were indeed certain championships, meetings between masters of broadsword and foil, which his answer had ignored. The late combat, rapier and gamp, had been no boy's play, but what he concealed most carefully, and what his thoughts now dwelt on, was even a less important fact. All through that engagement he had kept in his left hand a dog's-eared corner of fern leaf.

"By gum, you may say it was lucky!" He nursed with one finger a raw line that smarted under his ear. "The beggar's blade missed my throat by an inch."

The stars were many and bright, all things under them a blackness varied only with hints of form. Leonard could hear the river like a faint breeze passing down the valley. Somewhere below the night hid a grove of beeches, round which the Rose had gone and toward which he continued looking. Outwardly he saw nothing, inwardly he saw red oar blades flash between sun and water, and a girl whose dark eyes befriended him as she rowed away.

"A pity." He turned from the window to bed. "A pity she won't ever know her charm worked."

Bright sunlight next morning shone upon a world refreshed and wonderfully green, clear overhead, with vernal haze melting in the distance roundabout. It was lazy weather, and as two lazy young men with golf clubs passed through the garden they halted to enjoy it all, from the sleepy noise of rooks half a mile away to a pleasant click of shears close by, and a smell of box that mingled with their own first tobacco after breakfast.

"Enough to make one poetical. 'The earliest pipe of half-awakened bards,' eh?" Laurence mused, and snuffed the air. "A general Pukwana of the peace pipe."

The clipping ceased. From behind an overgrown tangle rose George. His wet shears were spattered with crumbs of green, which he wiped off as he said good morning.

"The man's got his mare again." He viewed these idlers with radiant satisfaction. "Each back in his own coat, and all's well. Good Lord, it's a treat to see a couple of you round!"

"Come along with us, George."

The bedraggled gardener shook his head.

"Not I! Nobody's trimmed this mess proper for twenty years." He bent down, out of sight. "'Tis a ruin."

"By the way, coats—you remind me." Laurence turned to his companion. "I've an apology for some bad temper when we met under the bridge. Too long a story now. I'll tell it you some day."

George suddenly rose again from the leaves. His black eyes were sparkling oddly.

"Could I be there to hear it?" he begged. "I've a reason for asking."

"Of course. To-night, say."

Nodding to himself, Grayland once more disappeared.

"Thank you." By his voice he seemed content. "Some tales need more than one man to tell 'em."

They left him clipping peacefully behind his tangle, and wandered off to their game. It was a silent but a cheerful round that they played, over miles of clean-washed turf and daisies newly opened, with greens heavy and cups brimful of water. Though lame, slow and unpracticed, Laurence won hole after hole. His adversary took a thorough beating, administered happily in sunshine to the tune of skylarks. At noon they went down the beach and swam in surf; then lying on the yellow sand ate bread and butter, dozed and grew sunburned, watched the gulls hover about the peak of the Devil's Nose; or, with thoughts drawn past the horizon by smoke from an unseen ship, bartered yarns of outlandish adventure. By sunset they returned home, now through long-shadowed fields, now along some back-yard wall over which came grunting and the hot, sour smell of pigs, now in green lanes dazzled with gold.

It was after dinner, by candlelight, that Laurence repeated his words of yesterday evening.

"About George, now. Here's the thing I had to show you. Found it stuck away in a dust hole."

He handed to Leonard a miniature, rimmed with gilt and set in a square green velvet frame or plaque. The face was that of a young Victorian dandy, high colored, handsome, but with his curly black hair somewhat too romantic and his look too dashing.

"Why, it's George!" cried the visitor. "No, can't be! George playing the fool in fancy dress?"

Laurence wore a quizzical smile.

"George without the brains. Just so," he agreed. "Curious, don't you think?—for that was my father's brother, really; his elder brother. The family runs fair and black by starts. He was black, you see; died young, cut off in the flower of his wild oats; fell from a horse. They say 'between the stirrup and the ground,' but one has uncharitable doubts. Not quick enough to seek pardon, that head."

"Strange," said Leonard. "The swordsman's portrait too. Both so like George masquerading."

He gave back the miniature. Laurence placed it on the mantel.

"This poor relic's been long enough in disgrace. I left home too young to know. But our fine gentleman threw himself about a bit, I fancy. Yes, George ——"

Their conference ended abruptly.

"Did you call?"

They turned with a guilty air. George had been coming downstairs, and paused, with his head in the shadows of the pointed arch.

XV

"JUST wondering where you'd gone," said Laurence promptly. "Don't be so active. Come, dawdle with us, G.G."

For a time after George had obeyed and sunk his long body into a chair between them, silence followed. The night was warm as summer. Through open windows drifted air fragrant with the balm of all the country, its passage unfelt, unknown but for tremors in the candle shine and weaving departure of smoke from three tobacco pipes. There was no fire; but the men sat ranged, as by habit, facing the andirons and the black chimney mouth.

"Well, brethren," Laurence broke out of a sudden, "the spirit moves me. I promised you should hear an apology."

He sank back, crossed his lame leg carefully over the other, and again became silent.

"By Jove," he said at last in a wondering tone, "no one else ever heard it before! Not all. I'd forgotten that. The story of a bad boy. Poor little devil, off in the past, he seems another person. This be none of I, but once upon a time he was.

"My governor sent me to our usual school, a good enough one, not so very far from here, as you know. I was a very shy, bookish lad, the last you'd expect to find making trouble. Never can tell. One fine spring day, much like the present weather, behold this child mooning along out of bounds—not willfully, mark you, just mooning with his head full of King Arthur, or Leatherstocking, or Grettir the Strong. All at once I came upon an old woman sitting by a little fire under some thorns. I see her now as a dirty and rather silly old creature; but at the moment she seemed all that a child pictures of what a witch ought to be—elf locks and wild eyes and skinny fingers. You know! She had a stone jug on the grass beside her, with a tin cup tied to its ear. The blackthorn, or May tree—I forget which, but it was covered with the dead bodies of young birds, field mice, beetles, bumblebees and such, all impaled on thorns, and every mouse pecked on the head, bloody. It must have been the shambles of a butcher bird, a shrike. But to me it seemed the devil's Christmas tree. The old woman sat under it mumbling, with smoke in her crazy eyes, and these murdered things withering round her like a—like a bad halo, as if she were wasting her enemies away with magic. She had a dead beetle hanging in her hair. I knew she was a witch. Jove, she was! The boy guessed right! So far as one or two men's lives went afterward she was a Norn."

George removed his pipe from his mouth.

"When you caught her," he said, "she'd begun stuffing hen's feathers into a paper bag with a hole in it."

"How did you know that?" Laurence came bolt upright, bringing his feet to the floor with a thump. "Good heavens, man! Do I talk in my sleep? Or have you second-sight? How did you know?"

He leaned forward, staring.

"It was revealed to me in a dream." George answered bitterly. "Go on."

But the narrative had met a check. Laurence eyed his neighbor with astonishment and doubt. When he spoke again his manner seemed less free.

"Why, there's not much more," he declared. "The old woman blandished a good deal, told some long rigmaroles, uncorked her jug and filled the tin cup for me most lovingly. Don't know how you guessed those feathers, George, but you're right. She was cooking a hen in a ball of clay. We talked and watched the process, and I emptied her cup as often as you please. She told me it was ginger pop."

George nodded mournfully.

"Ay," said he. "A hot day and a thirsty schoolboy."

"Right again! It was very hot," declared Laurence. "The schoolboy turned up at call-over blear-eyed and staggering, drunk as a hatter. The rule was public

(Continued on Page 80)

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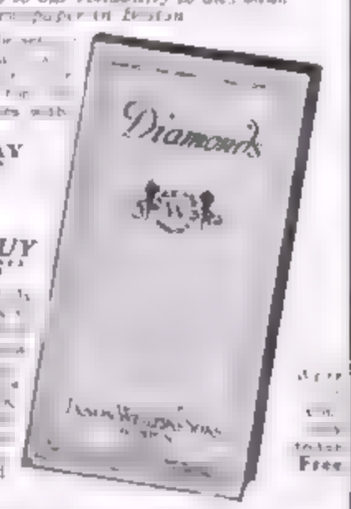

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS VALUABLE CATALOG FREE ON "HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"

This book is beautifully illustrated [illegible] Free

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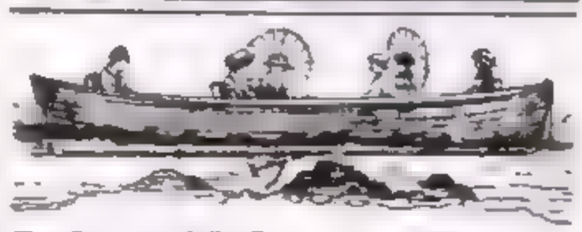
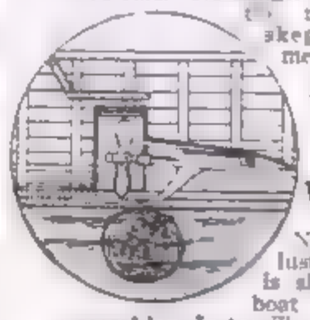
Foreign Agencies: Amsterdam, London and Paris



Safe in Unknown Waters

Motor-boat anywhere you can row—'way up the little creeks—on shallow streams and ponds—over submerged rocks, snags and sand bars. No danger to the propeller for [illegible] moment protecting skeg touches a submerged obstruction



The Propeller Disappears Within the Boat

Note the circular illustration. Propeller is shown raised within boat to pass over submerged log. In top illustration propeller is shown in position for full speed ahead. This view also shows how propeller and protecting skeg act as centerboard, making these boats unusually seaworthy in deep or rough waters.

DISAPPEARING PROPELLER BOATS

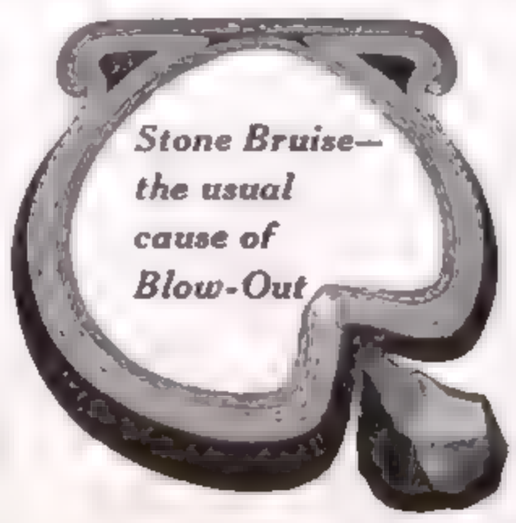
Are beautiful [illegible], luxurious, seaworthy [illegible] in Natural Wood with many coats of high [illegible] marine varnish. Trim are finished in Cypress and White Oak. Substantial Hardware. Copper nails and [illegible]. Powerful single motor with Maxim Silencer gives 9 to 9½ m.p.h. 20 [illegible] Patented Foot Starter. One lever gives ahead speeds. 16½ to 18½ ft. 4½ ft. beam

Write for Handsomely Illustrated Catalog "Vacation Days"

Shows them in natural colors. Note their trim [illegible] Built in models. Water Lord [illegible] Lake Sedan [illegible] Lake Sedan $475.00. Gives patented and exclusive features and [illegible] Sold direct factory to user in U. S. and Canada.

Disappearing Propeller Boat Companies
Toronto, Canada. Buffalo, N. Y.

THE Discovery OF THE GREATER TIRE



Ride on

Hydro-Toron Tires

and stop worrying about stone-bruise, rim-cut and blow-out

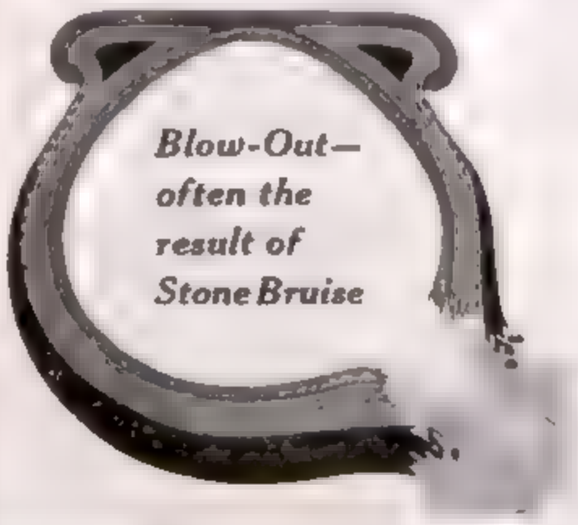
THE stone-bruise has been the commonest cause of grief in the use of tires. It is caused by a buckle or strain in one or more of the fabric layers during the process of manufacture. When such a weak spot hits a rock or other sharp obstruction, the tire is further weakened at that spot.

Result—later on—at the most unexpected time—a blow-out.

Rim-cut is caused by improper construction; by a misplaced bead or wires; nothing else.

These common troubles are practically eliminated in Hydro-Toron Tires. Our internal hydraulic expansion process means that every layer of fabric—the cushion, the breaker, the tread, every part of the tire—is properly pressed into its *right* place and there is no crushing or bruising to cause strains, buckles, misplacements or other injuries.

For these reasons we include stone-bruise, rim-cut and blow-out in our guarantee.



THE tire that practically does away with most tire troubles—chief of which are Stone-Bruise, Rim-Cut, Blow-Out—is here.

Hydro-Toron Tires—made by the new internal hydraulic expansion process, and with the wonderful new Toron fabric—mark a new era in tire service, mileage and value.

Not an experiment either. Thousands of these *greater* tires are in use throughout the United States. Car owners in every part of the country testify to the merits of this newly discovered combination of *tire certainties*.

By our internal hydraulic expansion process we build each Hydro-Toron Tire on a collapsible core which comes out of the tire before vulcanizing.

In place of the core a heavy fabric bag is inserted, made to hold water under pressure. After the tire is in the mold and the latter is in the vulcanizer, the bag is pumped full of water heated to the proper vulcanizing temperature and the right pressure of 200 pounds to the square inch is applied *inside the tire*.

All of the pressure is from the inside of the tire outward.

The result is a perfectly vulcanized, evenly built tire, with all the layers of fabric, the breaker strip, tread and all other parts united in a single strong mass—a tire that is as big as most cord tires—free from defects when it leaves the factory, and so uniformly good when it comes from the vulcanizer that no "seconds" are turned out of our factory.

HYDRO-TORON TIRES

Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process

have another claim to distinction besides this great process which prevents injury to the tire during the process of making. It is the new Toron fabric—which is so treated that it is practically impervious to water. The Toron (no-rot) treatment increases the tensile strength of the fabric practically one-third, and resists the action of water seeping through a cut in the casing.

Oxidation in all its forms is greatly retarded both in the fabric and the rubber. A Hydro-Toron "spare" on your car and Hydro-Toron Tires in the dealer's stock have a much longer life for this reason.

Toron has such an affinity for rubber that more of the latter is left between the layers of the tire and is impregnated in the fabric itself, permeating every fibre. The holding power of the different parts—layers, tread and cushion—is vastly increased. The *increase* of the adhesion or "pull" of the fabric layers to each other is 50 per cent above the "pull" where Toron is not used. Result—Hydro-Toron Tires do not buckle or blister. The mass of rubber and fabric *stays* together, thus lessening the chance of internal separations which cause all sorts of trouble practically eliminating them, in fact.

There is *more rubber* in every Hydro-Toron; more mileage is certain because the tire stays whole; the common weaknesses that cause stone-bruise, rim-cut and blow-out are practically done away with.

The Wonderful Toron (no-rot) Fabric

unites with the internal hydraulic expansion process in producing a tire that is as near blemish free when it leaves our hands as it is humanly possible to have it.

Both the process of making and the Toron fabric are responsible for the *complete union* of rubber and fabric; for the perfectly joined layers, all of which are smoothly in place before the tire goes into the mold.

We want you to know more about Hydro-Toron Tires. Write to us for proof

If you sell tires, write at once for information on how to make more money in the tire business.

If you use tires, send us your dealer's name and we will send you a beautiful catalogue and arrange with your dealer so you can secure Hydro-Toron Tires.

HYDRO-UNITED TIRE COMPANY, 1004 Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sold at Standard Fabric Prices

Guaranteed for 10,000 Miles Against Stone Bruise Rim-cut Blow-out

as per Complete Guarantee Attached to Each Tire

THE Discovery OF THE GREATER TIRE

What It Means to Tire Dealers

IF you sell tires, write today on your letter-head for our very profitable dealer's proposition.

HYDRO-TORON Tires offer an opportunity to build what we believe will prove the most profitable retail tire business in each community.

Sales resistance is reduced to the vanishing point. We feel sure every intelligent owner of a motor car will want to try Hydro-Toron Tires as soon as the reputable dealer he usually buys from can supply them.

A tire as big as cord tires.

Made of "Toron" fabric, that resists rot.

Made by our Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process

Sold with a definite guarantee attached for 10,000 miles against Stone-Bruise, Rim-Cut and Blow-Out.

Sold at the Usual Prices of fabric tires.

We believe any salesman that really tries can sell any motor car owner the first one, and we are willing to rest our case on the results of the first one. The dealer that sells it will be satisfied too.

Real Producers of Business can secure the exclusive sale.

Owners of Motor Cars

If you will write and give us the name of the dealer or garage man from whom you usually buy your tires, we will send you a handsome catalogue fully explaining Hydro-Toron Tires, our Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process and Toron fabric, and see that you have an opportunity of trying Hydro-Toron Tires if you desire.

DO IT TODAY. Whether dealer or owner, you are vitally interested in knowing all about this *Greater Tire*, so write while you are thinking about it.

HYDRO-UNITED TIRE COMPANY
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as per Complete Guarantee Attached to Each Tire

A Word to Well Dressed Men

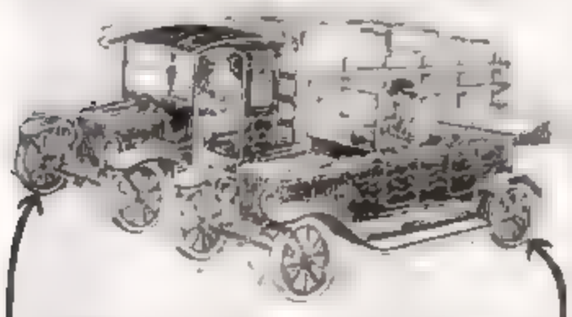
Simmons Watch Chains will give you a new realization of how much style and individuality a chain can have. Their beautiful, hand-finished patterns are the utmost in good taste and add a touch of fine distinction to your apparel.

Simmons Watch Chains are as handsome and as serviceable as solid gold, but cost much less. Their surface *is* solid gold worked over less expensive metal by an exclusive process. You should see your jeweler's assortment of Simmons Chains. They are wonderful value.

R. F. SIMMONS COMPANY
ATTLEBORO MASSACHUSETTS

Illustration six-sevenths actual size of chain

SIMMONS CHAINS



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It's not the Ford's fault if it RATTLES and CHATTERS. It's better made than most cars.

All the trouble comes from the brake lining. Ordinary brake lining gets hard, dusty, slick—hasn't any grip—grabs and slips every time you press the pedal. This shaking loosens nuts and bolts—makes the whole car rattle.

Cork Insert stops the shivering and shaking at once—works like magic. Operates silently and smoothly. No shaking or chattering. Never gets hard and slick.

Why shake your Ford to pieces with hard, slick brake lining? If it's new, put in Cork Insert and keep it new. If it's a used car, Cork Insert will make it work like new, giving smooth, free, easy pedal action. Truck owners appreciate this economy.

REMEMBER Cork Insert will save you relining expense—one set will outlast three sets of ordinary lining.

Be sure you get genuine Advance Cork Insert. Your garage, repair or accessory man has it or can get it, every wholesale house carries it in stock.

FREE BOOK—
Giving valuable information about the Ford brake and clutch mailed on request

ADVANCE AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES CORP
Dept. 200 1003 South Michigan Blvd., Chicago

(Continued from Page 77)

flogging and expulsion. I couldn't explain. I took it."

He paused and looked slowly about the room

"My poor old governor had things out with me right where we're sitting," he continued. "You may imagine, a strict father with what was to have been our fine young Oxford scholar, parson, and so on. I couldn't explain to him either; too young and—and bewildered. His face was like the dead. Most of that boy died here too. The rest of him ran away and took more whippings from the world—twenty-odd years of them. Ever since I came home last week I've seen his ghost haunting those books."

The speaker got on foot, lighted his pipe and stood glancing down at Leonard.

"Now you understand," he added, "why I went off at score when we first ran across each other and you mentioned old women with mead by the wayside."

George, polishing brier with the ball of his thumb, spoke as though to himself.

"She always laced that mead something chronic. Mr. Leonard knows, or ought to. Three parts brandy. It was the same old woman and the same old mead." He looked up at Laurence, his eyes burning with a somber fire. "You need more than one man for some stories. Too young and bewildered, rot! Your boy took disgrace, let his life be spoiled, to keep his word with a foolish old body who'd been stealing hens and trespassing. You promised not to tell you'd seen her. You never did. The boy's heart may have broke in this room, but not his word."

Again Laurence remained staring in wonder.

"How on earth!" he exclaimed.

"She's my grandmother," said George. "Yes, old Becky, at the Ring of Bells now. 'Twas grandson's earning put her there."

A moth was fluttering among the candles. George rose, caught it with one sweep of his brown hand, and passing to the river windows threw it out into starlight. He returned and sat down.

"When I spoke of her," began Laurence—he paused—"if anything was said to hurt you, I—well, I'm sorry."

"You said no more than plain truth," George growled. With elbows on knees he studied the floor. "She was what God made her, and some help from mankind. What's past is done with, and can't be recalled, except onions, they say. At any rate, speak you did, so I'd better keep on. Amongst the wreckage of her old brain"—Grayland reached out to place his pipe on the table, then hung his head over his clasped hands—"well, she had secrets. Back in my childhood she used to prophesy, when a man should come from abroad and pass through the Devil's Nose against the sun—why, enemies would be overthrown, and things made clear, and good fortune, and so on. Moonshine! But the first part's come true. So here goes!"

George struck fist into palm lightly between his knees, blow after blow, as if hammering at a thought. His bowed figure seemed overcome by sadness.

"I was lying under the shrike's thorn," he said, "behind it, that day of your undoing; no farther than from here to the andirons. Had I known what your name was likely I'd have tried to kill you. When I did know it, years afterward, I'd learned what your word was worth; what it cost you. Never been able to pay that back, but I've tried faithful.

"This is all in the family." He looked up with a grave smile, which had gone as he bent his head once more. "It may hurt you. It hurts me now.

"That other boy behind the thorn was older than you. His troubles begun earlier. He'd run the hedges a long time, a whole life of it, begging, cheating, after selling colored whirligigs or paper flowers as a babe. People would ask you where you lived, meaning kind no doubt. I'd look up at 'em like a wild beast, and say nothing, or else run. I was a little wild beast, afraid all day, awake half the night, hunger pains clawing in my belly. The only one thing I had to be fond of was my mother."

George stopped. He took his head in his hands.

"Maybe those feelings come stronger when you're a little wild beast. Maybe not. I don't know. But she was my shadow of a rock in a weary land. It ended one night before dark, one misty night. We were to lie in a barn, not a decent barn like Doctor Wolcot's that he let Dick Stanley sleep in, as they tell, but an old roost where trampers had made all filthy, a habitation for Zim and Jim and every unclean thing. I was five or six years old. She'd spoken strange to me that evening—so fond and terrible deep and changeable, I cried in her arms; then sent me off on a long errand that came to naught, foolishlike.

"I got back through the roke, and went indoors tired and hungry. It was dark in there. My mother was standing in the midst alone, her back toward me. I spoke to her about the errand being no good. She never answered or moved, so I went closer and spoke again. She seemed not to hear me. That wasn't like her, and she stood unusual tall in the dark, with her head as if listening. I touched her. Last of all I put up my hand and pulled at her skirt, like a child's way of doing. Then my mother turned. There was light enough to see her face looking down at me, and I wish there hadn't been."

George moved his hands from his temples to his forehead.

"She turned, and she kept on turning right past me. And then I saw that her feet didn't touch the floor."

He remained still for a moment; suddenly uncovered his face by dropping his hands and clasping them before him; but regarded neither of his companions.

"That," said he, "is what came of our fine gentleman who threw himself about a bit. I couldn't help overhearing you—penalty for quick ears."

With another sudden movement George left his chair and drew himself erect. Still caring to see nobody, he turned, stepped to the window from which he had thrown the moth, and leaned there. Past his head smoke drifted into the warm, sweet-smelling darkness. Across their empty fireplace the two younger men exchanged looks without a word, but asking each other what was to be said or done.

It was Laurence who found an answer. He went limping to the table, and with unnecessary pains, very slowly mixed three nightcap drinks. He made them strong and dark, holding up each tumbler for prolonged inspection, contriving a good deal of clink and rattle. Afterward he stood quite still, and let more time go by.

"We're waiting for you, George," he called at last in a matter-of-fact tone. "Here you are!"

Grayland came back to them, quiet and composed.

"I always knew it must be something more than friendship." Laurence held out a tumbler in each hand, and when these two were taken, raised the third before him. "Cousin Leonard and Cousin George, I wish we were to be longer under this roof. Here, let's all stand on the hearthstone—that's better. How many years, do you suppose, have gone by since three of us did this together?"

With his glass he beckoned for them to touch brims. His air was at once offhand and ceremonial.

"Come, all the family! Here's luck!"

XVI

DURING the next few days the three men went about together as if inseparable. The fine weather continued. They shared their enjoyment of it, meeting early by tacit consent, taking long rambles, bathing in the river, rowing the Daisy down for a plunge in surf, or up for a picnic on some tranquil reach where nest-guarding swans with fiery eyes pursued their wake and hissed at them, and coming home by sunset to talks that ended only with late bedtime.

"Well," sighed Leonard one evening, "to-morrow I must go. Really must this time."

His friends both turned gloomy.

"Why, man, you've just come!" retorted Laurence. "Is it growing so dull for you?"

"No, I should think not," declared the visitor. "But Scripture says an ending to all fine things must be."

"I don't care a button what Scripture says." The master of the house grew peevish. "You're not treating George and me in a high-class way at all. You're only being polite. Now you drop it. In Department for Dukes it is clearly stated: 'At a hint from the hostess the departure occurs.' Then and not till then. So you wait; and you'll wait a devilish long time, my boy. That reminds me To-morrow my sister's coming back You can't run away."

From behind him, George, towering in the background, shot a volley of most fiendish leers They gave all warnings that a human face could convey against vinegar ladies who bit heads off.

"If I should let you go now," continued Laurence, "why, Rose would make the rest of my life perfectly unbearable! You can stay, can't you? Good! I've hardly seen her twice in years myself, till the other day. Brought up by some of her father's old friends, 'of the tribe of Dan and *noli me tangere*.' Time to see what frills they have put into her head."

Thus it happened that on the following afternoon, upstairs, Leonard heard a crunch of wheels that stopped by the front door, and women's voices below. He felt little or no curiosity toward this Miss Corsant who set her Cousin George's teeth so on edge. No doubt she had come to spoil their harmony in bachelors' hall; but perhaps for the advantage of seeing the enemy first, he went to a window and looked out.

The impulse had come too late. George was bobbing away down the sunlit drive in a basket phaeton drawn by an old white pony, the same that he had taken to Peacock for shoeing and led into the surf. Whatever passengers Grayland had brought were now indoors.

"All right," thought the young man. "Let her snap!"

From the stairhead came a rustle of skirts. He turned. A very neat lady's maid, with gray hair and a sensible, cheerful face, passed by into a corridor as if she had always been passing, knew her way and liked it.

"That woman's head never was bitten off," he considered as he went down. "George's bugbear can't be so frightful."

Coming through the arch, round a corner, he suddenly had his advantage after all, and saw the enemy first. Under the portrait of the young horseman and the blades a girl sat leaning backward, her hands folded in her lap, resting, as if alone with some thought which was good but rather grave company. Her face, clear brown tinged with delicate red, might have been that of a sister to the cavalier above her, but lacked his impatience. Her dark eyes were George's without the guile. So much Leonard saw before discovering to his great surprise and even more delight that she was the girl of the bluebell grove who had sat with him in the rain.

The sound of his footsteps roused her. She turned, saw him, and leaving her chair, came forward.

"How do you do? I am Laurence's sister Rose." As they met she added, in a very pretty confusion: "Thank you for your oilskin. I have brought it, but should have sent it before."

"And thank you for the receipt of fern seed," he broke in. "Your charm worked. If you remember it—under your namesake, the boat?"

Her confusion deepened, and with it her color.

"Have you forgiven me for teasing you?" she asked. "I'm still ashamed. But it was fun."

That downward laughter not quite controlled came and went in her eyes. He liked it better than ever; still better when it got the mastery and looked up at him direct.

"I shall kill George," said he.

"Why?"

"Oh—for things he said, and things he didn't say."

"What things? Tell me both kinds." She read his face. "About me? Dear old George. He's like a father and a brother and a naughty boy to take care of, all by turns and at once."

Somehow they fell not only into talk but into step together, walking up and down the long room as if they had met for that purpose, or it had been their custom. They went slowly, but found much to say in haste. While they did so Leonard became haunted with a sense that the old house had come to life. This girl, Rose Corsant, wore plain, quiet gray; yet while she turned and re-turned beside him he could have thought her passage made a shining along the time-blackened oak, and cast light rather than shadow. Far from being spoiled the place had got what it always wanted.

Once or twice Rose came to a halt and looked about her gravely, as she had looked when sitting under the picture.

"I can't bear to think," she said, "that Laurence will have to sell this. Poor boy, it makes rather a sad home-coming." She started on again. "What a pity! But we must enjoy it all we can while we may."

(Continued on Page 82)

NATIONAL BICYCLE WEEK

April 30th to May 7th

Ride a Bicycle

THIS is happiness week. It is the time to give bicycles to your children and to decide to ride a bicycle yourself. Bicycle dealers all over America have their finest models on display. Look for this advertisement pasted in their windows. It is a sign they are ready and glad to talk things over with you.

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The "XXth Century" Cooler protects pure water by keeping it pure.

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Not all coolers with an inverted bottle are "XXth Century" Coolers. To be sure you secure the genuine ask for "XXth Century" and see that you get it.

The cooler shown in the above picture is style No. 560 Allwhite. This cooler is also made in mahogany and golden oak finishes. The mahogany finish is the popular type.

We also make "Fibrotta pails" of all kinds, dishpans or keelers, fire buckets, baby baths, sealed liquid measures, funnels and many other articles of "Fibrotta" ware.

CORDLEY & HAYES
COOLER HEADQUARTERS

8 Leonard St., Dept. E New York City

(Continued from Page 80)

Leonard often recalled this saying of hers; for afterward, as days passed and household acquaintance grew, he was with her constantly under one roof or outdoors, and never again saw her dispirited. Rose followed her own precept admirably.

"Hanged if I know how we got on without her!" grumbled George one evening. "Worth a dozen of us. Hear her!"

The men surrounded their hearth as usual by candlelight. She was moving somewhere above, humming, with little outbreaks of clear melody:

"Oh, there were three gypsies a-come to my door,
And downstairs ran this a-lady oh!
One sang high, and the other sang low,
And the other sang Bonny, Bonny Biscay O!"

George hearkened, his brown face lifted somewhat toward the sound. It was no secret that he worshiped her. He had tried at first to hold aloof, but her brother would have none of that, and had kept him in the circle.

"Then she put off her robe of silk ——"

The singer, in white, came running down through the arch, floating like a feather on air and gay as the lady of her ballad.

"To this day you've not told me how the fight went." Her eyes were black stars. In her hand was George's bloated umbrella, which gave an effect of Beauty and the Beast. "You are all too lazy to show me."

A moment later she had them dispersed about the room, three grown men playing like children. George shrank into himself by the door, enacted Kamsa the Locust hideously—a long-legged gargoyle trying to be fat—and croaked their stage directions. Laurence caught down the naked sword. Leonard received her umbrella with a bow, performed the grand salute, and bounced on guard like a rubber ball. They turned the story of that combat into a romp that left all four of them laughing. As they came to order, Leonard suddenly raised his hand.

"Wait!" he warned them. "It's here again!"

They listened. From the corner behind him came a sigh and a flutter, a movement of something without body or name.

"The family specter," said Laurence. "I've heard it two or three times. Dust falling behind the wainscot, probably. I'm afraid it means dry rot in these old timbers."

Rose disagreed.

"No, a real ghost," she said. "Not yet laid. Hark!"

The stir had passed, however, and did not come again. They presently forgot it. Rose had other questions in mind. She stood on tiptoe, examining the carven lump of the Devil's Nostrils.

"How elvish this old block of wood can look at night!" She appealed to Leonard. "Doesn't it creep and crawl? By the way, how did you come to think of swimming through the rock—that morning you met George?"

"My father," explained the young man, "always said we must do it one day—an old story between us. He couldn't remember just what, and I never knew—something. We were to go through the rock a certain fashion."

George, watching them paternally, growled the single word "Withershins."

"What does that mean?" asked Rose. "You read it in witchcraft."

Leonard turned toward the carving and reached up.

"I swam out like this, you see." He put his forefinger into the left nostril. "Why! They're real holes! Deep! Clear through! Thought it was only scooped. I swam out here." He crooked his finger round behind toward the other nostril. "And swam in again here, this second hole. Can't quite poke it."

George corrected him.

"Wrong way. That's how you pass a bottle."

Leonard blew dust from his finger and nodded.

"This way, then." He tried the right nostril. "Hallo!" said he in dismay, and withdrew his hand. "I've broken something."

They all heard a rusty creak, then saw the oaken septum between the nostrils drop forward and stand out from the wall like a peg. There followed a groan or long-drawn shuddering gulp as from old bellows.

Leonard stood like a truant caught in mischief. Rose and her brother came to him quickly; but it was George who first acted upon the fact, and brought one of the candlesticks. His face remained impassive, but his eyes glittered.

"Let her," he said, pointing. "The youngest, for luck—and the lady."

They saw what he meant. The panel under the carving had sprung back, sunken half an inch or so between its neighbors. George, with the flat of his hand, pressed it farther inward.

"Now try."

A crack had appeared. Rose rather timidly put her slender brown finger tips into this and gave a sidelong push. The smooth oak glided away to the right, disappeared. A thin cloud of dust flew out in her face. Before them stood a shallow recess backed with greenish tatters of mildewed leather and tails of curled hair.

"Padded so as not to give hollow," said George. "Here's your ghost. Any draft would set those rags chafing." He spoke eagerly. "Try the gob of verdigris. Below, to your hand. Must be a brass door catch. Try it."

Rose, her black eyes sparkling like his own, obeyed him. The padded leather swung inward on squealing hinges and left open into darkness a narrow doorway from which two or three stone steps led downward.

"Bowels of the earth," declared George. "Let me test the air. Some rumor of this crept into grandmother's feeble old brain, I dare say."

He slipped through the opening shoulder first, crouched and went down, holding the branched candles knee high before him.

"They burn sweet." His voice rang in some empty confinement. "All right! Come along, but mind your heads."

They trooped down after him, into a room nine or ten feet square, a cell with roof, walls, and floor of solid stone. Dust lay thick on the floor, in the center of which, by a table also covered with dust, were two narrow, high-backed chairs, one upright, one overthrown.

"Under the garden rock that a piece of the house juts into, we are," George's head brushed the ceiling as he moved about, explored all corners, and came back to set his candles on the dusty board. "Clever conniving. Naught but the one door, though must be tirlie-whirlie holes to keep the air so fresh."

The strangeness of this hidden room no more touched him than if he had walked into a shop or a kitchen. But Rose, her brother, and Leonard saw one another somewhat daunted, and required time to be themselves again. On the table stood a platter with clots and crumbling bones in it under the powder of years, two plates, two goblets, all these black as lead; a pair of pistols and a sword gone to rust; a brown feather which, as Rose lifted it, shed its color and became a goose-quill pen; a small inkhorn, and the rags of what had been a man's hat. Laurence took up one of the black goblets mechanically, with a dreaming air, and set it down. By chance it struck a black plate, and the intruders were surprised when they heard these dead utensils give out a living chink of silver.

"What do you make of it, George?" asked Laurence.

"Two men never eat their breakfast," replied Grayland promptly. "Wartime, it's like. They cleared out so quick one of them upset his chair. I'll bet you"—he turned to Leonard—"your great-something dad galloped off without hat or weapons down to his ship. Westward ho for your life! O' course, that's only my guess. Maybe he went back to war."

Leonard gave a nod.

"Maybe so," he agreed. "It would bear out a yarn father used to tell."

Laurence, dreaming still, or thinking, did not seem to hear. He raised the black platter which bygone men had left full of bones and powder.

"Why," said he, "here's what they were writing with your quill, Rose!"

Where the dish left its mark, an oval of polished wood drawn with exact edge amid the dust, lay a folded sheet of manuscript, fresh and white as though tucked underneath yesterday. Laurence took this and carefully opened it.

"Wait a minute!" called George.

He skipped upstairs into the house, dropped down again with a hearth broom, put the fallen chair on its legs and brushed both seats clean.

"There you are!"

Brother and sister took their places at table.

"Seventeenth century hand, I think," said Laurence, and began to read aloud:

"'I, Leonard Corsant, being in the twenty-eighth year of my age, and but newly returned from this damnable slaughter of our kindred and friends whom I saw fallen, as chiefly amongst them at Chalgrove Field John Hampden receiving his death by the shattering his hand by the burst of his new pistol ——'"

The reader looked up.

"That's of interest," he remarked, "for Clarendon says he got hit by a brace of slugs in the shoulder. George is right. It was wartime, and your great-something-grandfather telling his troubles. He flounders a little with the pen.

"'—— and being myself wounded, in my concealment do intend this memorial ——'"

Again Laurence paused.

"And that's all," he said. "Far as the old chap ever carried with his participial history. Rough sketch, perhaps. A deal scratched out, and then lines ruled across the page. Eh? What comes here below?"

He read no more aloud, but scanned the bottom of the sheet.

"Here's an agreement, drawn up on this table, I fancy, between the same writer and his younger brother, Laurence. The wheel of time?"

Rose pushed back her chair and stood up, beckoning Leonard with a smile.

"You sit with him," she said. "It's more fitting, you and he, after those two. Don't you think?"

She obliged him to take her place, where dust had fallen, moth corrupted and steel decayed since two men of their name had faced each other so.

Laurence read on to himself.

"I'm no lawyer," he proclaimed suddenly. "But this would seem to promise fair material for a pretty suit. Worth looking into. It's a plain contract. Your forefather, who went back to war without his hat or breakfast, owned this house and land. Mine, the younger, stayed at home to hold it 'by policy and such devices as he may in honor'—those are their words—till the storm blew past. May be valueless now. All the same, by right you should keep this." He handed it across. "They drew their terms up in a rush, on waste paper from a memoir that never got written. But it's clear, signed by Leonard and Laurence Corsant, witnessed by one Rich. Hooper and one Gabriel Grayland—always one of you handy round the house, George."

The paper, though spotted by damp, felt almost new in Leonard's hands. He looked upon it not without emotion.

"Which is the part," he asked, "that you think—er—pertains to me?"

Laurence leaned over the black dishes and pointed.

"There—at the foot, beginning—'For the guidance of our children, to preserve'—and so on."

Leonard, taking his turn, read to the bottom of the page with care.

"They were long-headed, but fond of each other." He glanced from his table companion to George and Rose. "This reminds me of what Mr. Tony Weller said about his wife's will. As it's all right and satisfactory, and we're the only parties interested, we may as well put this bit comfortably ——"

He thrust the end of it into the candles. It flared.

"You madman!" cried Laurence, and snatched the blazing sheet from him. "What right had you?"

Half the paper was burned away—the offending lower half.

"You saved enough for a relic," said Leonard calmly—"to keep with George's umbrella in the archives. My name's not Tichborne, you know. I'm just the American cousin. It was nothing but an old scribble, outlawed years ago."

XVII

ONE evening a week later George was busy outside the front door. An upstart young elm, pushing its own affair in the absence of mankind, had spoiled a flower bed and darkened a dining-room window. George had felled it, dragged it bodily by mainstrength into the driveway, and now bent down to lop the branches. He was working at great speed, finishing his job before the dusk thickened into darkness. Barn swallows darted over the garden leaves, and slued off in frightened zigzags at every blow of his ax.

Leonard stood near him, talking with lowered voice. It seemed natural for the pair of them to be conspirators again.

"He mustn't sell this." The younger man's gaze roved from house to garden. "It's a crime."

George nodded and kicked a bough.

"Can't be helped." He spoke sadly. "I'd hate to see her go—his sister. But Laurence—oh, well, let's cheat ourselves by thinking he'd never stand the climate. In winter there's only two places in England fit for a man to be—in bed or on the back of a good horse. Leave it at that, for comfort. Pretend he was ordered south."

Leonard remained thoughtful and silent.

"Laurence would never accept it from me," he blurted. "But if you bought the place and gave it back to him, George ——"

Grayland looked up swiftly.

"Where'd I get the money?" he retorted. "Like a shot, I would! But he and I are a pair of rolling stones. Where would it come from?"

He went on lopping. The muscles in his hard brown forearms played like rods. His ax, the same that once had a purple stain on its edge, weighed some four pounds; but he swung it in one hand like a hatchet, and cut off a limb clean at each blow.

In two words Leonard unfolded a project that had kept him awake nights.

"From me."

George pierced him with a straight glance to ask if he were trying some bad joke.

"No, I mean it." Leonard's face grew red, his tongue slipped and stammered. "You know, George—the truth is—you know, I'm richer than sin. Rich as a Parsee. Rich as a Bagdad Jew. I'll be gone, you see. Not a soul would know."

Grayland, poising his ax, accepted this truth at once, calmly.

"You never acted purse-proud."

"Don't know about that. Dad always told me not to spend much on myself," said Leonard. "Wish you'd known my father, George. You make me think of him so often. You couldn't help wanting to try to do whatever father told you."

The workman straightened himself, knee deep among leaves. He smiled, and answered with a kind of envy.

"The boy's not dead in you by a long chalk. You're young in the world." Suddenly he raised his voice. "No, don't agree with you. The ax is a pretty tool in good hands, but the broadax beats it for cleverness, and the adz calls out genius. Now, I remember an old shipwright ——"

Leonard, staring at this vagary, heard next moment what George's ears had caught a long way off. It was the footstep of Rose Corsant. She came out at the front door.

"What are you two plotting now?" she called, and passed on toward the corner rock. "Mischief?"

They watched her moving away lightly through the green dusk, humming:

"Oh, what do I care for my wedded lord,
And what do I care for my money oh?"

When she disappeared behind shubbery, Grayland laughed.

"Hear that? A reckless tribe you are. My kind do come handy about this house. Could you trust my proxy with such a pot? I stole before you was born, dear lad. I might shoot the moon, or hold fast to what I collared."

Leonard smiled in his turn.

"We'll risk that."

"Right-ho! We'll risk it." Grayland bent once more, and chopped. "Now run play. Your Uncle George is busy, and the daylight's nigh gone." For an instant he rose, fondling his ax and grinning in the dusk. "Only, there's a condition. No mortal hand but mine shall ring those bells at your wedding. I'm the boy to make old Gabriel sing tenor."

Leonard, who had begun moving away, stopped and fixedly regarded him with keen horror.

"What? What's this, man alive?"

The man alive shot him, crosswise, one of those black arrows of wickedness. "Don't forget, when time comes," said George. "It was revealed to me in a dream."

(THE END)

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"Today, I figure that I save at least 60 per cent of my time by doing my figure work on the machine."

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THE EXISTENCE OF AN EMERGENCY

(Continued from Page 4)

Ukrainian or Lithuanian or Russian Polish. In other words, the Polish passport authorities issue passports to people from other countries. Such a passport is worth about thirty kopecks in soviet currency to the immigration authorities of a country that is attempting to bar undesirables.

Early in 1921 the Polish authorities went a little further and issued a new type of passport. It was exactly like their other passport except that there was no place at all on it where the nationality of the bearer could be inserted. The attitude of the Polish authorities in the face of the howl of protest that goes up from the American consulate over these burlesque passports is that the mere possession of a Polish passport should be sufficient to establish a bearer's citizenship and nationality. Experience, however, has repeatedly proved that it does neither. Yet if America insists that nobody but Polish citizens travel on Polish passports, the only result will be a tremendous traffic in forged birth certificates and other documents capable of proving conclusively that a Bolshevik from the Siberian tundras has really lived all his life in the shadow of Warsaw University.

Now the boundaries between Poland and Soviet Russia are badly warped from the manner in which they have been pushed in and out. To know where the boundary is at any given moment one should devote a matter of twenty-two hours a day to a careful study of the boundary problem, and flip a coin at the end of the day in order to decide whether to make a five or a ten mile alteration in one's figures. Americans in Poland declare that the train cards which tell the destination of trains leaving the Vienna Station in Warsaw have to have new names painted on them every day, depending on whether the Polish state happens to be expanding or contracting.

In the vicinity of the boundary none of the residents is quite sure whether he is living in Poland or Soviet Russia or Lithuania or the Ukraine. But when the Bolshevik armies occupied this region in the summer of 1920, young men by the hundreds from every town and city soaked up the Bolshevik doctrines like sponges. The Bolsheviks have been very successful in getting their ideas before the people; because instead of depending entirely on pamphlets and books and newspapers they have distributed great numbers of phonographs and phonograph records to pour the doctrine of Father Lenine and Uncle Trotzky into the flapping ears of the proletariat.

Immigrants Filling Out Passport Applications in Paris

The Trade in False Passports

A special investigation was made of the emigrant movement by a man who started at Pinsk and worked his way out. Pinsk is two hundred miles from Warsaw; and a good part of that distance lies in Soviet Russia. The person who made it was specially qualified to obtain information from the people with whom he traveled. He found that large numbers of the emigrants were young men of military age, and that they came from districts which were directly under the Bolshevik government. In the districts from which they came were agents who provided them with false passports and escorted them to ports of embarkation. At the ports, if they were lucky, they got money from America. The agent furnished them with all affidavits and papers necessary for their travels, and usually shipped them to the United States by way of Antwerp and Canada. In Stettin, a port four hours from Berlin, from which small steamers run to various Baltic ports, this investigator found several naturalized Americans traveling on American passports, who were bound for Bolshevik Russia by way of Reval; and he also found many more straight Bolsheviks who were traveling from Petrograd and Moscow to America by way of Reval, Stettin and northern ports of embarkation.

It won't do to say that these instances are improbable or untrue. Almost every American Government official in the north of Europe has received repeated proofs that although America is deporting Bolsheviks by tens she is letting them in by thousands.

The false passport, phony visa, fake affidavit and counterfeit stamp businesses have reached a high stage of development in Poland. Large numbers of immigrants have entered America from Poland during the past six months on forged documents; and there won't be any perceptible diminution in the graft and crookedness and chicanery until our immigration laws are so altered as to stop the indiscriminate influx of Europe's human derelicts and to permit our immigrants to be selected for certain purposes at the source.

Many signs point to the fact that a Bolshevik organization exists for the sole purpose of railroading Bolshevik propagandists to America by means of false passports and visas. One nest of seven dealers in false American visas was rounded up in Warsaw, and six of the seven had recently come to Warsaw from Soviet Russia. Most of the cases of false-passport dealing, however, are those of individuals or groups who see an excellent chance to make money quickly and easily.

Early in January, 1921, an investigator started out alone from the Warsaw consulate to locate dealers in fraudulent passports. The only method that he used was that of letting it be known that he was willing to pay for enough false papers to get him to America. He was obliged to dicker and haggle with each false-passport merchant with whom he came in contact; and such dickering and haggling takes up a lot of time. Nevertheless, between two o'clock on a Saturday afternoon and two o'clock on the afternoon of the following day he secured enough evidence to arrest and convict twenty-five dealers in fraudulent passports. All his work was done in only one section of the city—the same section in which the American consulate is located. Yet the city of Warsaw is literally full of dealers in false passports. Thousands have been sold, and thousands have been successfully used.

The everyday and commonplace aspect of this false-document traffic, which admits crooks, Bolsheviks and wholly undesirable immigrants to America, is shown by the report of the agent who secured the evidence.

In one street he found a girl and her sweetheart, to whom he had been directed. He paid them twenty-five dollars in American money; and for this amount they provided him with a false American visa on the Polish passport which he carried. After examining this visa the agent protested bitterly because it wasn't a good counterfeit, whereupon the two obliging passport agents removed the cover of his passport—the visa being stamped on the inside of the cover—and replaced it with a new cover tastefully decorated with an American visa that couldn't be told from the real thing. The document was submitted in evidence.

Passports to Order

His next inquiry caused him to be directed to a different quarter. Here he found a man who gladly undertook to supply him on the following day with an American visa and a duly signed and sealed affidavit proving that he had a relative in America. This man was arrested on the following day, was found with the goods in his possession, and was incarcerated in the Warsaw bastile.

The agent was then tipped off to visit a certain house. He did so, and found a gentleman who was employed in his spare hours as the janitor of a building in another street. The janitor listened carefully to what the agent wanted, and then stated that his wife was the person who did the trick work for the family. "The lady was out," said the agent in his report. However, the janitor made notes to the effect that his caller wished a phony passport that couldn't be told from real, a trick American visa and a near-affidavit purporting to show that his father resided in Neffyork. The police came around on the following day. This time the lady was in, and the police took her away with all her little playthings.

In another street the agent found a lawyer who was thoroughly schooled in all the subtleties of the false-passport industry. And so on, until in twenty-four hours' time he had not only got the goods on twenty-five passport pirates but had secured their arrest as well.

Here, then, were twenty-five persons who had been engaged in supplying false passports, false American visas and false American affidavits to emigrants for such a length of time that their existence and their addresses were common knowledge in Warsaw. There are hundreds of others in Warsaw alone; and in every other city and town in Poland there are other shoals of them. In the middle of January, 1921, an American investigator took a quick look at the Polish city of Lemberg, the center from which so many Galicians start their journey to America. Although he was a stranger to the city he located and secured the arrest of six traders in fraudulent passports and forged American visas in the space of one day only.

There was no examination of passports at ports of embarkation until January, 1921. In other words, after building a very cumbersome passport-control machine we voluntarily removed a few nuts, bolts, cog wheels and cam shafts, and then wondered why it squeaked and rattled so horribly whenever it moved. Early in January, 1921, the Rotterdam consulate began to scrutinize the passports of all emigrants boarding ships in Rotterdam. There was at that time no such scrutiny at the other ports of embarkation—though I assume that the omission has since been rectified. As a result, there were five ports in Northern Europe from which bearers of false passports could embark with little danger of detection.

When they are stopped at one port they send the information back to the place from which they came, and those who follow

(Continued on Page 89)

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Ever taste *whole* rice—with the natural outside bran coating retained? Doctors recommend it. Highly nourishing. Try COMET *Natural Brown Rice*

Seaboard Rice Milling Company
Galveston and New York

(Continued from Page 86)

them go to other ports. A woman came down to Rotterdam from Poland with a false American visa on her passport. After being questioned she was released and watched. Her first move was to go straight to a telegraph office and telegraph to the man in Warsaw who had provided her with the false visa that the Americans had detected her. If they are stopped at all ports they will originate new schemes of getting to America if our legislators are foolish enough to refuse to make immigration a rigidly selective matter designed purely to meet the needs of America. So long as immigration is a matter of somebody in Europe's getting a visa there will be bribery, corruption and the admission of undesirables. Wherever there is a weak spot it will be found.

Many people are amazed that there should be such heavy dealing in false passports and false-passport accessories when a genuine Polish passport is so easy to get. Some of it is a matter of salesmanship. The man who has such things persuades the small-town boobs to invest in them, just as the New York con artist was wont to unload a few acres of Central Park on the yokel for $2875. Some of it is a matter of anxiety. To work up through the lines by normal methods is a matter of several days. The emigrants want to get to America, and they want to get there quickly. They can get a false passport and a false visa in twenty-four hours; why not do it instead of waiting two weeks? So they do it. But by far the largest part of it is due to the emigrants' well-founded fear that there are certain things about their own circumstances and past lives which will prevent them from getting passports and visas honestly.

They know from various sources that America does not wish Bolshevik sympathizers—and a great many of them have records that will not bear investigating; or they have heard that an emigrant who hasn't a close relative in America will not be admitted—and the closest relative that many of them can dig up is a cousin; or they have been told that a citizen of Soviet Russia is never allowed to go to America until the American consul has written to America to find out whether the Government has any objection—a proceeding which takes much time; or they know that contract laborers can't go in. Many people of this sort, feeling that they cannot enter America honestly, are perfectly willing to invest in anything that will help them enter dishonestly.

A Land of Itching Palms

Any ordinary quarters in Warsaw are quite incapable of accommodating the howling, fighting, frantic crowds that have been known to besiege the American consulate. There is always a mob, ranging in numbers each day from a thousand to fifteen hundred. In order to get this crowd under cover the consulate secured an enormous cement-floored, glass-roofed market known as St. George's Bazaar. This is Warsaw's kosher meat market. From half past three in the afternoon till night it is filled with yelling, shrieking butchers and meat sellers and meat buyers. Beeves hang from the hooks of movable racks and the floor is slippery with blood. From nine in the morning until three in the afternoon it is the visa office of the American consulate.

A triple line of people starts in the middle of the cement floor, twists around in a long queue to a staircase leading to the gallery which surrounds the market, extends up the staircase, along sixty yards of the gallery, and into the offices themselves.

The moral breakdown in Europe, coupled with the extreme need for money which exists on every hand, has made bribery an accepted part of the daily existence for people who want to get results in any part of Central Europe.

The price of a hotel room in Warsaw may be only two or three hundred Polish marks a day; but in order to get it one may have to distribute bribes ranging from ten thousand to fifty thousand marks.

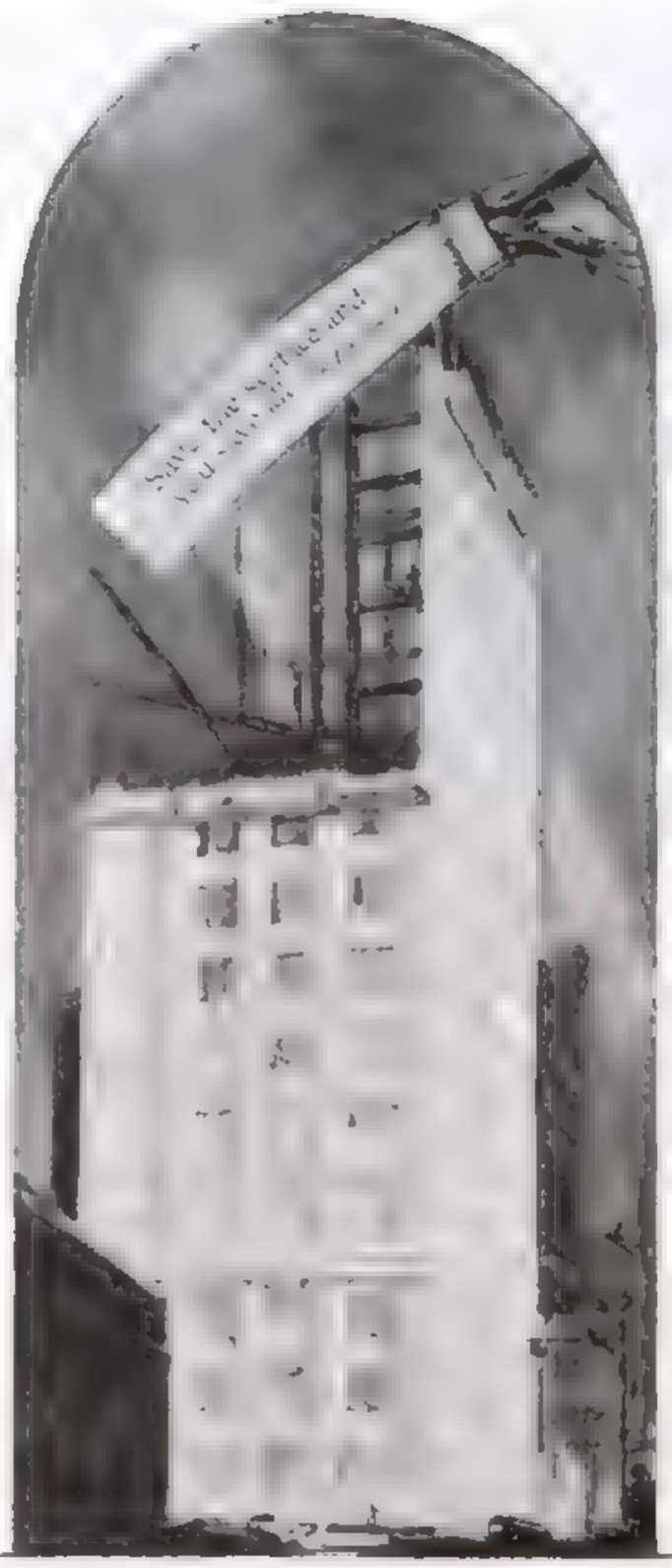
This isn't quite so imposing as it sounds; for in January of 1921 there were times when one American dollar would purchase 1000 marks, and a dinner for four people at a good restaurant frequently cost six or seven thousand marks. Consequently everyone needs all the money he can get in order to live.

Unpopular Dantzic

Railway porters accept bribes for a train seat, and then sell the same seat to persons who offer higher bribes. The conductor will then accept a fat bribe from Briber Number One and eject Briber Number Two from his seat. When one goes to his hotel late at night he bribes the hall porter to let him in; and when he gets to his room he must slip the floor porter a few hundred marks to turn on the electricity long enough to let him see where the chambermaid has concealed his pajamas—and if he doesn't slip him enough he'll have to park his trousers on the floor and feel his way to bed through the murk of a Polish hotel room, thick with a cabbage-soupy and a Noah's-arkish odor. Even carriage drivers must be bribed to make a trip.

It is no wonder, with the existence of such an atmosphere, that there is crookedness in the consulate lines. There are persons connected with the buildings in which the lines assemble who sell advantageous places; even the police, put there by the government to protect the emigrants and keep order among them, have been as guilty as the most grasping janitor. The personnel of the consulate has succumbed at times; for many of the consular employes must from necessity be local talent, and are therefore very susceptible to bribery. The consulate has done its best to stop the graft and the fighting in the lines. It issues numbered cards to a certain number of applicants a day—from three to five hundred of them. These cards entitle the bearers to return a few days later to file their applications for visas. They are issued in series, so that any tampering with the number of the card is instantly obvious. One day after their second visit the applicants return and receive their passports, duly stamped with American visas. Thus the consulate is no longer besieged by

Immigrants From Transylvania and Bessarabia Photographed in Paris



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Protect Concrete Structures

CEMENT, concrete, stucco, stone, and practically all types of masonry are more or less porous. Water is absorbed and in cold weather it forms ice, which expands and causes cracks to appear. These rough surfaces also offer an easy lodging place for soot and dirt, which in time makes the structure dingy and unsightly.

Lucas Cement Filler, a clear, transparent liquid, makes such surfaces waterproof and prevents the destructive action of alkalies on subsequent paint coatings.

Lucas Concrete Paints, flat or gloss, will improve the appearance and add years to the life of the structure by "saving the surface" from decay, thus saving all.

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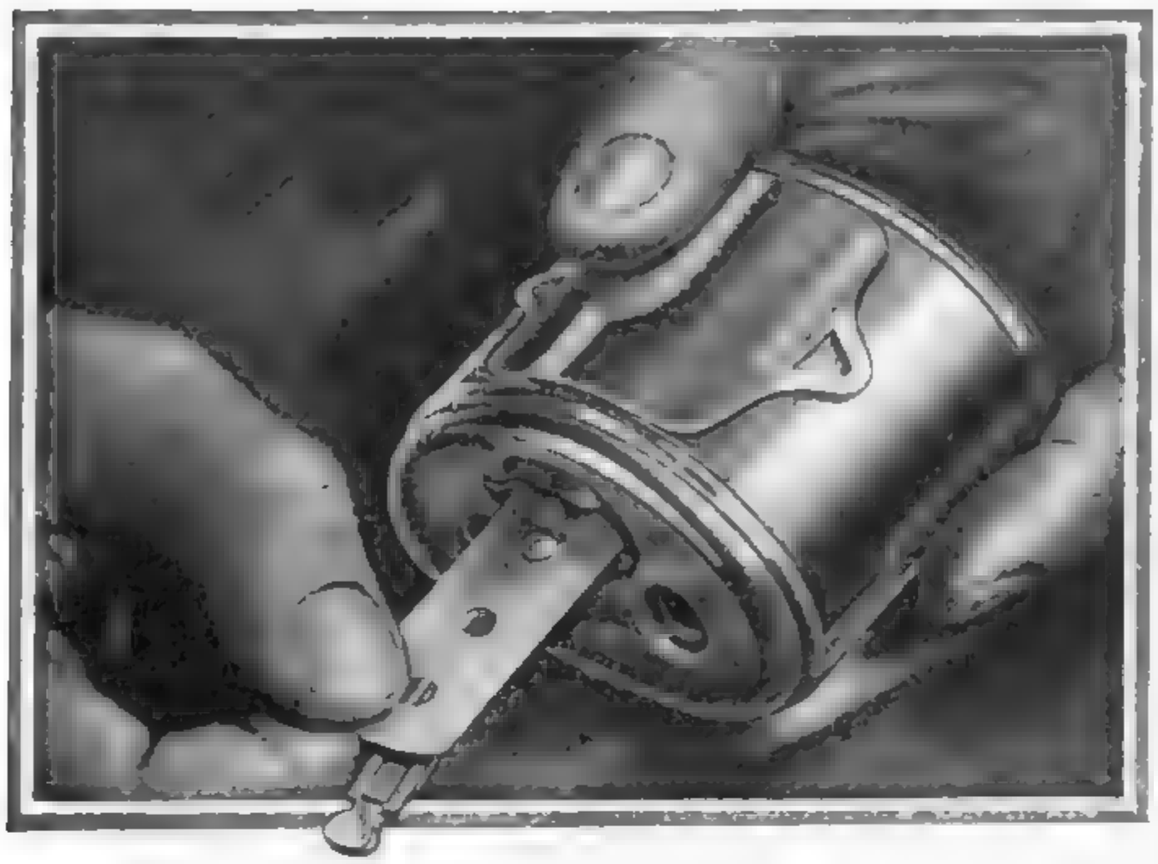
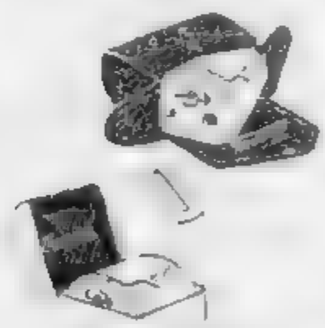


Keep Edges Keen with Twinplex

SLIP a safety razor blade in Twinplex, turn the handle a few times—and presto, new stropped edges of marvelous keenness. The simplicity of Twinplex is as fascinating as its results are amazing.

Try it, you Gillette and Durham-Duplex men. You know full well how quickly a blade loses its first keenness. How, after a shave or so, the delicate edges become duller and duller, just as the old style razor does when it is not stropped.

Twinplex overcomes this drawback. With mechanical precision and accurate pressure the twin leather rollers stroke the edges of a blade first on one side, then, automatically reversing, on the other. Quickly the dulled edges are smoothed back to shaving keenness.



The Twinplex Stropper is now made in two models—one for Gillette and one for Durham-Duplex blades. The price is the same for each, $5.00 in standard style case.

Strop regularly after each shave, and the marvelous keen edges may be retained almost indefinitely. Thus shave after shave of exquisite comfort may be had with a single blade.

There's a Twinplex for Gillette blades and one for Durham-Duplex. The price of either, in standard case, is but $5.00. Other sets at $5.50, $6.50 and $7.50 include various shaving accessories.

Get one at any cutlery, hardware, drug or department store on 30 days' home trial. You'll never want to return it. Ten years' service guaranteed.

TWINPLEX SALES COMPANY

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Twinplex Stropper

for Gillette and Durham-Duplex Blades

ONE HUNDRED SHAVES FROM ONE BLADE

crowds too large to handle. The Polish Emigration Bureau, however, protests bitterly because the consulate will not employ a larger staff and consequently handle larger numbers of emigrants. If the Warsaw consulate employed a thousand persons on visa work there would probably be grumbling because America wasn't taking undesirables with sufficient rapidity.

About twelve hours north of Warsaw, on the Baltic, lies the ancient city of Dantzic, which, six or seven hundred years ago, was one of the chief strongholds of the original League of Nations, known as the Hanseatic League, and a popular hang-out for the romantic but hard-boiled Robber Knights. Dantzic used to be the ancient seaport of Poland; but now it is entirely Germanized. Consequently it has been made a free city, and belongs neither to Germany nor to Poland. For the tourist it is an intriguing city on account of its seven-hundred-year-old brick cathedral and brick grain elevator, its amber shops with amber newly fished out of the Baltic, its jazzy cabarets and restaurants. Most of the Northern European cities seem cold and gray and depressing to a traveler; but Dantzic seems warmer and more colorful—possibly because of the warm reds of its ancient bricks and the soft golds of its amber. For emigrants, however, Dantzic is a complete frost. If you tried to tell them anything about its warm reds and its soft golds they would stare at you wildly and wonder whether or not you were on the verge of becoming violent.

Delousing Future Americans

Among the emigrants—especially among the emigrants who have never been there—Dantzic has a horrible reputation. They speak of it with the same loathing with which the members of a Maine Dorcas Society might speak of a pool room where there were unspeakable goings on. Emigrants in Paris and Antwerp, who had sedulously avoided Dantzic in their travels from Poland, fairly shook in their shoes with reflected terror as they told me wild tales of the journey between Warsaw and Dantzic, and of Dantzic itself.

There are, nevertheless, about three thousand emigrants concentrated in Dantzic every week. Half of them have just arrived and half of them are just leaving for America. They travel up from Warsaw in special emigrant trains, which pass straight through and are not subject to examination or interference.

There is no mistreatment of any emigrants on these trains. The emigrants themselves state that this is so, as well as all officials. The emigration camp at Dantzic is not under Polish supervision, but under the supervision of the city of Dantzic. The officials and the employees are German, and the camp is run to conform as nearly as possible to the suggestions of the United States public health service, which is represented at the camp every day and all day by a watchful and efficient American medical officer.

The Dantzic delousing plant is located in the Troyl Camp. The Troyl Camp, separated from the city of Dantzic on one side by a broad stream and on the other sides by barren fields and barbed-wire fences, was constructed for a prison camp during the war. For many months the emigrants were not only taken straight to Troyl when they arrived in Dantzic, but were kept there until their ships sailed. Now they are merely deloused in Troyl, and then moved into big brick barracks in the city itself.

By no stretch of imagination can Troyl be called a pleasant place. It is a broad expanse of drab one-storied huts of various sizes and construction. Most of the time the roadways between the huts are veritable black morasses of mud without even the benefit of duck boards. The newer huts are divided into small rooms, in which eight or ten persons live. The older huts are not divided into rooms; therefore as many as one hundred and sixty persons of both sexes and various ages frequently live in one big room with no semblance of privacy. The lack of coal and the faulty construction of the huts makes them very chilly during autumn, winter and early spring.

The German director of the camp made a few feeble attempts, last winter, to separate the sexes. The emigrants, however, protested violently against any separation, and the attempts came to a sudden end. Practically all the emigrants are accustomed to live in crowded quarters; and it is not at all unusual for two and even three entire families to occupy a single small room in the localities from which most of them come. Consequently they think nothing of indiscriminate crowding.

Conditions are much better in the city barracks. Three large brick buildings accommodate nearly three thousand emigrants. They are clean and well heated, and the sexes are separated. Because of the constant insistence of the United States public health official in Dantzic, an up-to-date delousing plant is to be constructed in the brick emigrant barracks. When this is completed, the Troyl Camp will be abandoned.

The exact figures on arrivals and departures from the Troyl Camp may be of interest, in view of the frequent statements to the effect that emigrants from Poland are showing a marked inclination to go to South America instead of the United States. In the week from January 9 to January 15, 1921—a period which in prewar days would have been the absolute depth of dullness so far as emigration was concerned—and in spite of the great unemployment in America, the figures show no decrease whatever. There were 1291 emigrants remaining in the camp at the beginning of the week; and during the week 2720 new emigrants arrived; 1513 of them left for America during the week, leaving 2498 hangovers with which to start the week to come. Of the 2720 new arrivals, 2029 came from Poland, 12 from the Ukraine, 544 from Czecho-Slovakia, 119 from Lithuania and the Balkan States and 16 from other countries. Of the 1513 who went to America, 1476 were going to the United States, 7 to South America and 30 to other countries.

When the emigrants arrive in Dantzic they are conducted to the Troyl Camp. As they arrive in the camp they are sent at once to the delousing stations. Their baggage and heavy outer wraps are put in small rooms and heavily gassed in order to destroy the lice and the germs that are usually present. The gassing is accomplished by sealing up the rooms tightly, attaching tubes to small holes in the doors and forcing hydrocyanic acid and chlorine gas through the tubes. Heartrending—to quote the leading sob artists—scenes are witnessed when the emigrants gather around the doors and almost go mad in their fear that something may have happened to their favorite shawls and overcoats. When the doors are thrown open they fight frantically with the guards to get in at once and claim their belongings. When prevented, for fear they may be gassed, their moans would convince almost any passer-by that they were being hideously maltreated.

Professional Vermin Fighters

No matter how late at night the emigrants may arrive at the camp, the fires are kindled in the delousers and the crowd is put through its first delousing. Later the emigrants are deloused a second time to make sure of the nits that hatched out after the first session. I first visited the Troyl Camp in the early afternoon, and there was no activity in the first delousing hut at which I stopped. I asked the ponderous German in charge of the boilers why business was so slack. He replied that five hundred and fifty emigrants had arrived at the camp late on the preceding day, that they started through the delousing hut at four o'clock in the afternoon, and that the whole plant had been running at top speed until six o'clock that morning. During the Bolshevik drive in the summer of 1920 the emigrants poured into Dantzic in panic-stricken streams. The capacity of the Troyl Camp is three thousand; but at one time during that period the delousers cracked under the strain, and the camp got lousy. Since then they have taken as few chances as possible.

The delousing, to which all emigrants passing through Dantzic are obliged to submit, appears to be one of the chief reasons for the bad reputation which Dantzic has.

When the emigrants enter the delousing station their clothes are taken from them and put into a boiler, which kills the vermin in them with live steam. The men's heads are clipped. Chairs are placed in big pans filled with creosote solution, and the men sit in the chairs to be barbered. The clipped hair falls into the creosote, and the lice which fall with the hair perish more or less promptly.

(Continued on Page 83)

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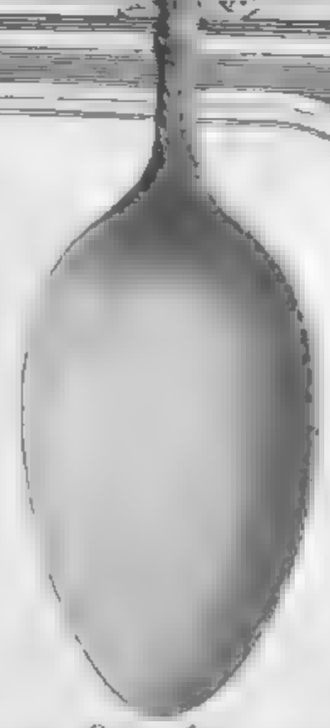

Queen Anne

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

(Continued from Page 90)

There is always a frightful outcry at the head clipping. I have stood in the head-clipping room and heard man after man swear by all that he held near and dear that he hadn't a louse on him and had never had a louse on him, and beg the American public health officer to exempt him from having his head clipped. The officer explained to me that it wasn't necessary to examine them in order to prove that they were lying, but that since I was present he would do so. So he examined man after man as the protests were lodged; and on each protester he showed me one or more nits—and he never had to hunt longer than five seconds to find one.

This is not a pleasant subject, but it is a highly important one for America. Poland is full of typhus, and typhus is always the result of the bite of the typhus louse. The towns and cities of Poland, especially in the sections from which the emigrants come, are crawling with lice. Typhus is raging in Russia, and will continue to rage for years to come; for it is an absolute impossibility to impress on the emigrant type of mind the necessity for cleanliness. Refugees pour out of Russia and into Poland, scattering their vermin as they go, and typhus cases continue to spring up. There is only one known treatment for typhus, and that is the use of ice bags to keep down the temperature. The lower a person is in the social scale the better equipped he appears to be to withstand typhus; whereas a person of high intelligence who has kept himself clean all his life seems to have a much smaller chance to recover from it.

The Menace of the Filth Peril

The present Dantzic delousing plant is inadequate, and for three weeks prior to my visit to Dantzic the health officer had been refusing to give clean bills of health to ships carrying Dantzic emigrants. There are many ports in Europe where the precautionary measures and the medical examinations are far less efficient than at Dantzic. Cholera has broken out in the northeastern part of Poland; and during the week of January ninth there were thirty-two emigrants destined for America from the cholera-infected districts of Grodno, Vilna and Buczacz. In January, 1921, there were only two European ports where the question of isolating and watching the emigrants from the cholera districts had even been considered. The United States is a great and a progressive nation, but it has been even more flabby in protecting its citizens against the filth peril of Eastern Europe than it was in preparing itself against the military peril of the Central Powers when war was inevitable.

There are some other jolly little diseases rolling around Eastern Europe which will be brought to America in due season and presented to our citizens with the best wishes of the World's Greatest Mess. Encephalitis is one of them. It is becoming quite a prevalent disease in the sections from which most of our immigrants come. It is a terrible disease which often ends with paralysis or death. The plague is another that ought to be due to arrive in our midst fairly soon—unless our legislators take a few of the steps which should have been taken long before 1920 passed out in an atmosphere of gloom, disgust and depression.

When the men's hair has been clipped they are made to go under hot showers and soap themselves thoroughly. Apparently it is the first bath that some of them have ever had in their lives. Many of the older men are suffering from what the doctors call vagabond disease. This is the result of years of dirt and the bites of an unknown amount of vermin. The skin of those who have it is covered with grayish-brown patches and is tough and leathery. Many of the women have bathed so seldom that their skins are almost battleship gray in color.

The Dantzic emigration camp is run by the city of Dantzic primarily as a money-making venture. Each emigrant pays sixty German marks for his first delousing and another sixty for his second treatment. For food each adult pays thirty German marks a day, and the children are fed for eighteen marks a day. There are a great many emigrants who haven't enough money to meet these charges. An aid society has an agreement with the directors of the emigration camp whereby the loss resulting from inability on the part of emigrants to pay for delousing, lodging and subsistence shall be met by the two organizations on a fifty-fifty basis. The secretary for Europe of the aid society informed an American official late in 1920 that he had paid two such bills of over half a million marks apiece, to say nothing of several smaller ones.

A striking example of the infectious nature of emigration may be seen in Dantzic. As things go in Europe, Dantzic is a pretty good city in which to live. Prices aren't out of reach and work is fairly plentiful. Yet the desire on the part of the German residents to emigrate to America is practically universal. It is said that of the hundreds of employees in the emigration camp there isn't one, from the surgeons and nurses down to the cooks, who isn't obsessed with the idea of getting to America. They talk about it all the time, and they attempt to enlist the assistance of every American with whom they come in contact.

Welcoming Relatives

I talked with a great many of the American-bound emigrants at the Troyl Camp, confining myself mostly to the men between eighteen and forty years of age. Men of this age seemed to comprise about two-fifths of the entire number. The women and old men were usually going to join close relatives, and agreed that Poland was a good place to get away from because of the difficulty of getting food and clothes.

The young men were universal in declaring that business was terrible, and that they were going to America for more business. The fact that two or three million men are out of work in America means nothing whatever to them. Everyone to whom I talked was confident that he could find something to do. Everyone was going to a large city, where he had a relative. One morning at the Troyl Camp I had a semicircle of nineteen young men in front of me answering questions.

I asked them the question "Where are you going?" and told them to answer in turn.

The answers were as follows: New York, New York, Brooklyn, New York, Wheeling, New York, Chicago, Brooklyn, Detroit, New York, Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, New York, New York, Chicago, Brooklyn, Boston, New York. If their answers had ended with Philadelphia instead of New York, I might have thought I was listening to a report on the standing of the clubs in some sort of big-league free-for-all.

In the same way they told me the relatives to whom they were going, and my notebook shows the following answers: Sister-in-law, sister-in-law, brother, brother-in-law, cousin, sister, cousin, cousin, uncle, brother, aunt, aunt, sister-in-law, uncle, sister, cousin, cousin, cousin, uncle.

I questioned several other clusters of young men on that day and on other days, and the results were practically identical with the ones I have quoted.

I asked them the usual question about fighting for America. They agreed that they probably would, but that a great deal depended on the way they were treated. If they liked the way they were treated they would; but if they didn't like it America would have to win her battles without their help. When I asked them what constituted good treatment according to their ideas, they refused to commit themselves. It was agreed among them that if they were absolutely forced to decide between fighting for the Russians, the Germans, the Bolsheviks and the Poles, they'd pick the Germans.

The conversation gave one of the circle an acute pain. "Why all this talk?" he inquired pettishly. "I don't go to America to fight, but to earn money." Under the circumstances, his observation seemed to be fair enough.

I wish to repeat with all possible emphasis a statement which I have made many times before, and which a prolonged investigation of postwar emigration from the Baltic to the Balkans has continued to confirm: The tremendous movement of people from Europe to America which is in progress—and the even more tremendous one which is in prospect—is purely, simply and solely an economic movement. It is a movement that must not be misrepresented by sentimentalists and near-Americans as being a movement of oppressed people in search of religious or any other freedom. It must not be misrepresented as a sentimental journey to long-lost and passionately missed relatives. It is a movement to a better job; a movement from the worst

Shingle Facts you should know before building

The Red Cedar Shingle—

is made from the Red Cedar—a wonderful wood native to the forests of the Pacific Northwest and British Columbia. It contains a natural preservative oil, defies rot and decay, and is repellant to insect life.

It is a cleanly, fragrant wood, an ideal covering, remarkably adapted for exterior building—pliable, everlasting, architecturally beautiful

Red Cedar Shingles are warm in winter, cool in summer. Snow melts slowly on a Cedar Shingle roof, proving that heat cannot penetrate this remarkable insulating wood. Inversely, the Red Cedar Shingle roof protects from the sun's heat; tests prove that animals are comfortable under it in hot weather.

Why They Are Economical

When making your building plans, ask your architect or contractor to figure out for you a comparison of the cost between 16, 18, and 24-inch Red Cedar Shingles for the side walls, with cost of any other standard building material. He will tell you that Red Cedar Shingles are the most economical of all, both in first cost and up-keep.

They Resist Heat and Cold

Heating engineers have determined that a standard wood frame constructed house, covered on side walls and roof with 5 to 2 and thicker Red Cedar Shingles, can be heated for 6 percent less than 8-inch brick walls with lath and plaster; for 14 percent less than 12-inch hollow tile construction, plastered on both sides, and for 37 per cent less than a building constructed of plain concrete, plastered on one side.

No Paint Nor Upkeep Required

Red Cedar Shingles require no paint—quite a saving in initial cost and upkeep. They may be stained in a varied range of tones and colors for architectural effect, all are easily applied and permanently retained by the Cedar Shingle at far less cost than painting. Staining does not detract from the beauty of the grain of the cedar wood.

How to Lay Shingles

The correct, most economical weather exposure for the three lengths of Association Inspected Shingles is as follows:

16-INCH GRADES.
For roof, lay 5 in. to weather.
For side walls, lay 7½ in. to weather.

18-INCH GRADES
For roof, lay 5½ in. to weather
For side walls, lay 8½ in. to weather.

24-INCH GRADES:
For roof, lay 7½ in. to weather.
For side walls, lay 11½ in. to weather.

These can be laid in a variety of pleasing patterns—molded courses, overlap, thatched, and many others. Use good nails.

The Rite-Grade Trade-Mark

The Rite-Grade trade-mark is a co-operative inspection mark, the property of over one hundred associated mills, manufacturing more than 3½ million squares annually. The Rite-Grade mark on a bundle means that the shingles are produced by a member of our Association, from first-class cedar trees, and are guaranteed by official inspection to be up to grade as to thickness, grain, grade, selection, uniform size, and covering capacity.

Our $25,000 Guarantee Bond

Every bundle of Rite-Grade Red Cedar Shingles is sold conditionally as to covering capacity and grade. A $25,000 indemnity bond guarantees the covering capacity of every bundle (25 square feet) when laid according to directions on each bundle

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Nature's Imperishable Covering

SHINGLES

Shingle Branch, West Coast Lumbermen's Association, Seattle, Washington, or The Shingle Agency of British Columbia, Vancouver, B. C.

The Business Side of Hinges

THE executive sits alone with his work and his thoughts. A thousand others in the same building work in like manner—each unconscious of the other. Distance is made a matter of desire—determined by open or closed doors. Adjoining offices and business neighbors are as near or as far as convenience demands.

Doors make your office your stronghold or a forum for business discussion. And hinges make doors possible.

In the Anti-Friction Butt, McKinney offers a hinge that lends both beauty and durability. These butts vanquish noise and serve without a murmur. Every day on millions of doors—in office buildings and homes—they prove their worth by work effectively done in silence.

Other McKinney Hinges have been designed with equal thought for the task to be performed. From the smallest to the largest they combine true craftsmanship with the best in hinge service. For more than fifty years the name McKinney has marked advancement in hinge design and usefulness.

Among the latest McKinney developments are complete hardware sets for garage doors. These garage sets are remarkable in that they are packed complete in one box—no odds and ends to buy afterward. The designs cover all styles of doors, including the swinging, sliding-folding and "around-the-corner" types. Garage doors hung with these sets are easy to operate and offer greater protection yet simplify construction and lower building costs. An illustrated booklet on these sets and one on hinge selection will be forwarded upon request.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Pittsburgh
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McKINNEY
Hinges and Butts

Also manufacturers of garage and farm building door-hardware, furniture hardware and McKinney One-Man Trucks
These McKinney One-Man Trucks eliminate the need of extra helpers and cut trucking costs in half.

of economic conditions to the best of economic conditions; a movement of people from the lowest social and economic layer of Europe to a country where European standards of living are a menace to workmen, health and institutions. Since this emigration is what it is our lawmakers not only have every right in the world to control it in every respect and to cut it down to the irreducible minimum, but they also owe it to their country and to their people to see that it is controlled and cut down.

Next to Dantzic, the nearest port of embarkation for emigrants from Poland is the watery Dutch city of Rotterdam, the residents of which seem to spend at least one-third of their lives standing beside canals and waiting for drawbridges to be lowered. I walked into the Rotterdam consulate in January and found the consul general, Mr. George E. Anderson, dictating telegrams of warning to other consulates along the coast, telling them of the large numbers of emigrants with fraudulent passports who were attempting to embark for America. I asked him whether I could quote him.

"You certainly can," said Mr. Anderson, "if anything that I say can help to convince the people in America that the continuation of the present immigration is a very bad thing for the country and a very bad thing for the American people."

Mr. Anderson's Striking Testimony

This attitude is typical of United States government officials all over Europe. One year ago they would no more have thought of talking for publication on the subject of emigration than they would have thought of sipping a prussic-acid cocktail before luncheon. To-day, realizing the perils of unrestricted immigration and the emergency which confronts the United States as a result of it, they are ignoring the conventions which have always kept their mouths closed.

Mr. Anderson stated that an average of twenty-five hundred emigrants left Rotterdam each week for America, and that there were twenty-five hundred of them in barracks in Rotterdam at all times. Practically all of them, he said, came from Poland

"Their sanitary condition," he said, "is frightful; for most of them are covered with lice and other vermin, which, in view of the typhus situation in Poland and Russia, makes them an immediate menace to the health of the United States. They are all potential carriers of smallpox, which is now raging in Poland; and a great many of them may be cholera carriers as well."

The European newspapers, as this article is being written, contain accounts of an outbreak of typhus in America and of the excitement with which the outbreak has been received. The State Department of the United States, the legislators of the United States and the health officials of the United States have been warned repeatedly during the past year by American observers in Europe that exactly this thing would happen.

Solemn Warnings Unheeded

A State Department report dated April 6, 1920, was sent to legislators who were contemplating new immigration measures, and this report stated bluntly: "Ninety-five per cent of those desirous of leaving Poland are of the very lowest classes of the country and are considered to be thoroughly undesirable. Many of them have trachoma and other quarantinable diseases and come from typhus-infected areas. They are filthy and ignorant, and the majority are verminous. Persons who come in contact with these prospective emigrants are obliged, owing to their insanitary condition, to take the greatest precautions to avoid contamination. The strictest quarantine regulations should be observed for emigrants from Poland."

A report of April tenth stated: "Outbreak of cholera this spring and summer anticipated. Typhus situation is a menace to travel."

A report of May fifteenth stated: "Typhus conditions have shown little, if any, improvement. Some organizations interested in sending certain classes of Polish citizens to the United States are objecting to quarantine restrictions, and are endeavoring to avoid these regulations through transshipment through other countries."

A report of May seventeenth stated: "The increase of emigration from Poland raises two important questions for the United States—first, public health; and second, public safety. Many Bolshevik sympathizers in Poland. It is difficult through visa control to keep out the undesirables."

And so on, in reports through the months of June, July and October. In spite of these warnings, which have grown stronger and stronger as the months went by and our representatives in Europe realized that no action was being taken, nothing was done until typhus cases actually began to break out in New York. Some people can't realize the existence of an emergency until a high-explosive shell lands on their front porch.

As this article was being written, European newspapers were printing dispatches from the United States declaring that the Senate looked with favor on a bill which would limit immigration from any country during one year to 3 per cent of the nationals of that country already here. Just now the cable reports that this bill, after passing, was killed by President Wilson with a pocket veto.

Any measure whatever that will cut down the present immigration to the United States is good. If, however, a bill failed to stop immigrants from rushing to our cities and sinking into the slums it wouldn't be anywhere near good enough. America is so overstocked with immigrants that she cannot afford to take more except on her own terms. She cannot afford to take anybody who doesn't come to fill certain specific needs. If America needs twenty-five thousand farmers, and if Europe has twenty-five thousand men of the right sort who are farmers and who wish to come to America to fill farmers' jobs, all is well. But if Europe wishes to send us twenty-five thousand farmers who intend to go to the slums of our large cities and wait for something to turn up, all is wrong. If there are four million Italians in America, America cannot afford to take in two hundred thousand more Italians every year if they sink into the slums.

A Call for Brains, Not Yardsticks

In order to solve the immigration problem in a satisfactory manner and in a manner that is fair to Americans and the United States, our legislators must solve it with brains and not with a yardstick. It must be made a matter of worth, and not a matter of bulk. Immigrants must be selected at the source and must be judged as regards their value to America; they cannot be scooped up in bushel baskets and dumped into America without further selective measures—unless America wishes its immigration to be as dangerous in the future as it is to-day. A 3 per cent bill would make a change in the number of immigrants that we are getting, but no great change in their quality or usefulness or desirability.

Consul General Anderson informed me that the number of emigrants sailing from Rotterdam would be greatly increased if additional steamship accommodations were provided.

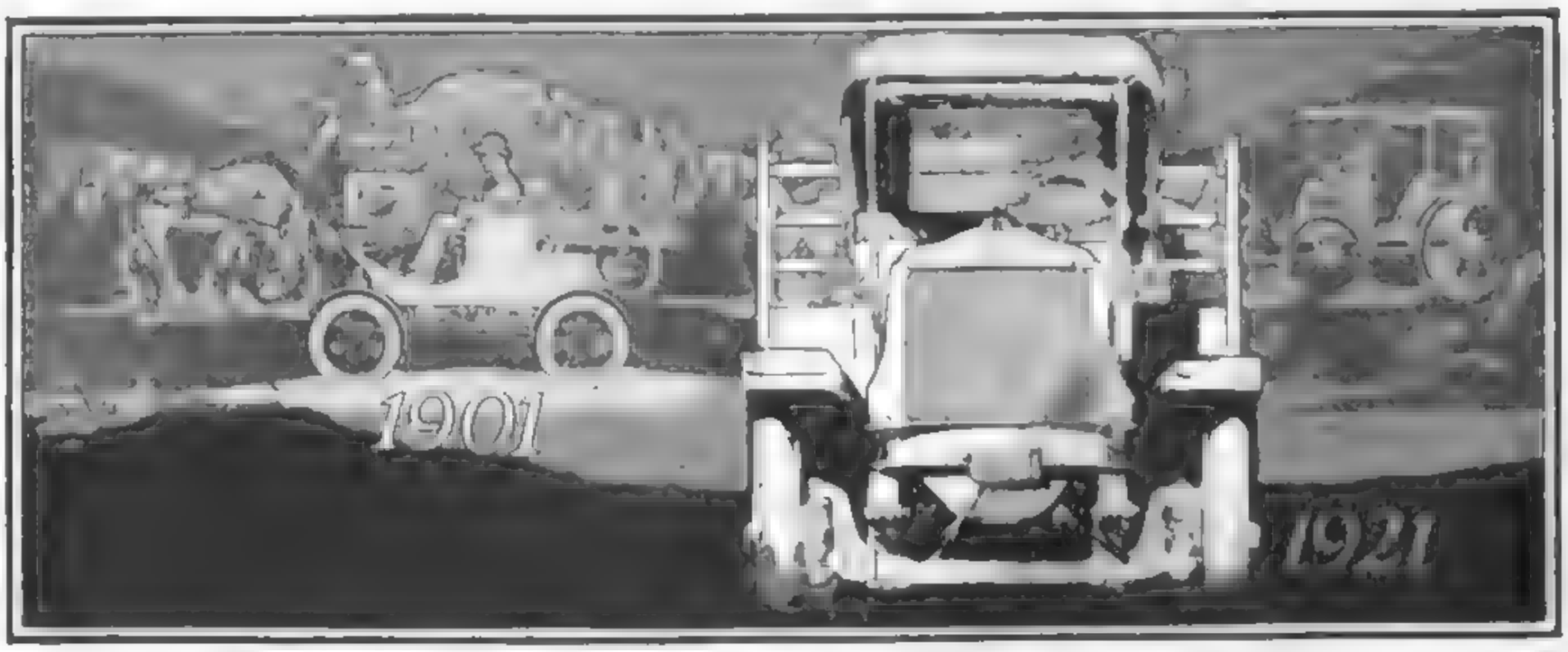
"All of the lines," he told me early in 1921, "are preparing for greatly increased emigrant business. In the spring they are going to tap new districts for passengers. They are preparing additional emigrant hotel, barrack and quarantine-station facilities. These preparations are based on urgent messages from their agents in all countries.

"As soon as Germany and Austria are opened for emigration the present flood will be greatly increased. When Russia is opened, then will come the deluge. The people who are coming are the lowest type of humanity that Europe can send. America has got to keep them out or suffer bitterly in the future."

Americans in Europe are warning their country against the class of people that are pouring into it, just as they warned it that typhus would break out if a strict quarantine was not imposed. They know the situation, and every word of their warnings is true.

The warnings can never be made strong enough, because of the gravity of the situation and the limitations of the English language.

If no emergency exists for America in respect of immigration, the America that exists to-day is vastly different from the America of ten years ago.



Twenty Years of Knowing How

IN April of this year The White Company enters its third decade of motor transportation. During these twenty years of automotive development the bulk of production has centered in fewer and fewer hands.

It *means* something to have survived as a builder of motor transportation throughout this period. It means *more* to have attained by far the largest output in the high grade truck field, and to have the product establish a record of performance accepted everywhere as standard. It is not difficult nor unusual to gain a temporary place in motor transportation. It is quite a different matter—

To build such *long life* into trucks that earlier models are still delivering a full day's work after having run 100,000, 200,000, 300,000 miles and more—

To build such *dependability* into trucks that the members of an entire Reserve Corps, driving 2500 Whites to the rescue of Verdun, were awarded the Croix de Guerre—

To build such *economy* into trucks that the White has become the backbone of more than 4700 fleets comprising over 47,000 units—

To deliver such *continuous satisfaction* that these fleets of White Trucks grow steadily year by year, and in several instances represent individual investments of more than $1,000,000—

To develop an organization with forty factory branches and with dealers all over the world.

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These results are due to a *policy* which has never compromised sound design to meet a popular fad; never taken advantage of inflated price conditions; never lessened quality to meet competition; never departed from the idea of building a truck that will do the most work for the least money.

THE WHITE COMPANY · *Cleveland*

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Since stockings have become a conspicuous part of the dress of the day Phoenix has advanced in sales until it is now the best selling line of hosiery in all the marts of trade. The reason must lie in the sturdiness of the Phoenix fabric and the tenacity of the Phoenix style —which is safe insurance of long mileage at low cost, for all the family. Thrift stands secure in Phoenix stockings.

PHOENIX
HOSIERY

GRAND OPERATICS

(Continued from Page 11)

under which the vocalist works is not understood, and no one who has not faced a critical audience and tried to perform some feat taxing every physical and emotional resource can have any notion. The mere matter of stage fright may give some insight. It is a fact that this common failing of the adolescent and amateur afflicts some of the oldest artists. Veteran divas and tenors, with twenty years of achievement behind them, have told me that they never come upon the stage without feeling panic. Many careers have been wrecked through inability to master this fright. And everyone knows that a singer usually begins an opera in ordinary voice and strained attitudes, warming up as the performance proceeds and the stage terror wears away. Most singers warm up in their dressing rooms before coming on in an effort to get over the shock. Edwin Booth, to refer to the speaking drama, confessed that his knees trembled at every first entrance till the end of his career.

How great a misfortune excessive timidity or proneness to panic can be is to be seen from several instances. A season or two ago Mr. Gallo engaged a young woman singer at the close of his tour in May. As she was not fully prepared, he provided her with money for further coaching and teaching. When September came and the first operas were sung the young woman was tried. She had looks, education, dramatic ability, personality—all the requisites of the singer. In private or at an audition she displayed voice enough to make her professional judges enthusiastic. But she collapsed utterly when she faced her audience. Her throat contracted and she was unable to bring out her voice. Many attempts were made to cure her of her nervous disorder, but all in vain. She was as useless as the gun-shy retriever to the huntsman.

Some years ago Mr. Milton Aborn, the veteran operatic manager, discovered a truck driver with a fine barytone voice. The boy was unschooled. Aborn paid to have him educated from the ground up—hired tutors, music teachers, coaches and mentors in behavior, provided his charge with money for his living and constantly watched and advised him. At various auditions the find sang divinely. He was called another Sammarco, perhaps a Titta Ruffo or Stracciari. Then came his début. The moment he stepped before an audience he reverted to type and sang with every possible ignorant fault. Every effort to save the man failed and he eventually went back to his truck.

A Stage-Struck Tenor

On another occasion a new tenor appearing in Brooklyn for his début was so frightened by his first few minutes on the stage that he fled from the theater during the intermission and could not be found. He was persuaded to try again at a later performance, and made a second attempt to bolt. Thereafter the doors leading from the stage were locked and the tenor's clothing hidden as soon as he took the stage. Even then he tried to bribe the doorkeeper to release him so that he might flee in costume.

Perhaps the absurdest of all such happenings was witnessed in Montreal some seasons back when a tenor exploded in the midst of a performance of Aïda. He had been singing well enough till he came to the Nile scene, where the tenor must encompass several high notes. He cracked the first of these and hesitated slightly. After a few phrases he ruined the second and was seen to fidget and show distress. Finally he got to the third and broke that in most dismal fashion.

The tenor stopped short, tore off his helmet, threw it to the stage and stalked off in a deathly pallor, exclaiming loudly, "Good God, I can't sing any more!"

No amount of persuasion could move him back before that audience, and the barytone had to step in and finish the tenor's scene, to the amusement of the assemblage.

Storms of temperament play their wildest furies about the troubled head of the impresario, and the tales of this official's woes form a great part of the corpus of operatic legend. The manager must be equal to all the vagaries of his stars. He must be something of a temperamental storm cloud himself, and he must yet be an imperturbable controller of rebellious human beings. The devices he is forced to use are frequently too deep for laughter or tears.

An impresario of my acquaintance was troubled all of last autumn by the complaints of one of his chief sopranos. This lady is no longer in her first youth, and suffers somewhat from the natural results of ample feeding. It happens that overplumpness is a problem to prima donnas in a most practical and telling sense. The gentlemen on the newspapers who pick out the photographs of opera singers to be used in their estimable pages are not educated up to the sense of beauty prevailing at the Golden Horn. The result is that they select from the helpless press agent's portfolio only the pictures of *svelte* and decorative young singers and disdain the heavyweight tone artists, whatever their gifts. Thus the lady in question was more or less constantly agitated because more pictures and feature stories were being accorded other song birds. She protested and threatened and raved. The impresario tried to explain and still be diplomatic. It was obviously impossible to tell so lofty a lady that she was fat, so his success with her was not notable. He was forced to wait for an opportunity.

The Impresario's Victory

It happened that the troupe was singing in a Canadian city. The impresario arrived on Monday to join his company, which had sung in the city in question on the preceding Friday and Saturday. He had hardly reached the theater when the bulky prima donna came down on him with bitter lamentations.

"Not a line about me in the Sunday papers again, and all of the others boosted to the skies," she began. "I think you and your press agent are trying to kill my career. My friends even notice it. Look at that stack of letters! My friends write that the Sunday papers are full of everyone but me. They wonder what's wrong with me. They think I'm a failure, a has-been. Not a line about me in all those columns in the Sunday papers!"

The singer began to wring her hands and pound up and down her dressing room in angry agitation.

"Did you look at the Sunday papers yourself, my dear?" asked the manager softly.

"Of course I did!"

"And you saw you were discriminated against?"

"I certainly was! I always am!"

"And your friends wrote you about the Sunday papers?"

"That's what I said!"

"And what they said about the Sunday papers is true, isn't it? You saw it yourself?"

"Good Lord, how many times do I have to repeat it? Yes!"

The impresario laughed satanically.

"I'm sorry, my dear lady," he began—"sorry for you and your friends. Don't you know there are no Sunday papers published in this city?"

This particular soprano had no more complaints to make for months. But the opera director is not always so lightly victorious.

A dozen years ago, when the late Oscar Hammerstein was at the height of his career at the Manhattan in New York, he was struck one day with the brilliant idea of relieving the overworked Mary Garden of a rôle or two. She was then rehearsing for the première of Strauss' Salome, and this demanding opera so consumed her energies that she was not appearing often enough to satisfy her enthusiasts. A number of requests had come in for added performances of Thaïs.

One morning Hammerstein heard that Lina Cavalieri was in town and he determined with his usual abrupt energy to hire her. She was summoned from her hotel and contracted to sing several rôles, including Thaïs. Hammerstein's only intention was to give his public what it wanted and relieve the pressure on Miss Garden. But he was counting without his prima donna.

Miss Garden, when she heard of the plan, determined that she would not share her French rôles with another diva. She had created the operas in this country and wanted to retain them as part of her permanent domain. She calmly told Hammerstein that if another singer were given her

Are you sure you set your table correctly?

THERE are hard and fast rules governing the setting of the table—certain forms that have been sanctioned by authorities. Every variance from these approved methods is positively incorrect and cannot be overlooked by capable hostesses.

Are you sure that your most critical guest cannot find flaws in your table settings?

How many knives and forks may be laid at each cover? What is the proper place for the oyster fork? Should the butter spreader be laid across the bread and butter plate or on the table? When should you use the Russian, the English or Mixed service? And the host of other important details. Are you confident that the little customs you practice are in accordance with modern convention and smartness?

To aid the hostess in moments of perplexity and to give her assurance on all occasions, Winnifred Eales, a recognized authority on social matters, has written the Wallace Hostess Book. In diagrams, profuse illustrations and detailed explanations this invaluable book tells just what every woman needs to know in entertaining. Sent postpaid for 50 cents. Address: Hostess Department, Box No. 4.

The Choice of the Perfect Hostess

WALLACE SILVER, in either Sterling or Plate, has long been a favorite among discriminating hostesses. The designs possess the charm of individuality and quality. The Athena, with its graceful lines and classic Grecian motif, is a criterion of the high standard of Wallace craftsmanship. The Athena is offered in flatware and hollow ware, including tea and coffee sets, dishes, trays, vases, and other pieces to match.

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Guaranteed without time limit

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YOU often notice people wearing bifocals, but you never notice them wearing KRYPTOKS; yet KRYPTOKS are the most popular of all bifocals.

The explanation of this seemingly contradictory statement is that KRYPTOKS are the only invisible bifocals. All others have a conspicuous line, seam or hump across their lenses, while KRYPTOK lenses are exactly like single vision glasses.

The comfort and convenience of KRYPTOKS are all that can be given by having both near and far vision in one pair of glasses. And in appearance, which is equally important, KRYPTOKS are absolutely clear, smooth and even. They are good looking. They do not make you appear older. KRYPTOK Company, Inc., sole owners of the fused bifocal patents, 1017 Old South Building, Boston, Mass.

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rôles she would refuse to go ahead with the Salome and leave his company. Finally a new contract was made in which it was provided that she alone should sing the rôles in question. Cavalieri appeared, but in other parts.

There was much clamor about this incident in the newspapers. So far as I know the facts have not been set forth heretofore.

All this may strike some as a piece of temperament. The fact is that Miss Garden had some reason to regard herself as a regnant figure in French opera and entitled to hold her sway here as the American creatress of a number of French rôles. She felt justified in excluding another singer from a share in her triumph, which was that of Gallic opera in New York. Time has shown that she was abundantly wise, since her reign in her own realm has continued without interruption and her art has assumed the proportions of tradition.

To-day Mary Garden is probably suffering from a somewhat altered light on the subject of such differences, since she has herself become an impresaria.

One of the classic stories of temperament clashes has to do with a first performance of Salome in a Western capital. The city had been worked up to excitement about the opera, and there was a large picked gathering at hand for the dress rehearsal. There were eighty musicians in the pit and a small army of singers and chorus people back stage. Suddenly there was a commotion. One of the trombonists had failed to appear. The conductor threw down his baton in a rage. It was impossible to play Strauss without the right number of trombones. The impresario sought in vain to find another slide-horn player. There was none who knew the music. He pleaded with the conductor, but to no avail. The man simply laid down his staff and went away, leaving the assemblage of critics and distinguished citizens to rot.

The impresario naturally made life a bit interesting for the conductor thereafter, but the musician had his revenge by circulating a tale calculated to strike at the manager's technical ignorance of music.

"He went down to one of the other trombonists," says the conductor, "gave him a cigar, patted him on the back and whispered confidentially, 'Help me out a little. We're short a trombone, so you play twice as loud.'"

John Stetson's Cornetist

This is, of course, a variant of the yarn told of the late John Stetson, the celebrated manager of the Globe Theater in Boston. At the première of The Mikado, which Stetson staged in Boston thirty-odd years ago, the manager chanced to look into the orchestra pit, where he saw a cornetist with his horn on his knee idly twisting his mustache.

"Why don't you play?" demanded the manager, stepping into the orchestra inclosure.

"I have thirty bars' rest," said the cornetist.

"You play!" commanded Stetson. "I don't pay you to rest."

In all opera companies, from the Metropolitan to the pathetic fly-by-night organizations which troupe it through the saddest tank routes of all outcast lands, there is always the clash of authority to contend with. Every department of opera has its head or minor tyrant. There are the conductor, the star, the chief male or female singers, the stage director, the concert master, the chorus master, the ballet master, the orchestra manager and others, always likely to lock horns. Occasionally the composer is at hand himself to make things more difficult. The impresario is, of course, the court of last appeal, but he conducts a most agonized Sanhedrin at times.

Ordinarily when an opera is produced and the chief singers are put through their rehearsals it is the custom to let them give such interpretations to the music as they see fit, so long as their vagaries do not pass to the realm of the erroneous or absurd. Thus if a prima donna fails to sing exactly on key or pitch, if she puts into her performance something which the author may not have intended, the conductor says nothing. He may not approve, but unless the singer makes an actual mistake he does not intervene. But there are conductors and conductors.

One of the great opera leaders had a rather stormy experience several years ago largely because the stars insisted on their usual privileges and the leader, as a *maestro* with a world-wide reputation, held that he was to be considered, and not they. There is the story of his clash with a star which throws light on the complex.

At a rehearsal the leader took the tempo of a fortissimo passage a little too slowly to suit the singer's ideas. She stopped singing and walked to the footlights.

"Pardon me, *maestro*," she is reported to have said, "but I have always sung this so." She hummed the passage.

"Pardon me, madame," bowed the leader, "but I always conduct it so." And he went over the score.

The singer was not used to such treatment.

"Don't forget that I am the star in this performance," she said, according to the common story.

The leader laid down his baton with dignity.

"My dear madame," he said icily, "I know only the stars in heaven."

There was a haughty silence between the two for a year.

In another troupe a soprano was suffering from a cold, and asked the conductor to make some cuts in Carmen. He refused. The singer went on, but when she came to the point where she had indicated the desired cut she simply stopped singing, leaving the orchestra to play alone. The conductor also stopped, and there was a hurried running together of the contestants and the impresario. It happened that the soprano's husband was manager of the orchestra, and he supported his wife. Both sides were obdurate. Finally the leader laid down his baton and left the theater. Another conductor had to finish the performance. This is, to be sure, an unusual happening. In all such matters the conductor is supposed to possess absolute powers.

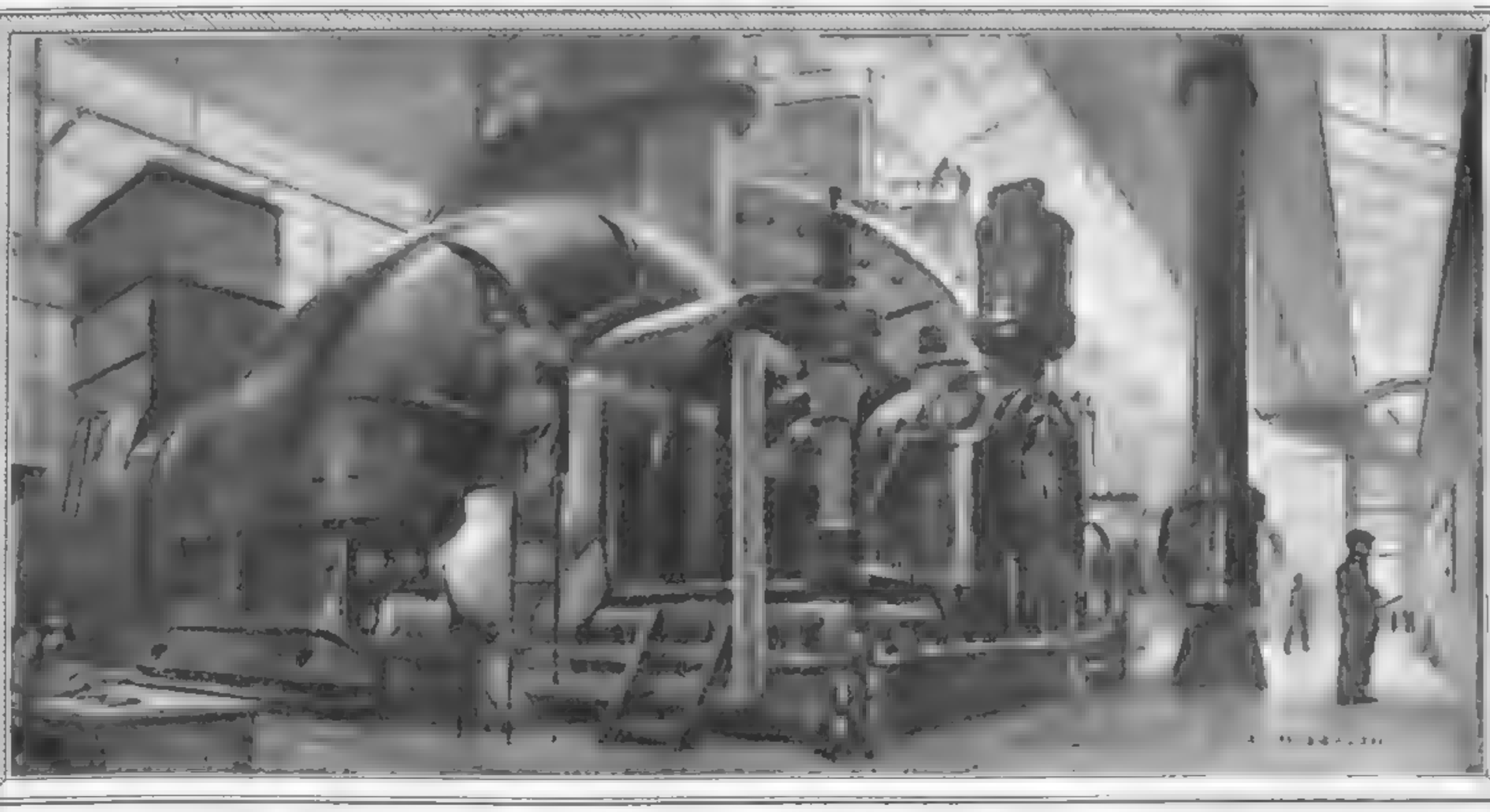
The Ways of Sopranos

Jealousies and intrigues among opera people are certainly the subject of the oldest tales which have leaked from the song houses of all countries to the public eye and ear. In a business where so much depends upon the whims of audiences, where careers are made or marred by apparent trifles, where a complimentary or scathing notice in the newspapers may be the elevation of one singer and the damnation of another, where the whole future of a man or woman may turn upon a chance to sing at the right hour, under fortunate auspices, where an opportunity to shine is of far-reaching material importance and where there are thousands of the ambitious and only a few dozen openings for them, it is certainly not strange that bitter and absurd jealousies are common and that there is the constant fierce play of plot and counterplot. Every impresario spends a great deal of his time oiling these stormy waters. He isn't really in his natural mood unless he has half a dozen such rivalries and animosities to adjust. His common state is that of sitting on the lid and wondering when some *Jacquerie* is going to wreck his enterprise.

In a company I saw a good deal of last fall one soprano who feared she was going to be displaced by another, lately employed, was careful to get multiple clippings of all unfavorable criticisms of her rival. These she sent to the musical editors of papers in cities where the company was to sing thereafter. The injured woman had a little trick of her own. She had a number of highly laudatory letters written, and sent them out to friends and acquaintances in various parts of the country, who posted them, so that a stream of praise for this singer came tumbling in upon the impresario. The chirography and stationery had been considered and were various, but the singer had forgotten that persistent tricks of phrasing might also betray her little cabal. The manager was amused until his mail got to be cumbersome. Then he blandly told the lady that he would prefer to have her write him directly.

In the popular stories the soprano is always jealous of another soprano, the tenor of a tenor, the bass of a singer in his own register. But in reality there is no such limitation upon the thing. Singers are envious of any artist who may dominate a performance, and so—it seems to them—rob them of success and kudos that ought to be theirs. Thus in La Gioconda, Ponchielli's one enduring work, the minor contralto rôle of Laura may be made to rank the performance, rousing the ire not only of the main alto singer, who plays La Cieca,

(Continued on Page 101)



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(Continued from Page 98)

but of the soprano Gioconda herself. And the men in the cast may resent it as fluently.

Tenors are not infrequently violently jealous of barytones, though the tenor has the tradition and the popular taste—to my mind a very bad taste—on his side. One evening when I was hearing a new barytone in Rigoletto the word went around that here was a sensational discovery, and so it proved. A few days later the same man was billed to appear in Pagliacci opposite a famous tenor. The audience was waiting for the new star, and cheered his version of the prologue so sustainedly that he was forced—nothing loath, to be sure—to sing his I Am the Prologue three times. The tenor was so out of humor that he sang badly. After the performance he rushed madly to the office of the manager and shouted vague complaints. The impresario received him a little coolly; so the tenor charged off in another direction, got the critics together and gave them a long sorry plaint to the effect that the manager had hired a claque to whoop it up for the new barytone and to kill the reputation of himself. The next day the two singers were both at it in the newspapers. For four months they sang opposite each other with murder in their hearts. Then at last the manager got them together and the whole thing was drowned in a glass of forbidden *Gragnano*.

The stage manager, though he need have and can have no professional jealousy of singers, often enough satisfies spites against them. He is particularly vital to the success of the singer in the matter of proper curtains when the applause begins. If he fails to raise the curtain and let the singer out at the psychological moment when the audience feels its enthusiasm the stage manager is likely to kill the plaudits and ruin the singer's triumph. Many a singer who has attracted the displeasure of the stage czar has felt his power. When the critical moment comes he manages to get the ropes tangled or he throws on the house lights by what he terms a mistake. Once the lights are up in the auditorium the crowd is likely to conclude that the singer will not take any curtain calls. The clapping dies away. The performance, perhaps the singer's great opportunity, is in ruins.

One *corps de ballet* was in charge of a teacher of stage dancing, while the prima ballerina was a young woman not of his teaching. He wanted to displace her with one of his own pupils if possible, so he had his girls clog up the entrance as the chief dancer came on and crowd her on the stage to ruin her interpretations. The ballerina promptly knocked down a pair of girls who stood in her way as she came on and kicked two or three more out of the stage center as she spun in her dance. When she came off she collapsed with rage and emotion and had to be borne to her dressing room.

The Long, Rough Road

Beyond the shimmer and glamour of opera, above and beneath all the jealousies and clashes, all the failures and triumphs, is a solid presence of drudgery, striving, yearning. The way to lyric success is not short or easy, and it is well for the countless thousands of ambitious young singers in this country to pay some heed to this matter.

Let us assume, for the sake of estimating the minimum of time, labor and sacrifice required, that a young man or woman has reached New York with a sound preliminary musical education and a genuinely good voice. Let it also be pretended that the singer has—which is seldom the case—enough money resources to provide food and clothing and further instruction.

At the very least such a singer will have one or two years of vocal training to do under metropolitan instructors. If progress is very rapid the budding vocalist may then be ready to go to Europe. There he or she must begin the study of languages first of all, for French, Italian and German are necessary to the singer who wants a rounded operatic career. The aspirant must then have advanced voice lessons and training for the stage. Finally he or she must have coaching in various rôles and—beginning the new ascent—a chance to appear in them.

If the singer is really brilliant he or she may be ready for a minor début at the end of two or three years, which means four or five years of expensive and demanding preparation, counting the time spent in New York. Behind this are the years—four or five, let us say—devoted to the fundamental musical training. Even then the singer has no repertoire, for the artist can number on his or her list no rôle in which he or she has not sung in public. In other words, stage experience must now be got in minor companies. Then we are ready for a début in good company. Probably ten or twelve years will have elapsed between this happy event and the date of the singer's first setting out upon the operatic tides. The artist will have reached the late twenties, if no more. Still the entire issue will remain to be met.

If by good fortune and gracious gift there is a foreign success the singer has still to face the dragon in America—and it is no tractable chimera. The guardian at the portal of opera is many headed. Mere talent in the new singer is not enough to overcome it. Courage and perseverance and good luck and perhaps influence are necessary.

The subject of the discovery of new singers and the procurement of audience in this country will be treated at some length in a later article. It is enough here to hint at the obstacles which block the defile for the new artist and shut him off from the realization of his ambition. The great number of singers as against the paucity of opportunities comes first. The influx of foreign artists with wide experience and fine abilities is a second. The fewness of opera companies is a third. The prejudice against American singers is a fourth, but one that has less force now than ever. Finally there are such bars as the jealousy of older singers, naturally keen to defend the fort against newcomers, the heartbreaking waits and delays and, finally, a certain venality which exists among opera people as in others.

No Chance for Mediocrities

The great supported companies take the attitude that they are doing all they can for new singers, and especially for gifted Americans. Their heads say that opportunity is continually knocking and that the chance of the singer is good. They do not wish to discourage our singers in any way, lest their words be distorted and their motives misunderstood.

Mr. Fortune Gallo, on the other hand, takes a more skeptical view of the matter and is free to say what he thinks.

"The trouble here is, as you say, the lack of opportunity. If a really wonderful singer comes forward it is likely the path will not be hard for him or her. The phenomenon usually gets there with only small sacrifices. But it is the great number of good but not remarkable singers that suffer. I can think of hundreds of men and women of fair ability. They could be used if there were room for them. They have spent years in study and training. They haunt my auditions. I truly grieve for them, but what can I do?

"There are many other singers who have really high-rate abilities, but they have had no experience and no repertoires. I cannot use them, for my singers must be versatile and able to sing a number of operas, and a chance for them with the big supported companies is out of the question. You cannot put unreputed singers before a seven-dollar public. So they hang about the doors of opera houses and the offices of managers and the studios of teachers. They grow older and poorer, and there is no hope for them. It is not a pleasant picture, but it is a true one. Our people should know about this side of the life."

But let us say that an ambitious American girl, after ten or fifteen years of study and work, after large outlays and the sacrifice of her youth and her normal social prospects, arrives at twenty-eight or thirty at the blissful goal of acceptance by the Metropolitan. Save in a few historic exceptions she does not enter this great house of music as a star. She gets a contract at quite modest returns to sing a number of minor rôles, and she may have to take a certain number of her contracted appearances in concert.

There is no sudden flight to honor and fame, save again in the most extraordinary cases. Like the clerk or the man in the business office, this girl begins her sordid, heartbreaking wait for death or other disaster to come to those placed above her and to make room for herself. She chafes and rages. She knows that she can do this or that better than the pursy veterans who

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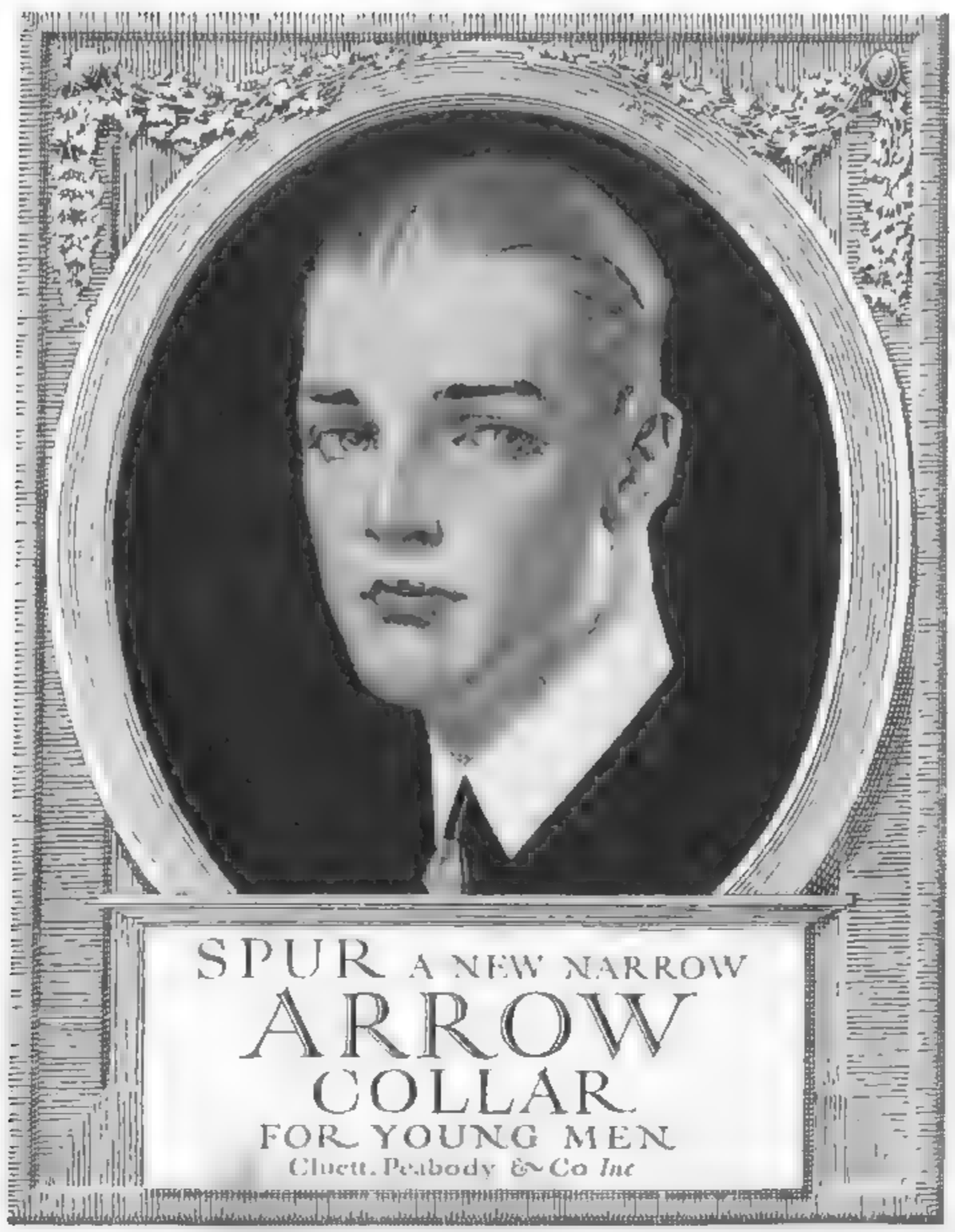

stand in her way. She sees her youth slipping down the toboggan. Finally one of the chief singers of her voice is taken ill and the girl gets her chance.

The new singer is equal to the occasion. She sings splendidly—really quite as well as the more celebrated vocalist whose place she occupies. The critics say so with accord. Her public is more than satisfied. But has the singer really accomplished anything? Probably not. Unless she makes a genuine sensation she is little better off than before. She may get a bit more money and a contract calling for a few more performances. She may be allowed more liberty for concertizing. But she is still far from the goal of the young aspirer. Chances are she will go on for years with only slow advance and without much chance of glory. Worse still, she has no chance to enlarge her repertoire. As a general thing, she has a few set parts in a few fixed operas. She seldom gets to sing a principal rôle. When a new opera is shown to the world one of the old stars is used. The occasion is too fine for lesser singers.

This is, to be sure, not a charge against the Metropolitan. What is Mr. Gatti-Casazza or any other impresario to do when he has half a hundred high-priced vocalists on his books and a public that knows far more about names and press notices than about voices or music? The problem of the New York company is almost as difficult for the Chicago organization, and it influences the conduct of all others everywhere.

Many young men and women have the notion that the singer's life is an altogether restful and blissful one. Two or three hours on the stage in fine costumes, before enthusiastic audiences, and the rest of the time fun and luxury; that's the popular idea. The fact is otherwise. Caruso, a man who has reached the last height and is in a position, if any man is, to rest on his oars and dictate terms, works indefatigably practically every day. He employs a coach by the year, though, I believe, he terms this useful assistant an accompanist. He is always practicing. He adds new rôles to his repertoire. Thus he prepared himself for La Juive and made a fine appearance as Eleazar just before his recent dangerous illness. Caruso never misses a rehearsal, and at the Metropolitan he bears the reputation of being the most conscientious worker on the lists. This indefatigable energy explains his ascent.

De Reszke's Good Nature

No one who knows Mary Garden fails to note first of all her great energy and constant preoccupation with her business in life. But it is not necessary to point out the individual bright stars. The fact is that every opera singer must practice and work constantly, add rôles, review old work, keep the voice at its top efficiency. There is no stasis in opera singing, as there is none in business or in life as a whole. One must advance or retrograde. The singer must have the courage and energy to go forward at all times, and he or she needs constant coaching, for the ear of the vocalist does not hear his or her own voice correctly. The singer falls into mannerisms, faults, flaws, inaccurate pitch and all sorts of vices. Persistent coaching and untiring work are the only antiseptics for this contagious trouble.

Jean de Reszke, the greatest tenor of the last generation, may be cited to-day as an illustration of the wonderful powers of hard, intelligent work and restless desire to do better. The report came the other day that De Reszke, now in his sixty-ninth year, had just made a number of phonograph records showing his voice in much of its original beauty. He has, to be sure, no longer the reserves of force necessary for an opera appearance, but his voice is still intact.

An interesting reminiscence of De Reszke showing the attitude of the genuine artist is told by Doctor Muck, the Boston symphonic leader of other years. Incidentally it reminds of the tonsorial pair of German conductors, one of whom was forever cutting portions from one of Wagner's operas, while the other, who conducted alternately with the first, as consistently replaced the excised portions. The first was referred to as Herr Cutter and the latter as Herr Restorer; and the barber-shop witticism long outlived its butts.

Doctor Muck relates that when the late Maurice Grau was giving German opera in London he—Muck—was called to conduct. They were to do Die Meistersinger, in which De Reszke had already appeared on both sides of the Atlantic, singing the work in Italian, French or German quite as desired. The singer had always used a text with cuts made by Mancinelli at the Metropolitan. Anton Seidl had continued the Mancinelli tradition without question. But when Muck came to the last act he discovered that the cuts had made the quintet scene quite unintelligible. He declared he would have nothing to do with such a vandal performance. He sent for Lady de Gray and informed her of his resolve.

"But you must," she said. "Mr. de Reszke doesn't know it in any other version, and there is only a week left."

But Muck insisted on his point, and word was carried to the tenor, who was quite as stubborn, and haughtily refused to consider the new project. Overnight things were in a muddle, but early the next morning a messenger got Muck out of bed with a request to call on De Reszke at once. The conductor went. De Reszke received him with profuse enthusiasm.

"I must apologize," said the tenor. "After I sent you that stupid message I took down the full score and I've been at work on it all night. No sleep—no. It's a horribly inartistic thing I've been doing all these years. I didn't know. We'll change that. Can you give me a rehearsal right now?"

Caruso in Latin America

So they went to work, and so De Reszke sang his Walter correctly, and Muck ever after retained a lofty impression of the singer. Here was the type of man of whom many still say that not to have heard his Lohengrin, Faust and Romeo is not to have heard these rôles at all.

So the man or woman who wishes to reach the heights in opera must work—work constantly and uncomplainingly from youth to old age; work not eight hours a day, but twenty-four when the occasion demands. He or she never ceases to learn or to search for more knowledge. The goal in art is never approached.

But the rewards of the really eminent are large. Miss Geraldine Farrar must receive eighteen hundred dollars or two thousand dollars a performance. Miss Mary Garden often commanded more, and her recent elevation to the leadership of the Chicago company makes it vain to speculate upon her income. Nellie Melba got three thousand dollars an appearance her last year with Hammerstein, and Adelina Patti got five thousand dollars a night in opera and concert. She once even charged the late James Morrissey six thousand dollars when he engaged her to sing in Madison Square Garden.

Jean de Reszke got two thousand five hundred dollars or a little more from Maurice Grau. It is said there was never anything but a verbal agreement between this singer and the impresario, and I imagine that De Reszke got some extra rewards when business was good. Caruso has topped all these figures. He received approximately three thousand dollars for each singing at the Metropolitan, but he has made other organizations pay him very much more.

In 1917 Caruso went to South America, where he sang thirty opera performances in the various capitals. The syndicate which employed him paid six thousand six hundred sixty-seven dollars an appearance. In the autumn of 1918 he went to Mexico City, and there exacted eight thousand dollars in gold for each opera. Last spring he surpassed himself as a business man when he made Havana audiences pay thirty-five dollars a seat to hear him and took ten thousand dollars a performance for his share of the intake.

I am told there is a question among some as to whether Caruso or John McCormack takes in the more money during a season. Perhaps no one knows, and I am too timid to venture guesses in such matters.

All such singers add considerably to their profits by means of royalties from phonograph records, and the foremost have other sources of revenue; so the best informed outsider might make very serious blunders in trying to estimate the total.

The young singer cannot be blamed if prospects of such magnificence move him to a passionate pilgrimage toward the Kaaba of golden song.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Smith. The second will appear in an early issue.

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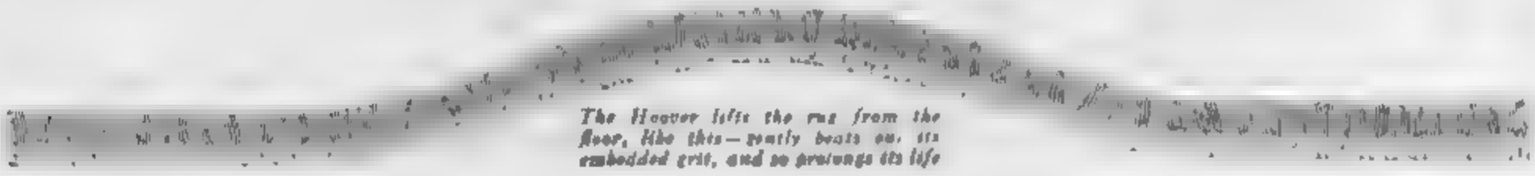

FRIENDSHIP AT LEAST

(Continued from Page 7)

pressed them and let them go. "If you mean that, I'm terribly happy. But you Southern men ——"

"Why do you say that—as if you weren't one of us?" he asked her almost rudely. "With a name like yours!"

"Why, I shouldn't—should I?" murmured Virginia Carter Lee. He thought she drew away from him nervously.

"You're a contradiction in terms," he said briefly.

"Well, I might be all that and nothing unusual—for a woman—mightn't I?" she inquired, regaining her customary poise.

"You might," said Daniel Culpepper grimly.

They continued across the grass. Just past the low gray-white bulk of the old hotel he stopped, caught by an alluring thought.

"Wait a bit! What time is it? Barely nine o'clock; that's early. What do you say if—the man who lives in the same cottage with me ——"

"Oh, you do live in a cottage, then?"

"One of the Seaside cottages," he returned hardily. "What I was going to say was, this chap has a kind of a car—second-hand roadster, you know. He lets me have the use of it occasionally. I happen to know he's out with a crowd to-night and not using the thing. Suppose I get it out of the garage yonder and we go for a little ride. Don't you think it'd be rather a lark?"

"Question is—will he think so?"

"Oh, he's a good scout. He won't care."

"Where could we go?"

"Anywhere you like. Diamond Head Road; Pacific Heights; up to the Pali. It's a wonderful night."

She admitted with a sigh, "It is a wonderful night. And when I think of all the wonderful nights I've wasted since I came here, glooming over a book by myself ——"

"Come on!" said Daniel Culpepper coaxingly.

They proceeded in the direction of the garage.

The secondhand roadster of the man who shared Daniel Culpepper's cottage proved to be a rather decent little affair, low-slung and dark and comfortably cushioned. It slid out into the roadway as if it knew the hand on the wheel, and turned at a whispered request from Virginia Carter Lee in the direction of Nuuanu Valley.

"Let's go part way up to the Pali," she said. "Not all the way—much too far." Then she settled back with her eyes on the road ahead and drew a long breath of lazy contentment.

"Comfy?" asked Daniel Culpepper softly.

"If you put it to me in that tone of voice," she assured him gravely, "I don't mind telling you all. I am playing that this conveyance belongs to me, that you are my faithful chauffeur and have to drive wherever I tell you to."

"Why can't I be a faithful something else?" he inquired aggrievedly. "Lover or husband or something?"

"Because I'm told they don't come as faithful as chauffeurs, that's why!"

"Very well. Then I'm playing that I am a king in Babylon—this is my chariot—and you are a Christian slave."

"We don't have to play anything at all—do we?—to make it simply wonderful!"

"'Paradise enow,'" said Daniel Culpepper.

They drove through town and up Nuuanu Valley to the Pali Road, where street lights left them and fragrant shadows took them in, as into a world of dreams.

In the breast of Daniel Culpepper Chase a strange conflict was raging. No blinking the fact that having shot an arrow into the air he had quite unexpectedly and almost, one might say, with dismay, received it back again, point foremost, into his own aloofly critical heart. Where he had looked for a trifle of copy only he was unmistakably experiencing a very definite personal emotion—having to do with the voice, the smoky-lashed eyes, the heavy pale hair of a comparative stranger. More than that, of a stranger whose story showed glaring inconsistencies, painfully suggestive of deceit.

"She never came from Virginia in this world," said Daniel Culpepper uneasily to himself.

Which self retorted instantly: "Wherever she came from there's something about her that gets you, isn't there? That soft little chuckle of hers! The way her eyelashes curl back when she looks up at you! Her funny little cynicisms and softnesses, like strawberries in champagne."

"Who is she?" demanded the blood of the Culpeppers and Chases coldly.

"What the devil difference does it make, so long as she's herself?" replied the issue of that blood.

Nevertheless a painful doubt persisted. She had not questioned the ride—with a man she had known one evening. Was she the sort of girl to whom such rides were everyday affairs? After all, a girl who sought acquaintance through the columns of a newspaper—her standards were likely not any too high. She was probably laughing at him in her heart, the yellow-haired witch, for being so unnecessarily punctilious. "Slow," she called him to herself perhaps. She had let him hold her hand without protest. And what a hand it had been to hold! Soft as rose petals, smooth as silk, warm and slim and supple beyond analogy, filled with soft lightnings to the tips of the daring fingers.

From the hand to the lips isn't far—either physically, mentally or morally. Did it amuse her that he halted by the way?

Was she what she seemed—just an appealingly lonely girl, taking a chance, in the desire for ordinary human companionship with a man of her own generation? Or was she a heartless little adventuress, adrift in the strange, small piebald world of Honolulu, where East and West undoubtedly meet, not to speak of North, South and all other points of the compass.

Daniel Culpepper Chase didn't know. But he wanted to—wanted to with an increasing flame and fervor. In the interests of literature, of course. She said at this point of his unsettling reflections, "Hadn't we better turn back here?"

But she said it half-heartedly, and when he insisted "Oh, let's go on to the top we're almost there now," she made no further protest.

Instead she began to sing in a small, soft Arielish contralto: "'Just a love nest ——' Mind if I sing, D. C.? It cheers me so."

"I love it," said Daniel Culpepper astonishingly even to himself. They swung around shadowy curves and between long ghostly ranks of eucalyptus. The sound of running water went with them, and many small night noises that made up a deliciously drowsy whole. Darkness, like veils of black gauze, thinning here and there to grayness, rent overhead with stars, blurred underfoot by flying wheels. Once in a while the lights of another car passed them, coming down, fingering around vague corners, flinging leaf and branch and vine into a sudden green sharpness of outline, next moment blotted out and gone.

The feel of her slender shoulder against his own troubled Daniel Culpepper's heartbeats. Companionable, merely? Or did he dream a veiled allurement? He was half ashamed of his doubts, but they persisted.

There was no wind when the car slid out upon the level ground at the top of the Pali. Between black walls of rock that towered on either hand the air hung soft and cool and still, as in an enchanted place. Far, far below, a deeper darkness, that was cane fields and pineapple fields and little sleeping houses and the sea. Somewhere away down there in the maw of night, a red-and-yellow flicker that spelled—what did it spell? A man and a woman and children, most likely—under some weatherbeaten little roof.

Virginia Carter Lee hummed her silly little song again: "'Just a love nest, you can call home.'"

There was no other car near them; for all sight or sound there was no one awake in the world save themselves. The sky stretched an exquisite empty bowl, purple black above them, spattered with far pale stars.

"Isn't it beautiful?" asked Virginia Carter Lee in a hushed, happy murmur. "Isn't it almost too beautiful to be true?"

"Too beautiful to be true!" echoed Daniel Culpepper's tormented soul.

Was she the loneliest girl in the world? Or was she the sweetest liar? He took man's immemorial way of finding out; of winnowing feminine wheat from feminine chaff. He slipped his arm about her, whereat his heart—to his deep disgust—began to thunder.

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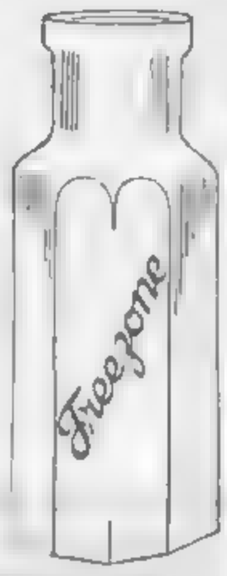

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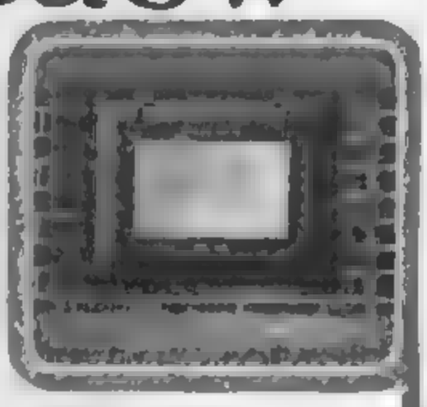

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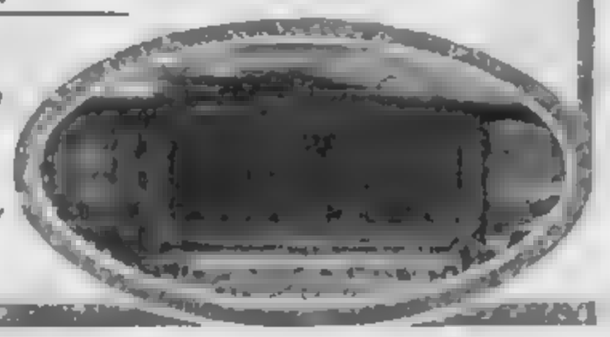

"Now, if she lets me kiss her ——" he said sternly to himself.

Or was it his ancestors that said it for him? If she let him kiss her—then off with her head! As the subject of anything but temporary philandering, of course. He had been well brought up, you observe.

So he stooped his own head. He whispered—without in the least knowing that he was going to do so—"Sweetest!"—an irresistible word to a lonely girl. And she let him, or he overcame her resistance, or something of the sort—it's really only the fact that matters—because in a moment his lips were on hers, and her two hands were tense against his shoulders and there was a new wild glory in the night.

Then she thrust him away—or he came to himself and released her—and as he had feared and hoped in his heart of hearts that she would do, she smothered a sob. But first, in order that all the traditional rites should be observed, she struck him across the cheek. And a good ladylike blow it was.

"I knew you were going to do that," she said. "And I suppose I should have stopped you. But I kept hoping—anyhow, you'll feel rotten enough when you come to think it over. Take me home now. This is the end of the show, Mister Pandora!"

After which she intrenched herself in platitudes and commonplaces and refused to come out, in spite of his prettiest pleadings, until he stopped, at her laconic request, before a cottage in Beachwalk about three-quarters of an hour later, and opened the door of the car and she got out.

"Thanks for a very delightful evening," she said stiffly.

Then she ran up the walk and into the house, and Daniel Culpepper couldn't very well batter on her ostentatiously locked door, because the occasional policeman in Beachwalk is just as fussy as any other policeman.

Oh, well! He went straight home, Daniel Culpepper did, and stayed awake all night; which I hope reinstates him in your good opinion.

He felt, as he had every right to feel, that he had, so to speak, trod on a heart. If she had accepted his kiss in the spirit of research, in which it was partly offered—I say partly because, beyond the shadow of a doubt, just at the last moment he lost his head and kissed her for no reason on the dear green earth except that he wanted to—if she had accepted his kiss like the ingenuous adventuress which he more than half supposed her to be ——

But she hadn't. She had sobbed. It isn't every girl does that nowadays! And her finger prints were still on his cheek. His own sister couldn't have done better. He only hoped his own sister would always remember to do as well.

A dear innocent little girl—that's what she was—this Virginia Carter Lee person! And he had trampled upon her sensibilities in the most indecent, the most unforgivable way. But oh, Apollo—oh, golden and lyrical Apollo—how sweet and soft and dear she was to kiss! Like the girl one had dreamed of kissing!

She had been so adorably pathetic in her lonesomeness—so innocently homesick for a regular fellow—and he, Daniel Culpepper Chase, *preux chevalier* of his own imaginings, had not known how to treat her, had offered her the light insult of a kiss which wasn't serious.

Yes, by gad—it was serious! For him. He couldn't sleep for thinking of it. He ached with the memory of it. He remembered it from every possible point of view. He imagined long conversations, beginning humbly "If you'll only forgive me!" and ending triumphantly in a kind of circle—with a second kiss, which was to be somehow the seal of her forgiveness for the first.

Nice sort of beasts, men were—that was the sum of his rememberings and imaginings. Not fit to live in the same world with white lilies of girlhood. He thought, at this point, of snowdrops, white roses, frost on a windowpane, spray on a cresting wave, pear blossoms high on a spring-crazy tree—and got up out of bed—one blushes to relate it of him—and wrote some of it down.

The funny part of it was that writing it down did not in the least affect his deep sincerity of feeling. It merely relieved his overburdened heart. He achieved some rather nice writing between four and five, having to do mostly with the heartbreaking simplicity of a good girl as opposed to the innate brutality of the best of men—after which he went back to bed, and so to sleep.

He was at his desk next morning, between eleven and twelve, with a green shade over his eyes and an unassuaged shame in his heart, when the office boy—George by name, most likely—brought him a scribbled note from the sporting editor. Daniel Culpepper, in case it hasn't been mentioned before, was what is known as a column man on the evening paper. Which is to say, he perpetrated daily paragraphs and bits of verse, some good, some not so good, under the generous heading of The Periscope.

The sporting editor was rather a pal of Daniel Culpepper's—so the note aroused no excitement in that young man's breast. It said, when deciphered: "D. C.—there's a female here who says the Old Man promised her a job if she'd bring him in a good human-interest story. Show what she could do. She's here and the Old Man's out. She tackled me, but I'm passing the buck to you. I'm no literary gent."

Brooding under his forbidding green shade Daniel Culpepper said coldly, "Tell her to come in." He spoke coldly because that was the way he felt about it. He was still excoriating himself for his shameful blunder of the night before; and he had not had enough sleep. Also, he wanted a rime for something and couldn't find it. Also, again, he disliked newspaper women.

He merely grunted therefore, without looking up, when he heard a lighter footstep in the doorway; muttered perfunctorily "Have a seat!" and stretched out a hand for the manuscript.

The female gave it to him without question, neatly folded, neatly typed. He sensed a stiffening in her ignored presence and was churlishly glad of it. He opened the folded sheets, glanced at the first. The heading rose up and smote him between the eyes, like a fist. It ran, in cool clear capitals, accurately spaced:

THE LONESOMEST MAN IN TOWN

Daniel Culpepper's heart missed a beat; missed several beats; but his brain continued to function. He slumped down lower than ever in his comfortable shabby chair, humped his shoulders, jerked the green shade lower yet over his nice brown eyes, and kept the hand with which he jerked it, clasping his chin by way of perhaps further disguise.

Then he read what was before him. It was the story of himself and his adventure, if one cared to call it such, with Miss Virginia Carter Lee. Beginning with the personal which she had put in the morning paper—beginning shamelessly with the very words of that personal—omitting nothing, save perhaps his name—the story related in nice detail his artistic answer, the meeting at the Young, the little intimate dinner at the Seaside, the confidences on the Outrigger bench—all in a way to make the most callous reader of newspaper literature sit up and pay attention. The skit was adorably whimsical. It had touches of sheer humanity. No one could read it and not feel for the lonesomest man a warm impulse of friendship; a desire to ask him home to dinner and offer him a cigar—feeling outrageously satisfied meantime, that one had a home and cigars, however domestic, to offer.

It wasn't sob stuff—but it had a catch in its throat.

"When I went over—with the A. E. F." she had him say—"I left a job and a girl in my home town. When I came back, after the armistice, one man had the job—another man the girl. I came out here to forget about it."

Daniel Culpepper, recognizing the tragedy of his own invention, squirmed between pride and shame.

"The only school I was ever sent off to was a reform school. I wasn't bad," said the Lonesomest Man—"just wild, that was all."

Every woman who read it would sniffle over that. Dog-gone the little liar! Using him for copy, was she? Stealing his very phrases, calmly dissecting his feelings, spearing him to the wall like a beetle with a pin through its innards. That was the honor of women, was it? That was the sincerity of the petticoated monsters! Never—so help him all the gods of the underworld—never would Daniel Culpepper Chase put faith in a woman again! How he had trusted her! How he had listened to her false, her unblushing fabrications! How sorry he had been for her! How kind and brotherly and protecting! And all the time she was making notes on a mental

(Continued on Page 109)

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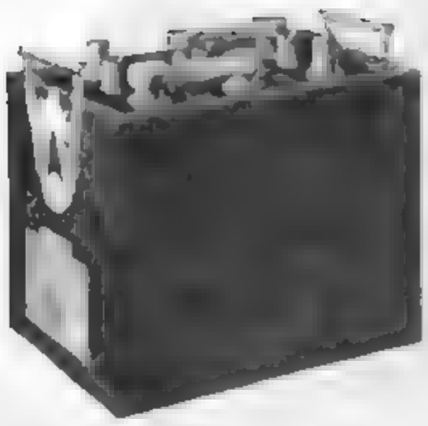

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Property Protection Pays

(Continued from Page 106)

cuff—getting ready to sell him for thirty pieces—or less—of silver. Sketching him in acid—no, it wasn't even a sketch—it was a cartoon—that's what it was!

He continued to read, shaken to his bones with annoyance—that she had done this thing and done it so well.

"Many an evening," the Lonesomest Man said to me, "I've walked the streets of this bally town, thinking to myself, 'Lord, what a party-colored paradise—if I only had a girl to walk it with me!'"

Daniel Culpepper remembered that very phrase. He had almost used it in certain pages of his own which had had their beginning at about half past four that morning. Words cannot convey the resentment that flooded his being at seeing himself in black and white over somebody else's signature. He clenched his teeth so as not to cry out in a strong man's anguish—and read on.

"Let us see," he thought grimly to himself, "what she will make of the kiss scene. How will she whitewash that?"

Whitewash it? The hussy had gilded it.

"On the edge of the Pali," she had written, "the Lonesomest Man laid his hand over mine and his voice had a husk in it. 'You know,' he said to me, 'I've been loathing Honolulu. I've been thinking it was the rottenest town that ever nodded and snored on the edge of a fairy-tale sea. Now I know better. Now I know it's a dream place. But the difference is just someone—preferably a girl—to look at it with you. Why can't you have a kind of club here—like those they have in the East—where a decent chap can present his credentials to an accredited chaperon and meet nice girls—girls who are a long way from home, just as you and I are—and who have been terribly lonely—just as you and I have been—and who want to meet nice men? The service has got something of the sort. But it's a cold deal for a lonesome civilian. Think of all the lonesome fellows drifting in here from one side or another. Think of all the lonesome little school-teachers and business girls and librarians—and the rest of 'em! Why waste paradise for want of an introduction? Give us friendship at least. It changes the face of the whole world. Can't somebody here start a club like that? Can't you start it?'

"And I told him I couldn't," finished Virginia Carter Lee in a last paragraph that was a triumph of human interest, "but that maybe somebody would read this in the paper who could. It isn't much to unlock for the lonesomest man and girl of your town—friendship at least."

Daniel Culpepper sat aghast before this noble ending. He knew his Honolulu well enough to be aware that if that story ever got into print, inside a week somebody would do something about it. He recognized with a trained eye the value of Virginia Carter Lee's services if this was her usual gait. He recognized ——

"Give me that at once if you please!" said a stifled voice from the other side of his desk—like a tap of the policeman's stick on the soles of a dreamer.

Daniel Culpepper had intended all along to look up, throwing off the green shade with a dramatic gesture, and to confront the woman, shaming her into crimson silence. Startled, he did nothing of the sort. He fumbled weakly for the shade and removed it; sat up in his chair and endeavored not to look like a small boy who has been in the jam pot.

"How did you know me?" he inquired.

"I recognized the ring on the hand you've been hiding your chin with—just a minute or so ago. I noticed it last night. Give me that story."

He handed it back to her with a good deal of manner. "Don't you want it published?"

"I don't believe you've got anything at all to do with it."

"I'm the column editor," he retorted, his pride aroused. "Also—I seem to be the hero."

"Call yourself that if you want to," said his visitor coldly.

"What do you call me?"

Bad opening to give an angry woman! He knew it directly the words were out of his mouth.

She looked him over coolly. Her eyes by daylight were twice as gray—a bit newly shadowed, though, weren't they?—her hair twice as wonderful, under the familiar dark blue sailor hat. She wore a dark blue cotton frock now, simple to the point of sophistication. And her mouth, soft-lipped and sweet, as he remembered it—ah, as he remembered it!—primmed itself outrageously as she replied: "A peg to hang a story on—no more, no less."

He blurted out angrily—her self-control enraged him—"That isn't true!"

"I shouldn't call you a judge of the truth," said she.

"Oh, you shouldn't! Your own conscience is quite clear, I suppose?"

"C-comparatively."

"Did you or did you not put that personal in the paper as a bait—to get a story?"

"Did you or did you not answer it to get one of your own?"

They crossed glances like swords.

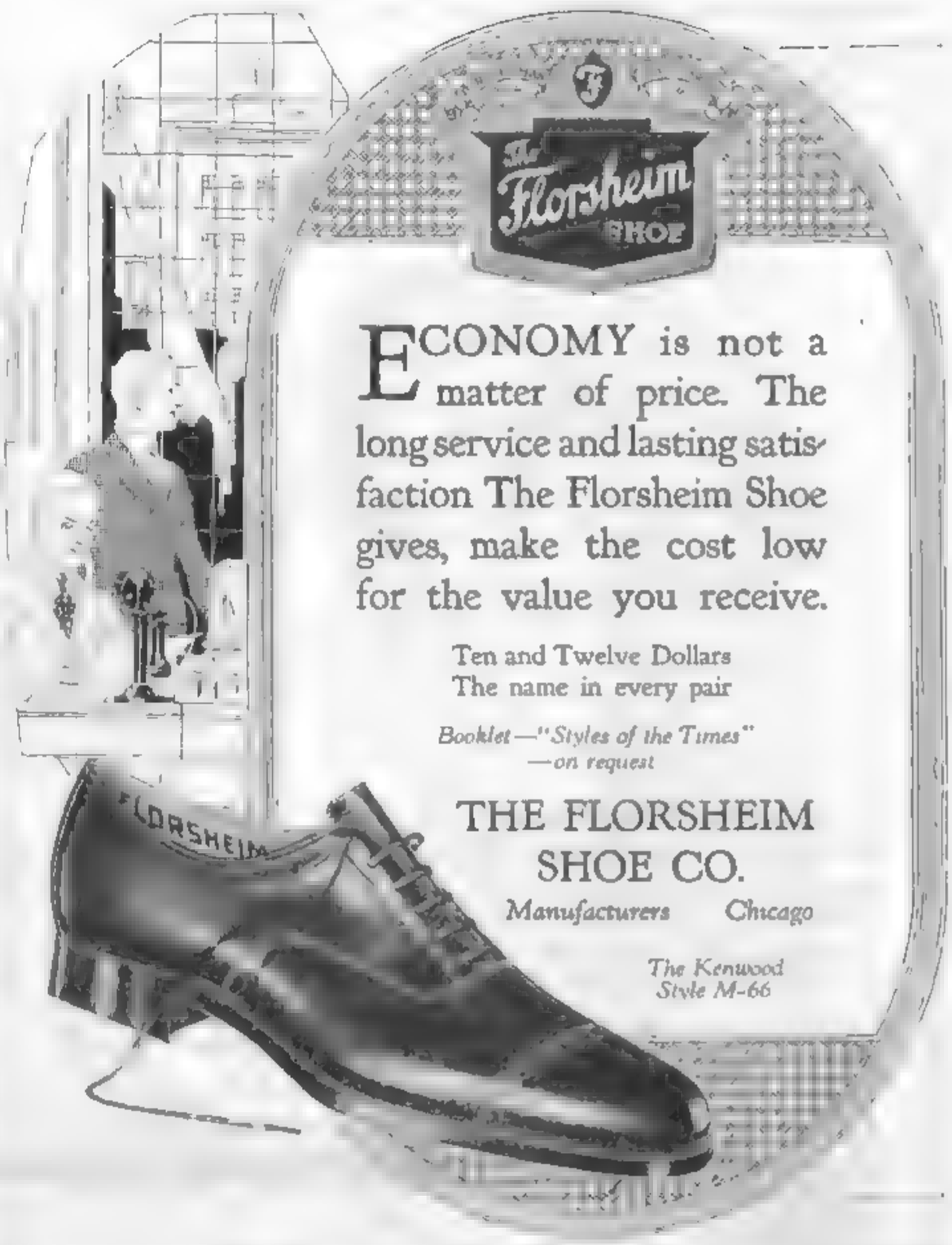
She added defiantly: "It meant a job for me—if I wrote a good one."

He admitted grudgingly, "If it's any comfort to you—I'll say you did."

"Oh—do you really think so?"

The hot blood rose in her cheeks in a wave. Her eyes shone. Her low voice stammered.

"Doesn't make a dashed bit of difference to you," said Daniel Culpepper bitterly, "that to get it you rode roughshod over a man's faith and trust and ——"



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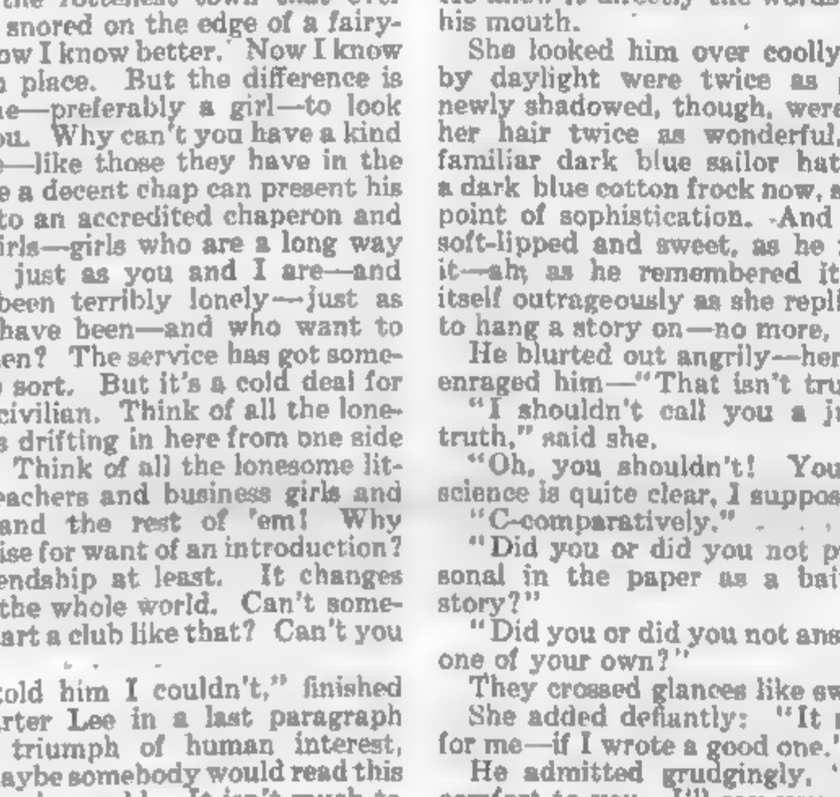

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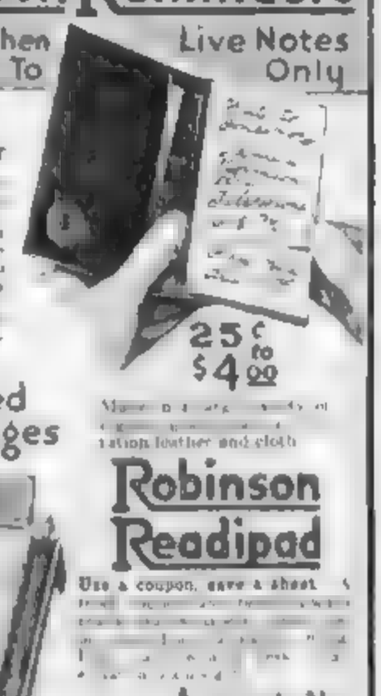

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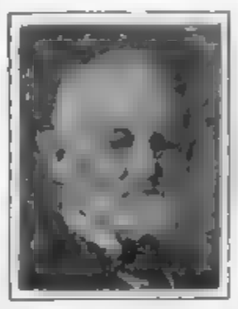
Mrs. Mary Miller of Illinois

Drawing by Edwin Marcus

In 1888 Mrs. Mary Miller of Illinois forwarded to us her first subscription order. Since that time hundreds of people in her neighborhood have become readers of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* as a result of her efforts. *And her work has paid her well.*



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Twenty years ago a friend of Mrs. S. B. Craighead of Ohio said that she planned to send in a subscription for *The Ladies' Home Journal*. "Let me send it for you," suggested Mrs. Craighead. That was the modest beginning of a lasting business that has paid her many hundreds of dollars.

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When Alexander Heath forwarded his first subscription order nineteen years ago, he little imagined that it would be the foundation of a permanent business that would buy him a farm, a town bungalow, a car, a motor-boat, besides supporting his family and educating his children. His profits now amount to over $5000.00 a year.

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NAME_____

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"Ah-ha!" she cried, leaning forward and speaking in a tense, unsteady murmur: "Was it I who'd been riding ranch over on Hawaii? Was it I who came down here to get a place in a wholesale house? Was it I who didn't know a soul in town? Was it I who kept books for a hotel in return for my board and lodging? Was it I who'd been sent away to a reform school when I was a kid?"

"It might have done you a world of good if you had," said Daniel Culpepper.

At this point George the office boy returned, bearing a second screed from the sporting editor. Daniel Culpepper muttered an apology and read it.

"The Old Man's just come in," it said. "Why don't you shove her along to him?" A brief epistle. Daniel Culpepper inscribed upon the bottom of the paper a briefer "Mind your own business!" and sent George back with it.

Then he in his turn leaned across the desk and looked deep into the twilight eyes of Virginia Carter Lee.

"How could you?" he asked reproachfully. "How could you?"

She looked back at him for a long, vibrant moment. Her hands were clenched about the slender manuscript in her lap.

"Why—in—just the same way—that you could," she said at last with a gallant pretense of unconcern. She added, thrusting desperately, "Where's yours?"

Daniel Culpepper flushed darkly. As though in the presence of the Recording Angel he pulled open a drawer of his desk, reached within it, took out several sheets of paper and displayed them. They bore a sort of prose poem entitled The Lonesomest Girl.

Suddenly he tore the thing across and across and flung it into the wastebasket.

"There!" he said simply.

His action had the most amazing effect upon Virginia Carter Lee. She uttered first a little sharp cry of protest, then a coo of regret. Exquisite shadow crossed her face, her eyes became wells of tenderness.

"Here!" she breathed; tore her own story in two jagged pieces and dropped it on top of his.

"Oh, good Lord—don't do that!" groaned Daniel Culpepper.

"Why? Could I do less for you than you have done for me?"

"You angel girl ——"

"I'm not—I only did what you did."

"Listen! I can't lie to you"—he suppressed a rueful smile—"with any luck. That was only the first draft I tore up. It's gone to press already. It'll be on the streets in a couple of hours. I can have it cut out of the later edition, though."

A Pucklike grimace flickered through the sweetness of her look:

"It's all right. I always keep a carbon copy myself."

They laughed at and with each other. A rare moment.

All at once Daniel Culpepper stopped laughing.

"You haven't forgotten, after all?" he asked her very low.

Her lashes wavered and fell. Swift crimson stained her cool pale skin again. She had forgotten, if anything, less than he had. Because women treasure details, where men, in the moment of laying hands on happiness, overlook them.

He reached his hand across the desk to her without a word. She laid hers in it with a breathless glance, first at him, then back across her shoulder at the world outside. Their fingers gripped and clung, parted, trembling.

"I stayed awake all night, thinking about you," he told her a trifle huskily.

"I didn't sleep so awfully well myself," she admitted shyly.

"Virginia, where shall we go to-night?"

"Oh," she explained suddenly through a misty smile, "that isn't my name, really. I made it up. To use on the newspaper. I wanted something romantic—and interesting. My own name's Martha Green—which has no kick at all, you'll admit. You nearly frightened me to death trying to make me talk about Virginia last night. I was never east of Salt Lake City in my life."

"Well, you'll go east of Salt Lake City before you die—I promise you that!" said Daniel Culpepper ardently. "Martha Green! I love it! It sounds like mignonette and pansies."

Vaguely in the distance might have been descried the faithful George, approaching with a third installment.

Daniel Culpepper rose, seeing this, and retrieved his hat, which hung on a nail behind him

"Come on out and have lunch with me?" he said with passionate abruptness. "Please, Martha Green! Dinner's too long to wait."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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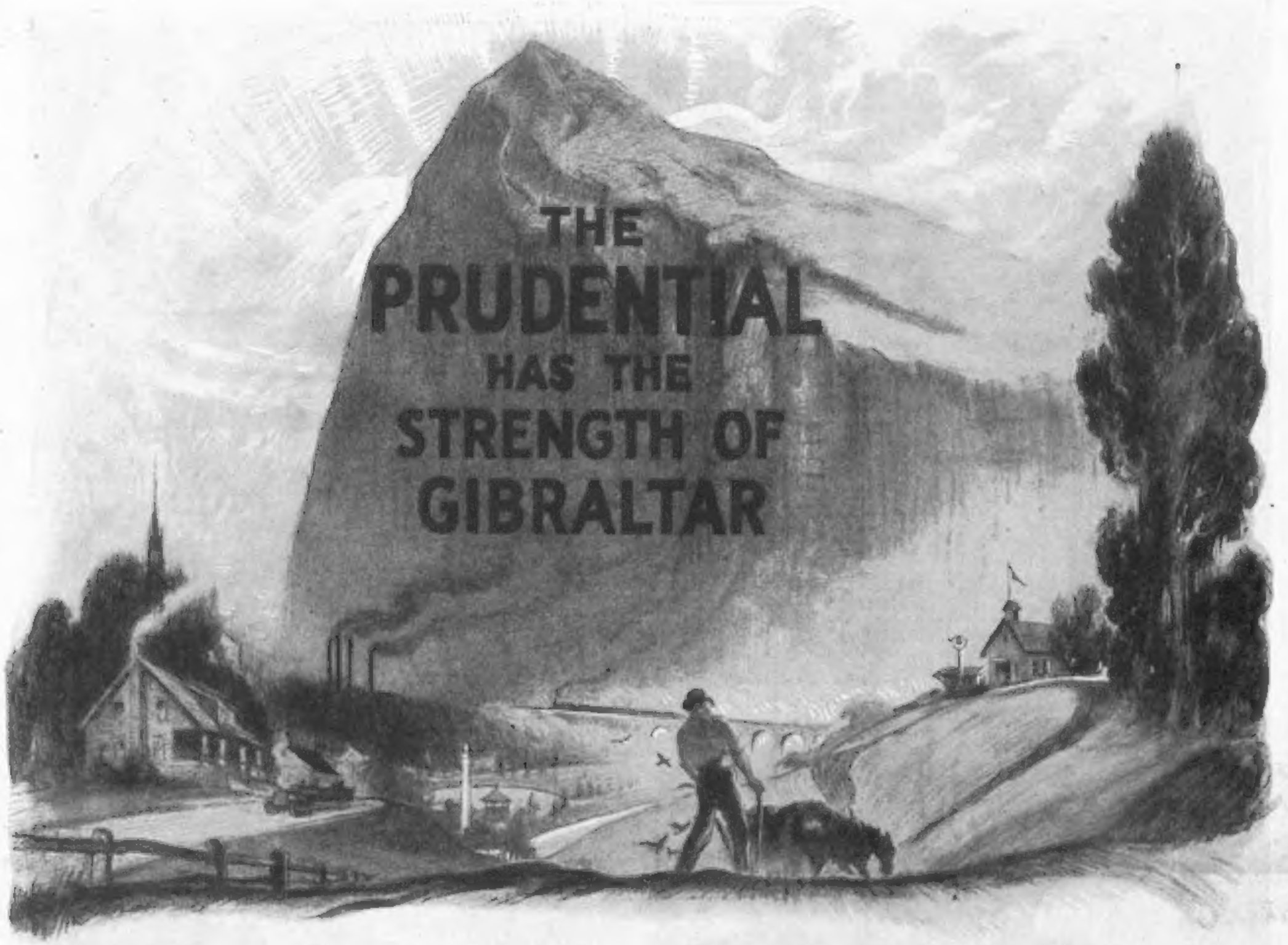

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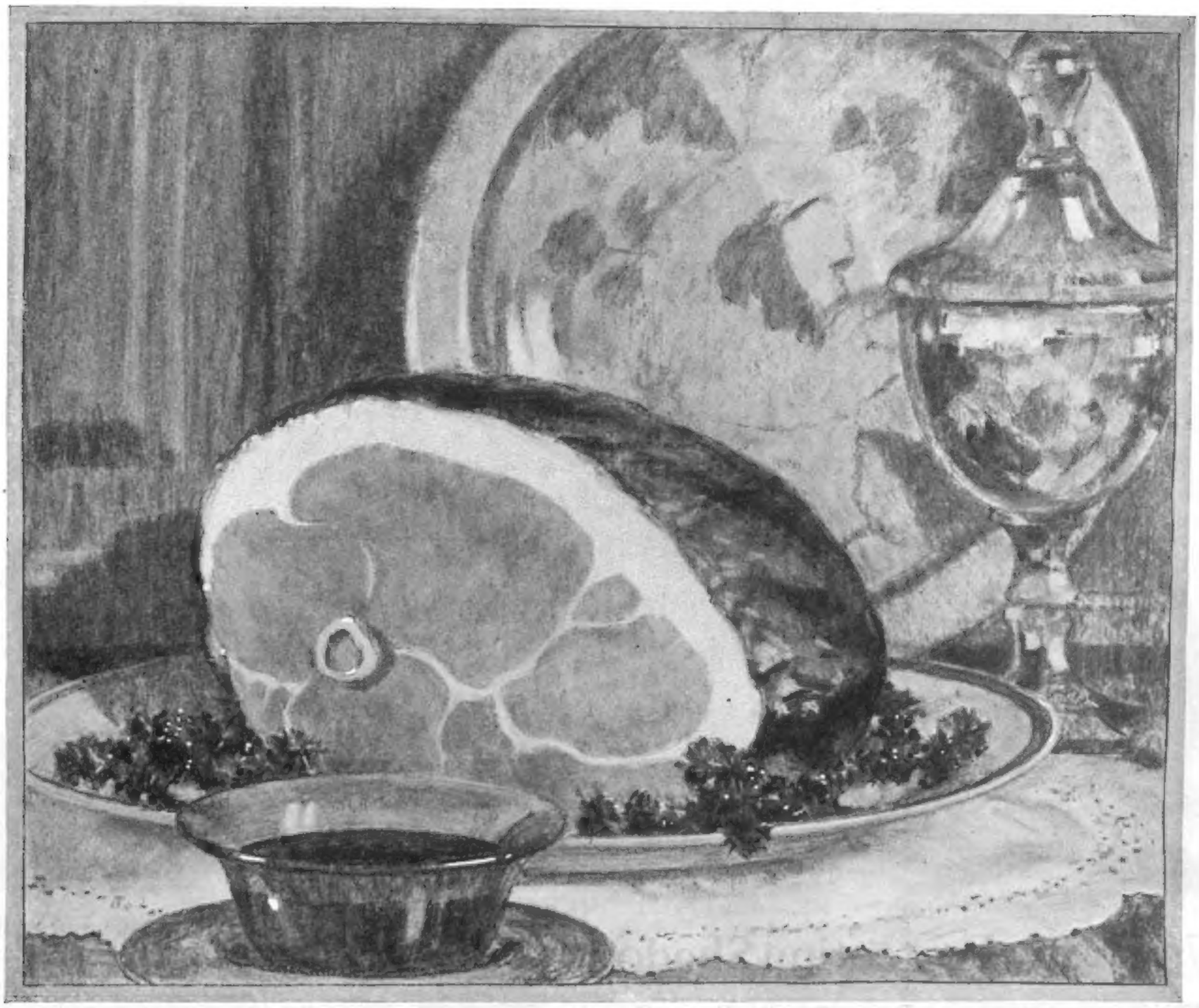

Baked Premium Ham with currant sauce!

Try serving Premium Ham baked with a spicy currant sauce the next time you are anxious to have a particularly nice dinner. It is so easy to prepare and yet it makes an otherwise ordinary meal seem quite like a holiday affair.

The especially long, careful Premium cure gives this ham the unusual sweetness of flavor that contrasts so well with the tartness of the currant sauce. Make sure of getting it by looking for the Swift's Premium brand and wrapper when you buy ham.

Allow the thick end, or butt, of Swift's Premium Ham to simmer about thirty minutes to the pound. Remove the skin and bake it in a moderate oven for one-half hour. Baste it frequently with a sauce made by adding a cup of hot water to a glass of currant jelly. Thicken the currant sauce left in the pan and serve it with the ham.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

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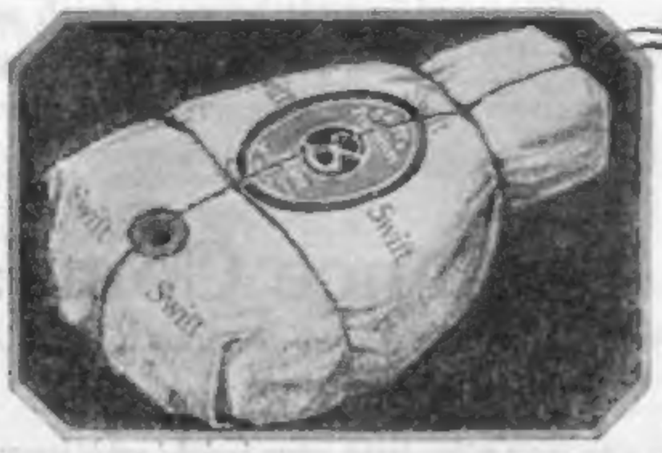

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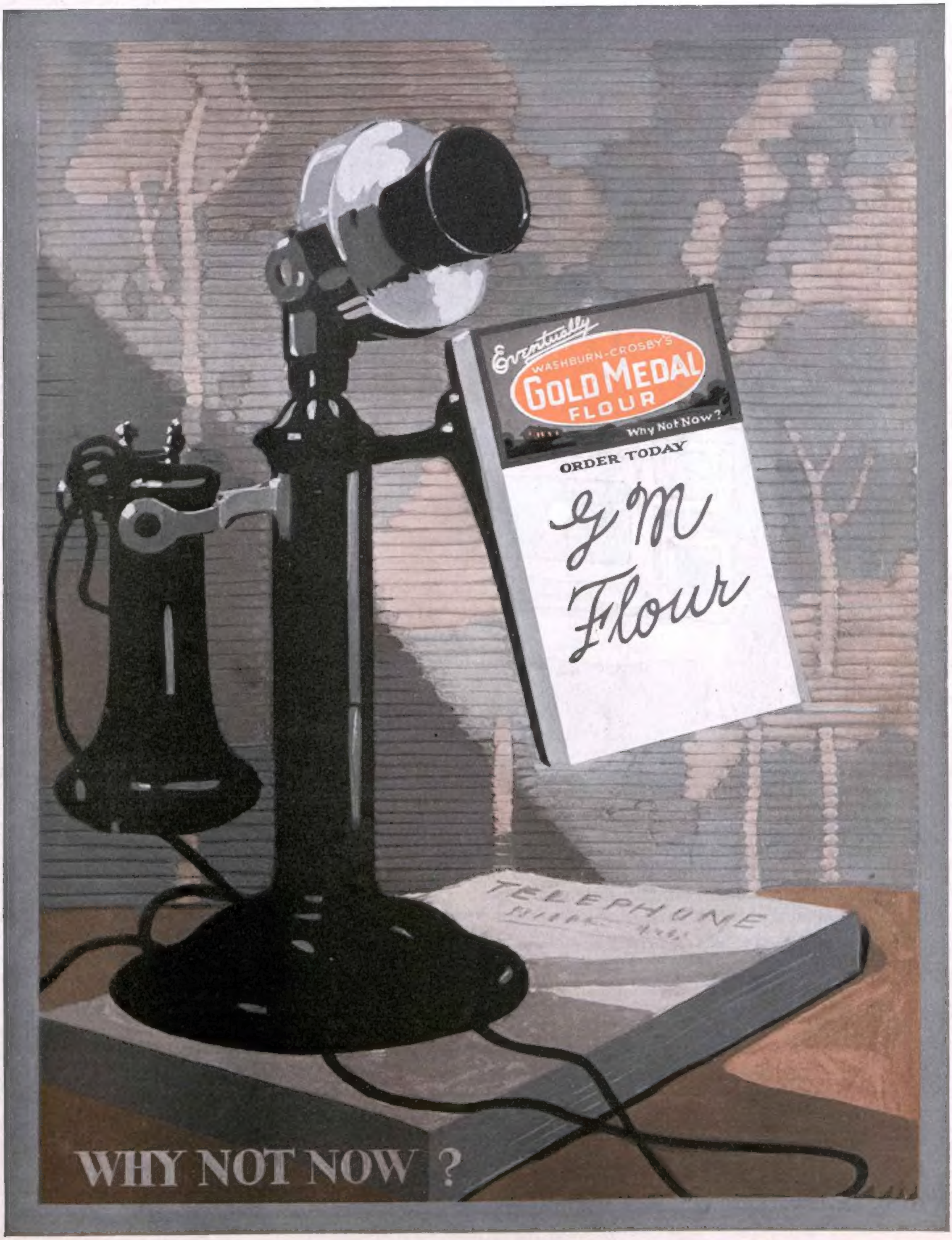
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